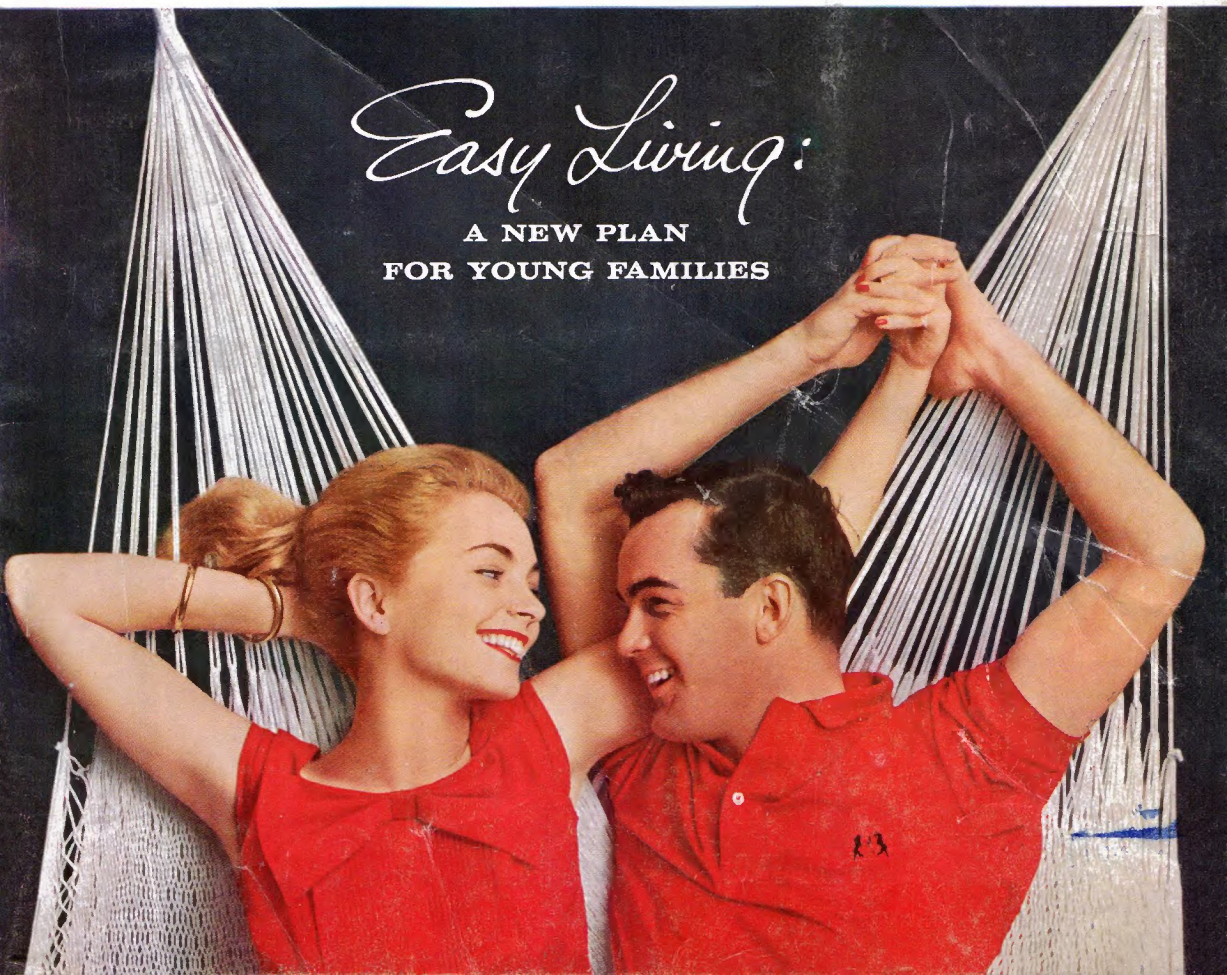
Redbook

May 35 Cents ★ The Magazine for YOUNG ADULTS

- What Husbands Must Understand About Their Wives
- The Stormy Success of Harry Belafonte
- "The Faithless": A Powerful Novel of Marriage



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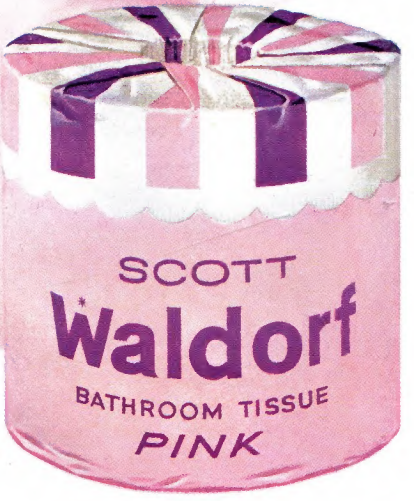

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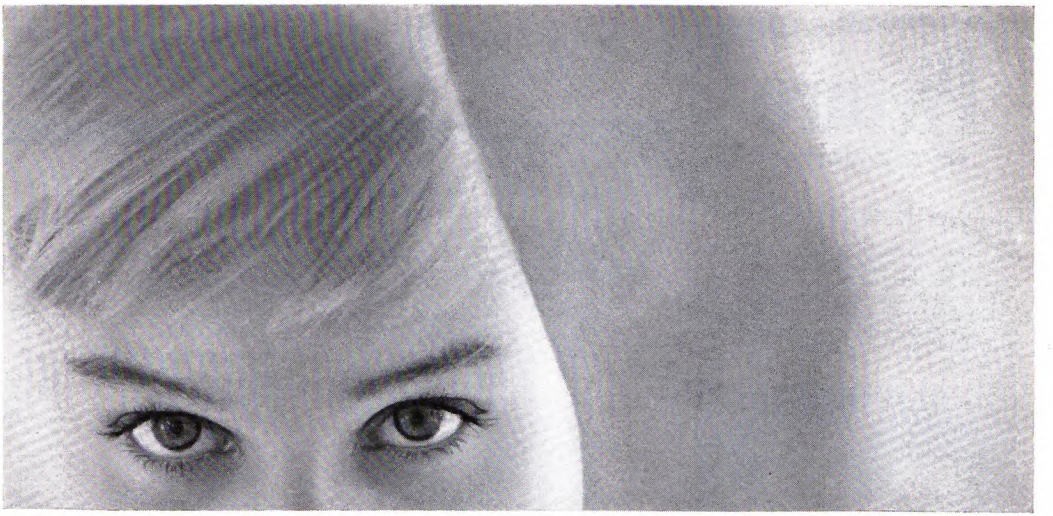

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Picture
OF THE MONTH

(Patricia Owens, co-star of M-G-M's "The Law and Jake Wade" is guest columnist for this issue).

It's a pleasure to be the Picture Of The Month guest columnist—a very new and exciting experience for me—just as, I hope, M-G-M's "The Law and Jake Wade" will be for you.

Most stories of the West are about men. This one is also about a woman. I know because I play her part in this thrilling and unusual story.

I think I was really lucky, after being in "Sayonara", to win this fascinating role playing opposite Robert Taylor and Richard Widmark. Bob is Jake Wade, once a gun slinger, now the Law . . . and the man I love. Dick is Clint Hollister, bank robber, escaped convict . . . and the most dangerous threat to our happiness.

After his jailbreak, Clint makes his ruthless plans known: he will find Jake, force him to reveal the secret whereabouts of the loot of their last robbery together . . . and then kill him. Relentlessly, he tracks Jake down, kidnaps me, and, at gunpoint, drives us both off on our long, dangerous journey.

Again and again, across the splendors of the High Sierras and the terrors of Death Valley, we *nearly* escape. Finally, the inevitable showdown comes. A blazing climax involving a ghost town and its hidden riches erupts into all the suspense the screen can hold.

I'm recommending "The Law and Jake Wade" to the women—as well as to their men folk—because its romance is as rugged as its breathtaking Western background.

Hope you'll come to see it—and me.

Patricia Owens

P.S. Plaudits for them all: co-stars Robert Middleton, Henry Silva. William Bowers for the screen play. Marvin H. Albert for the novel on which it's based. For the CinemaScope and METROCOLOR. For director John Sturges and producer William Hawks.

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Redbook

THE MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG ADULTS

GUARANTEED AVERAGE CIRCULATION 2,600,000

THE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

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Novel © Copyright 1958 by John D. MacDonald

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY HOWELL CONANT

The short stories and novel herein are fiction and are intended as such. They do not refer to real characters or actual events. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

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AT LEADING DEPARTMENT AND DRUG STORES

THE ONLY MOISTURIZER THAT TIGHTENS PORES!

Cornered in Cuernavaca, Mexico, and held at penpoint by REDBOOK'S *William B. Hart, right, author John D. MacDonald completed our novel in the hotel garden of Las Mañanitas.*

Savage and Son

Eleanor Harris

BETWEEN THE LINES

Frankly, we **anticipate** strong reactions to the novel on Page 121—"The Faithless" by John D. MacDonald. Some readers may question the purpose of telling such a frank story of sexual immorality. Many more, we believe, will see it as a powerful affirmation of basic standards of conduct. What we *don't* anticipate from any readers is boredom. For, above all, Mr. MacDonald is a storyteller, one of the most gifted writing today. His stories have appeared in virtually every popular magazine and his novels in hard covers and paperbacks have sold more than eight million copies.

Besides plotting clever tales (see the short short, Page 52) John Savage has worked as a miner, factory hand, orange grower, university instructor in English, and salesman. A newcomer to us, he lives in the Pojoaque Valley of New Mexico, near Santa Fe, with his wife and son, Stephen.

Eleanor Harris, an old hand—and we wouldn't say it without a photo to prove the contrary—at interviewing celebrities, found singer Harry Belafonte carrying the same head of steam all the time, not just when he's in front of a camera or a microphone. "He was sick, lying in an enormous white bed during our first long interview," she said, "and a traffic officer would have come in handy. I have a bit of energy myself, but I wish I was sick all the time like that fella." Miss Harris' vivid article is on Page 44. W.B.H.

COMING NEXT MONTH:

Why many Military and Manpower Experts believe

WE MUST END THE DRAFT

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Redbook's Picture of the Month • Selected by Florence Somers

The ecstasy and heartbreak of a young girl's first love affair make an interesting, well-developed film

"Marjorie Morningstar"

When Noel* (Gene Kelly) *gave Marjorie* (Natalie Wood) *a part in his summer camp show, he involved her in a deep love affair from which even her Uncle Samson* (Ed Wynn, right) *could not dissuade her.

As a best-selling novel, Herman Wouk's "Marjorie Morningstar" was such a hit that there was great competition for the title role. Natalie Wood was selected and she not only gives her finest performance to date but is ravishingly beautiful. Gene Kelly plays the difficult role of Noel Airman, the camp social director who is the object of Marjorie's affections, and Carolyn Jones, Ed Wynn and Marty Milner are brilliant in their supporting roles.

Marjorie is the daughter of a well-to-do family and she lives a pleasant but stereotyped life until her best friend *Marsha* (Carolyn Jones) persuades her to become a dramatic counsellor at a girls' summer camp. One night *Marsha* takes her on a canoe trip across the lake to a summer resort where *Marsha* has a friend in the orchestra. Here *Marjorie* meets the two men who come to mean the most in her young life, *Noel* (Gene Kelly) and *Wally* (Marty Milner), an aspiring playwright. *Marjorie* is fascinated by *Noel,* and *Wally* falls instantly in love with *Marjorie.* When she is caught by the resort manager, *Noel* saves her by saying she has a part in his show. She joins the camp and her first real experience with romance begins.

Marjorie's parents, who are anxious for her to make a suitable marriage, send her impoverished, lovable *Uncle Samson* (Ed Wynn) to the camp to keep an eye on her. *Marjorie* falls desperately in love with *Noel* before she realizes that he is not interested in marrying her. She tries to forget him and returns to college at the end of summer, but whenever their paths cross, her love for him grows stronger. She mothers him and protects him when his play is a flop on Broadway. He disappears and when she finds him again at the resort, interested in the new young girls as he had been in her, *Marjorie* realizes the affair is over and that she has grown up.

Produced by Milton Sperling and directed by Irving Rapper, the film has great emotional quality without becoming maudlin. It presents the tender story of a first love affair with great understanding. (*Warners*)

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3 Other Fine Films

"THE YOUNG LIONS"

The success and popularity of Irwin Shaw's novel, on which this film is based, was due to the fact that he interpreted World War II in terms which young adults understood. He wrote about the experiences they had lived through. His story primarily concerns three young men, two American and one German, and shows how the war affected their lives, their philosophies and their romances. All three come together only at the end of the war, so that the picture is almost the separate stories of these men.

In the film, Marlon Brando is *Christian*, an idealist who becomes so disillusioned by war that he loses his faith in Naziism as well as his will to live. The Americans are *Michael* (Dean Martin) who, failing in his attempt to be deferred, manages to wangle a desk job, and *Noah* (Montgomery Clift), a sensitive Jewish boy cruelly mistreated by his anti-Semitic barracks mates. After service in various areas, the three finally come together as the war is ending in Europe.

Supplementing this excellent production's main theme of the men's reaction to war are some romantic interludes well played by Hope Lange, Barbara Rush and May Britt.

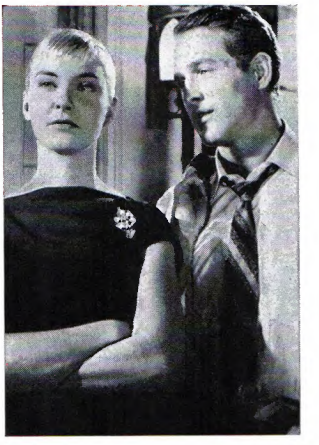
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

"MERRY ANDREW"

To satisfy the springtime urge for something light and gay, Danny Kaye has come up with a mirthful film which has everything, even a circus. The latter gives Danny plenty of chance for some very funny sequences, and he also plays some touching scenes with his pupils at an English school.

Andrew (Danny Kaye) is a school teacher because he was too timid to break with parental authority. When his father refuses him a more important job, *Andrew* goes off on a search for a Roman statue he's sure is buried in a Sussex meadow. He finds a circus on the location and becomes friendly with the troupe, particularly *Selena* (Pier Angeli). She and a chimp help *Andrew* with his digging and no one is more surprised than he when he digs his way into the lion cage. He's a sensation, and the lions are so astounded he emerges unscathed. He's equally funny when he substitutes for the ringmaster.

As time passes, *Selena's* brothers and *Andrew's* fiancée wonder whether he's more interested in *Selena* than the statue. Before all this is decided, the brothers give *Andrew* a working over in their high-wire act, the chimp turns up with the statue, and *Andrew* settles his romantic affairs. *(MGM)*



"THE LONG, HOT SUMMER"

William Faulkner is credited with inspiring this film but it also contains scenes reminiscent of "Baby Doll," "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" and "Peyton Place." The story concerns small-town life in the South and centers around the lusty, domineering *Will Varner* (Orson Welles). His family is large enough to provide characters involved in all sorts of escapades and romantic episodes.

Will, a widower, has had a mistress for years. His son *Jody* (Anthony Franciosa) is much more interested in making love to his wife (Lee Remick) than in working, and she's attractive enough to make this easy to understand. *Varner's* daughter, *Clara* (Joanne Woodward) resents her father's crudeness, especially since she hopes to marry a shy, quiet, lifelong friend. An ambitious hitchhiker, *Ben Quick* (Paul Newman) joins the group and rents one of the family farms. *Varner*, who sees in him the ambition *Jody* lacks, encourages *Ben*, rides roughshod over any jealousy the family shows and encourages *Ben* to marry *Clara*.

The performances are excellent, bringing depth to the characterizations and dramatizing the powerful emotional conflicts which surge through the group. *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

MAY BEST BETS IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

And God Created Woman — The French had one thing in mind when they made this film—sex—and they never let you forget it. Neither, in an amusing fashion, does pert Brigitte Bardot.

The Awakening — Anna Magnani in a very touching story of a nun who becomes worldly enough to love a child.

The Brothers Karamazov — A colorful, vibrant presentation of the classic Russian novel. Yul Brynner, Maria Schell.

Cowboy — Jack Lemmon learns how to be a cowboy the hard way from Glenn Ford in this unusual Western. *April

Chase a Crooked Shadow — Suspenseful mystery involving Anne Baxter, Richard Todd and southern Spain. *April

Cry Terror — James Mason and Inger Stevens in a real thriller about extortion and murder, filmed mostly in New York.

Desire Under the Elms — Interesting dramatization of O'Neill's powerful play about a young wife, her elderly husband and young stepson. Sophia Loren. *April

Paris Holiday — A hackneyed plot but Bob Hope and Fernandel have some amusing scenes, and there's Anita Ekberg too.

Teacher's Pet — With Doris Day as the teacher, Clark Gable as the pupil and Gig Young as their friend, there's plenty of fun in this one. Mamie Van Doren. *April

The Goddess — The troublesome life of a small-town girl who becomes a movie star, as envisioned by TV's Paddy Chayefsky.

**Previously reviewed in Redbook*

The strange case of the shark's teeth

. . . and some important facts about yours

Had Mother Nature made the same provisions for our teeth as she did for the shark's, good dental health would be no problem at all.

For when a shark loses a tooth, a new one soon grows in its place. Once we lose a tooth, however, it is gone for good.

Yet, the second set of teeth which Mother Nature gives us is strong and durable enough to last a lifetime . . . if given proper care. Unfortunately, too few of us give our teeth the care they need.

Proof of our neglect comes from studies made by the American Dental Association. It reports that only 40 percent of all Americans get reasonably adequate and regular dental care.

The rest get emergency care or none. Moreover, one out of *1* adults has never been to a dentist.

There is more to be gained from regular dental care than simply keeping the teeth clean, bright and healthy. For when decay strikes, when gums become diseased, when abscesses form at the roots of teeth . . . a center of infection is established. From this site of infection, germs may enter the blood stream and cause disease in other parts of the body.

Even the smallest break in the enamel can pave the way for infection in the interior of a tooth. The dentist can usually detect such trouble by X-ray examination and check it before serious damage occurs.

Healthy teeth . . . for children as well as adults . . . depend upon three things:

1. *Diet*—which should supply all the elements for good teeth, especially calcium and vitamins C and D.
2. *Cleanliness*—or proper brushing, which should be done after meals and always before retiring.
3. *Check-ups*—which should be made every six months or as often as your dentist recommends.

If you see your dentist regularly, he will get to know your individual dental requirements and how they can be met to your best advantage. If you cooperate with him, your chances will be far better to keep most of your teeth most of your life.

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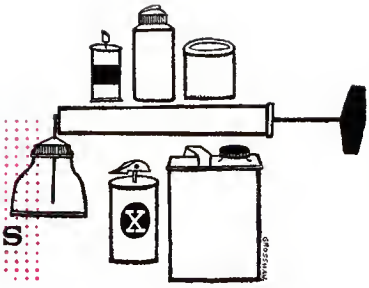
YOUR HEALTH
BY MADELIN ALK



HOW TO USE INSECTICIDES SAFELY

It is very unlikely that the insecticides designed for home use will ever cause you or your family serious trouble. They are carefully compounded to ensure the greatest possible destruction of insects and the least possible danger to human beings. With most of them only such gross misuse as swallowing large quantities or inhaling excessive amounts of spray or dust for weeks would be disastrous. But, improperly handled, they *can* cause headaches, nausea, skin irritations or respiratory difficulties.

Since federal law requires manufacturers to label insecticides with necessary warnings and proper instructions for safe use, the best safeguard against any trouble is to *read all labels carefully—and follow directions scrupulously.* The nature of the warnings and instructions will vary with the active insecticides in a particular product.

But regardless of the product there are some basic precautions which should always be followed (unless the manufacturer specifically recommends otherwise):

Never swallow any insecticides and try to avoid spraying them on food or in food containers or on children's belongings. Although most insecticides designed for home use cause acute poisoning only if large amounts are swallowed, with some even small amounts over a long period can be dangerous. DDT, for instance, lingers for weeks or months after it is sprayed. Food can pick up traces simply by being placed in a container which was accidentally sprayed days or even weeks before—and children can lick minute quantities off their toys or cribs. DDT, and some other insecticides in a group known as the chlorinated hydrocarbons, are not excreted from the body. This means that infinitesimal amounts can build up in the body over a long period of time from varied sources.

Doctors disagree about the long-term dangers this may cause. They do know that continuous or frequent exposure—such as might come from running an insecticide vaporizer in your home—causes chronic poisoning. Some doctors also believe that disorders like hepatitis are often the result of an accumulation of minute traces over a long period of time. So far there is no conclusive evidence to support this view—and many doctors regard it skeptically—but until proof is forthcoming it is wise to use more than ordinary care in handling the chlorinated hydrocarbons. Of this group DDT and chlordane are the most likely to accumulate in the body as they are readily absorbed through the skin; methoxychlor, with virtually no skin absorption tendencies, is least likely to accumulate.

When using sprays or dusts try to avoid excessive inhalation. It is unwise to remain in a freshly treated room that is not well ventilated; doing so is unlikely to cause acute poisoning, but it might cause temporary nausea, headache and general weakness. Agricultural workers who use such chemicals as TEPP or parathion in spraying or dusting food and other plant crops wear respirators and rubber clothes from head to toe so that they will not absorb these substances either through breathing, swallowing or skin infiltration. You must be sure never to use agricultural insecticides at home unless the directions clearly indicate that it is safe to do so.

Wash your hands after using any insecticide. The residue may be absorbed into your body through your skin, or may be transferred from your hands to your mouth via food or food containers. If you get a skin rash or hives following the use of an insecticide it is probably caused by an individual allergy. With very few exceptions none of the commonly used household insecticides will cause even mild skin irritation. A person who suffers an allergic reaction to any insecticide should not use that particular compound.

When storing insecticides use the same precautions that apply to any potentially hazardous household preparation. Keep insecticides out of children's reach; do not store insecticides near food; never place them in unmarked containers.

If anyone swallows any insecticide or feels nauseated, dizzy or weak (or shows any other unusual symptoms) after inhaling or handling an insecticide, call a doctor immediately. Sometimes the disturbance will be transient and will disappear as soon as the person is out of contact with the preparaton, but at other times medical intervention will be necessary to save life. Always call a doctor and let him decide whether his attention is needed.

Not all the sprays and powders which kill household insects are toxic to human beings. They vary, too, in the way in which they are absorbed and in the amount of trouble they may cause to a human being. But by developing safe habits for handling all insecticides you will minimize the danger of misusing those which may cause serious trouble.

Don't Delay Allergy Treatments

In reviewing the case histories of nearly 1,000 allergy sufferers, Dr. Leo H. Criep of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, found that early treatment offers the best hope for marked relief from asthma, and nasal and skin allergies. The younger patients were more likely to show marked relief of symptoms than the older ones—and prompt beginning of therapy minimized the chances of secondary complications which, says Dr. Criep, ". . . make difficult the solution of a problem that was comparatively simple in the beginning." "Allergy in Children," a 25c booklet published by the Allergy Foundation of America, 801 Second Avenue, New York City 17, offers information about the diagnosis and treatment of allergic diseases.

Bed Rest Not Needed

More than 1,000 children were studied by Dr. John P. Gibson of Abilene, Texas, to determine the effect of bed rest on temperature in ordinary or "self-limited" diseases that did not require hospitalization. The 611 children in the "up and about" group were permitted to play around the house and to rest as they desired. This behavior did not affect their temperature adversely—fever disappeared just as quickly in the active group as it did in the 471 children who were confined to bed.

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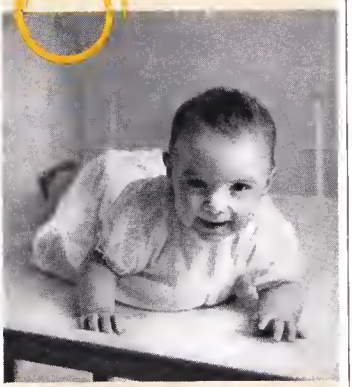
TUNED TO BABY'S TASTE



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Gerber Baby Cereals are prepared in the nutritional interests

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When baby advances to a full schedule of solid foods, you'll be glad to know you can depend on Gerber for all his baby food needs—from the infant age through the toddler stage. 80 Strained and Junior Foods, including meats and fruit juices.

Gerber
baby cereals

YOUR CHILD

BY IRMA SIMONTON BLACK

Learning About Friends Who Are "Different"

Since many modern educators believe that handicapped children should, as far as possible, be included in the regular classroom session, it may be that your child is now or will someday be in a school group which includes blind, deaf, palsied or otherwise disabled youngsters. You, like many parents, may question the effect of such contact upon your own child.

The experience will probably be a beneficial one. It is, for example, an advantage to learn early in life to accept people as they are. Your child will soon realize that though the blind, deaf or spastic child may have real limitations, these do not keep him from being an agreeable companion. I once saw a five-year-old child with cerebral palsy climb with difficulty onto a seesaw. The child at the other end of it smiled at her success and said to the world at large, "She's my friend!"

Another advantage is that such experience may help your own child to accept his own limitations—everyone has them. Knowing and playing with handicapped children is one way of coming to terms with this human condition.

Your reactions and the way you handle your child's questions and comments will have a great deal to do with the way he accepts the handicapped. You may help your child to healthy acceptance by maintaining a matter-of-fact attitude. He may tell you, "Peter is deaf. Peter can't hear the way I do." He won't think of this as tragic unless you suggest it to him. Suggestions for helping Peter when he can't hear are legitimate, but even these should not be overdone.

A relationship between children cannot be forced or lectured into being. It must grow spontaneously. That is why teachers at such places as New York City's Park School, which has pioneered in integrated groups, rarely appeal to the normal child's sympathy or "better nature." They let the children work out their problems on their terms. It is best if you use the same approach.

The five-year-old friend of a blind child, for example, takes his hand when it is time to go out to the playground. He isn't being noble—but merely practical. Other children may not feel like doing this, and at this point there is no reason why they should.

Occasionally a child reacts with fear or shock to a disabled child. This is particularly characteristic of children under six, who are more likely than older brothers and sisters to develop baseless or fantastic fears. Be assured that this feeling will pass. In no case can you keep your child from all contact with the disabled. Reassure him the same thing is not likely to happen to him, since that is probably the source of his fear.

And as for your own natural concern with your child, why not try to see his relation to his handicapped friends in a broader human perspective? If he can help them in any way to a better preparation for their future in a society that tends to ignore them or to discriminate against them, can you be less than willing for him to do so?

Mrs. Black is on the faculty of the Bank Street College of Education and author of many books about and for children.

BRINGING UP BABY®

HINTS COLLECTED
BY MRS. DAN GERBER
MOTHER OF 5

the spotlight's on baby

Reserved for the most important people: National Baby Week —April 26 to May 3. Food for thought on this special occasion: In the hustle-bustle of doing things for baby, few of us stop to think what baby does for us. I like this mother's interpretation:

"The most wonderful thing about babies is that they enrich your life, give direction to your dreams and provide a reason for rising above the bumdrum."

feature of the month

Exclusive Gerber Offer—Starring Rosemary Clooney

For mothers of lovely babies everywhere: Gerber offers an original recording called "What is a Baby," narrated by Rosemary Clooney... charming TV star and mother of 3. It's an irresistible biography of your baby and all babies, told with the tenderness, humor and insight all mothers will understand and cherish. On the other side of the record, Miss Clooney sings two favorite lullabies: "Close Your Eyes," and "All the Pretty Little Horses." Both are sure to delight you and your family.

For your copy of this 7 inch, 33⅓ Lp Columbia record of "What is a Baby," just send 50¢ and 6 labels or boxtops to Dept. R5-8, Gerber Baby Foods, Fremont, Mich. In Canada, send to: Gerber Baby Foods, Niagara Falls, Canada. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1958.

quality first

Every week is baby week at Gerber, so far as your baby's well-being is concerned. As a mother who wants the most nutritious food for her baby, you'll be pleased to know that all Gerber Baby Foods are quality-tested in 28 ways to insure absolute purity, true flavors, appealing colors and the highest possible nutritive value. For when it comes to babies... mothers and Gerber agree, it's quality first.

rugged individualism . . . baby style

All parents feel the need to be reassured that baby is developing normally. So they often compare baby's achievements with those of other children . . . sometimes to their delight, more often to their disappointment. Comforting findings from a survey on child behavior: (1) No two babies develop in the same way at the same time. (2) There are approximate times when some babies do certain things, but behavior patterns vary so widely, few comparisons can be made. (3) No matter what they do when, most babies catch up with each other in the end.

dinners to invite delight

All savory goodness and substantial nourishment—that's the story on Gerber's Strained High Meat Dinners. For they have 3 times as much meat and much more protein than regular vegetable and meat combinations. Selected vegetables and cereal are blended with this extra meat for exceptional flavor and excellent nutritive value. 3 Strained varieties: Beef, Chicken or Veal. Also in Junior texture for toddlers.

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NATIONAL BABY WEEK

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With a recipe for batter
And (to simplify the matter)
A salt and pepper shaker

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Combine:
2 blue eyes
1 head of brown locks

Fold in gently:
7 lbs. 5 oz. of cuddliness

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Yield: Bradley William

"THE BAKERS"—BILL AND BETTY

REDBOOK will pay $50 for each baby announcement used. Announcements must be original and must have been actually used to announce the birth of a child of the contributor. Announcements must be submitted within six months after the date of birth, and cannot be returned or acknowledged.

Entries should be sent to Department A, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. All published entries become the property of the McCall Corporation, the publishers of REDBOOK.

Letters to the Editor

Behind such scenes as this — anguished decisions for Negro parents.

LONELY VENTURE

Carl Rowan's article, "We Led Our Children Into Trouble" (February), seemed to be the most forthright report on the problem of integration, as it pertains to certain individuals, that I have ever read. Unlike most of the recent articles on the subject, this does not merely bemoan the plight of the Southern Negro, but rather renders more personal accounts of the trouble that Negroes have not only with white people, but also with members of their own race. Without overcondemning the minority of white people who took part in the integration hostilities, due credit is given to the few Negro families who dared to take the "big step."

William F. Dow
Stony Creek, Conn.

Carl Rowan has done a memorable job in giving us a graphic picture of how people suffer and endure for what is important. The families were indeed charitable to share their experience with us.

Stella Queen
Austin, Tex.

I have read the article on the opening of the schools in Nashville, Tennessee, where desegregation was allowed in the first grade. Would it be too much to ask that you now publish an article on the present condition of schools in Brooklyn, New York, where there are rapes, a policeman stationed in every school, and the recent suicide of the superintendent of John Marshall School?

A Nashville Resident
Nashville, Tenn.

As I read this article I recalled last September, when I led my son into his first-grade classroom. In spite of the teacher's sympathetic interest and her effort to make the newcomers feel at ease, it was hard to smile gaily and say good-by. I remember my son's face, stiff with the effort of trying not to cry. (He didn't.)

Recalling this, I feel an overwhelming admiration for these people and the courage they displayed. I know very well that, faced by a similar situation, I would have backed down.

How sad it is that in this wonderful country there are people despicable enough to vent their ignorance and cruelty on innocent little children.

Mrs. Bonnie Goodwin
Safford, Ariz.

"We Led Our Children Into Trouble" perturbed me about myself and a large percentage of my race. We, I am afraid, miserably failed one another by not sticking together and helping one another—and thinking only of what we ourselves might gain or lose, rather than the advantages of an education for generations to come after us.

The Griffith family was afraid that their daughter Jacqueline might get hurt. They were also afraid that she might not obtain the necessary education. Three cheers for this family and their bravery and also for the fact that they see a future in integration.

Three cheers for Redbook, also. You have compelled some of us Negroes to realize our lack of support.

Rose Thompson
Pittsburgh, Pa.

It is my sincere opinion that Carl Rowan's article helped so much, in that it seemed to awaken a large number of us to reality. It is, so far as I can determine, the first time that the Negro's views have been expressed; that is, on the lay level. My white acquaintances are more agreeable and friendly after reading your article. So it would seem that it did achieve more understanding all around, which proves that if our side is presented intelligently there will be increased friendship among all people.

On Valentine's Day, Jackie received a valentine from all the children in her room. She is continuing to enjoy the school in all respects.

Mahlon Griffith
Nashville, Tenn.

FOR MEN ONLY?

I especially enjoyed the exciting action short story in your January issue, "You'll Have to Die Now." ("A Fiction Feature for Men"? You don't know Texas women!)

Mrs. T. R. Marek
La Marque, Tex.

(Continued on Page 16)

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You know that only the finest skin care will do . . .
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Letters to

ENDS OF EDUCATION

Your editorial, "The Kind of Education Our Children Need" (February), is, in my judgment, both sound and timely. I have little concern that good education leaders will endorse crash programs to recruit scientists, but it is important that there be a firm, strong voice in newspapers and lay magazines so that noneducators may understand the shortsightedness of crash policies.

OMER CARMICHAEL, Superintendent
Louisville (Ky.) Public Schools

Those of us working to improve the quality of education in *all* its facets appreciate the saneness of such comments as yours. To neglect any one phase of education is to defeat the purpose of education.

JENNIE LEONE DAVIS
Ohio Education Association
Columbus, O.

This editorial is a most welcome contribution to the shaping of educational policy. It has been my experience that those men who most fully appreciate science and its achievements in improving human life are the very ones who are most insistent upon a broad education of our children rather than a highly specialized technical one. The specialization we require can best be filled on the basis of a broad, general educational program.

It is because we must have enough classrooms and enough competent teachers for all our children, in all subjects, that the NEA is concerned about the statistics you mention in your opening paragraph. These evidences of shortcomings in the total educational picture have led us to urge that Congress enact legislation which would provide federal support for the construction of needed school buildings and the elevation of teaching standards.

WILLIAM G. CARR
Executive Secretary
National Education Association
Washington, D. C.

This is an excellent editorial and one with which I agree wholeheartedly. I hope your editorial writers will continue with this line of thought. The public needs to read more of it.

LYMAN V. GINGER
Dean, College of Education
University of Kentucky
Lexington, Ky.

MISTAKEN IMPRESSION

I was quite shocked when I read the short story, "Beyond Terror" (February).

I have worked in a mental hospital for twenty years, and my uncle worked with mental patients for forty-eight years. This is the first time either of us has heard of guns being used on mental patients. I have never heard of

the Editor
(Continued)

an employee being allowed on hospital property with a gun.

MARY CARTER, R.N.
Washington, D. C.

Although there is no indication in the story that the hospital guards were armed, a number of our readers regrettably were left with that impression. A close reading shows that the guns were actually carried and used by the violent mob of townspeople. We are extremely sorry for the lack of clarity that led to this unfortunate conclusion. —ED.

STARRY-EYED?

Please don't change REDBOOK into a movie star magazine. I know I am only one of your readers, but I don't care two boots for any article on Marilyn Monroe (February) or any other movie star. I have taken your magazine for a good many years and up until now enjoyed most of your material.

E. DOWNING
Peoria, Ill.

I've long admired Marilyn Monroe not only as an unusually attractive woman but also as an unusual and appealing person, and it's wonderful to read that she is finding in her marriage the happiness and security she has sought for so long.

WILLIAM CORBET
Brooklyn, N. Y.

CORRECTION

I imagine there will be a number of readers writing to point out that although your story about Marilyn Monroe stated otherwise, all pregnancies begin with fertilization in the Fallopian tube. Complications occur when the fertilized egg fails to move out of the tube and into the uterus within the normal span of time. This may be an unimportant detail in an article of this type, but it could cause needless confusion and misunderstanding in the minds of young readers.

BESSIE A. HARPER
Los Angeles, Calif.

★ Address: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Ave., New York 17, New York

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WHAT'S NEW IN RECORDS

"Wonderful, Wonderful" Johnny Mathis

Johnny Mathis is a new sort of phenomenon in the popular music field—a singer whose recordings have carried him swiftly to top stardom, with a minimum of the usual buildup of TV and personal appearances, and without a single movie role, so far, to boost his following. What's even more remarkable about his huge success is that he has scored it with a natural, romantic style that is entirely devoid of the influence of rock 'n' roll or other recent vocal trends.

A couple of years ago, at the age of 20, Mathis was attending San Francisco State Teachers College and singing evenings in a small local nightclub. At the urging of Johnny's agent, a Columbia Records executive dropped in to hear him and shortly thereafter brought him to New York to make an extremely rare sort of recording debut—a full album as his first release. Called simply "Johnny Mathis," it emphasized his leanings toward cool jazz and gave him the backing of musicians of that persuasion. On the same trip, he made some singles in a more romantic vein. The album won critical praise but was only moderately successful. Two of the single sides, however—"It's Not For Me To Say" and "Wonderful, Wonderful"—got off to a slow start, then suddenly gathered momentum, and wound up among the biggest hits of 1957, along with a third side, "Chances Are."

Johnny's second collection, although it did not include any of his single hits, was named "Wonderful, Wonderful," and most of its numbers were in the smooth, sweet ballad style of the singles, with the rhapsodic accompaniment of Percy Faith. It sold almost as briskly as his two-song disks, indicating that Johnny's appeal was not limited to the youngsters who buy most of the singles, but extended to the young adults and older people who are the prime customers for LP's. Now a third album, "Warm," has confirmed Johnny's widespread and durable popularity by remaining high on the best-seller charts for the past several months.

Like his previous album, "Warm" is made up mainly of established

BY CARLTON BROWN

favorites, among them "My One and Only Love," "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face," "I'm Glad There Is You" and "While We're Young." The title of the set, from one of two new songs Johnny introduces in it, has nothing to do with jazz—hot, cool or tepid. There's not a trace of that side of the Mathis talent in his tender, unaffected delivery of these solidly sentimental songs, and Percy Faith's settings also hew strictly to the melodic lines. Mathis, here, is purely and simply a ballad singer, sounding each word of the lyrics and each note of the music fully and clearly, and keeping the warmly emotional quality of his voice under the control of technique and taste. It's a style that harks back to before the swing era that produced stars like Sinatra, and that has no recent precedent except in instrumental "mood music."

Despite his youth, Johnny Mathis has a dozen years of training behind him. One of seven children of Clem Mathis, a veteran of vaudeville, Johnny began vocalizing under his father's tutelage at the age of ten. A few years later, a professional coach was so impressed with his talent that she took over his instruction without fee. Equally interested in sports, Johnny played basketball in high school, was a track star and majored in physical education in college. Singing won out when Columbia's George Avakian heard him and paved the way for his sensational success on records. This in turn has led to a heavy schedule of nightclub appearances and TV spots which have been so successful that Johnny should have a bright future in the movies.

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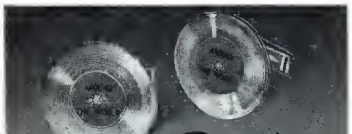

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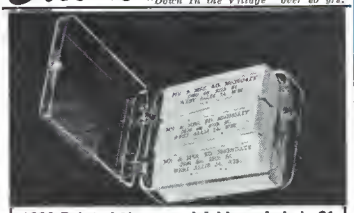

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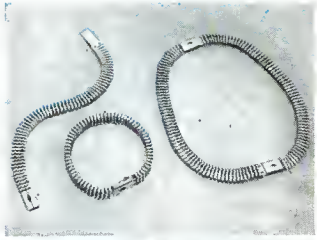

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Carolyn Kelly SHOPPING EDITOR

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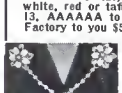

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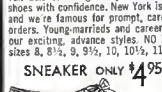

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CHECKED FOR TRAVEL

Best bets for travel each month, checked for appeal by a* REDBOOK *reader panel, checked for value by* REDBOOK'S *Travel Editor. You can get more detail by writing direct to the sources shown.

✔ **For unspoiled beaches** — with never a juke box or a Ferris wheel to clutter gull-swept beauty—you'll be hard put to find better in the East than the palmetto-lined sands of Edisto Island or the gaunt cliffs and snug coves of Grand Manan; and Orcas Island in the West, where wildflowers climb against salt-sprayed rocks, or the beachcombing paradises along the southern Oregon coast where the sea delivers agates and gem stones for the picking. Driftwood and friendly fisherfolk, salty fun and birds that think people are just big cousins . . . all this for $50 a week or less with meals! (Edisto, S.C., Chamber of Commerce; Grand Manan, N.B., Canada, Board of Trade; Orcas Island Chamber of Commerce, Eastsound, Washington; Oregon Coast Association, Newport, Oregon.

✔ **Lazy tour** puts you into a Black Hills dude ranch, runs you most days through rocky canyons and piney passes to old backcountry mining towns and sights like Mount Rushmore carved in the effigy of four presidents. Evenings, you'll go to melodrama and square dancing in lively ghost towns, or the famed Black Hills Passion Play. Two full days in the one-week package are free at the ranch for swimming, riding, fishing, Western-style lazing. It's about $160 from Chicago. (Happiness Tours, 2 West 46th St., New York.)

✔ **June honeymooners** start living that two-for-the-price-of-one dream right on their wedding trip at Atlantic City. Pier and shows, pools and bicycles, restaurant meals and hotel rooms—almost everything along the boardwalk caters for two and charges for one . . . on a special book of coupons free to honeymoon couples in June. For them, a week with all the trimmings runs about $200. (City Press Bureau, Boardwalk, Atlantic City, New Jersey.)

✔ **Florida, too,** is lower-priced in June—for honeymooners and others. Typically, $72 a week for two at a top Fort Lauderdale hotel pays for a poolside studio room—with a kitchenette where a new bride can show off and an older one can feed the small fry. (Delta Airlines, Municipal Airport, Atlanta, Ga.) Dividend extension from there might be a bus trip through Miami and out to sea over coral islands to tropical Key West. Thence by ship for gay Latin night life and a spin of the roulette wheel at Havana, returning by plane to Miami. Fare on this triple treat is under $40—and you can stay over as long as you wish. (Greyhound Tours, 71 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.)

✔ **Spectacular emptiness** of Monument Valley gave one tourist a sense of "looking back a million years in time." Your only chance to get there with an organized tour is on a Southwestern circuit mainly for camera fans. But nonphotographers, too, will enjoy less accessible highlights like ancient cliff dwellings at Canyon de Chelly or Deadhorse Point overlooking the vivid Utah wastelands. Offering costumed models, top photographer as guide, the 14-day tour from Albuquerque in May, July and September costs under $300. (Through the Lens Tours, 4344 Laurel Canyon Blvd., Studio City, Calif.)

✔ **Far-north doings** in Scandinavia hit peak in June, when the sun never sets. Fine way to see it all is by specially equipped cruise train—running north of the Arctic Circle, past blue mountain lakes and green fjords, with frequent stops . . . for picnic lunch at a Lapp village, a bus tour to an old Viking port, torchlit folk dancing. Eight-day run would make a $325 addition to your European tour. (Scandinavian Railways, 630 Fifth Ave., New York.)

✔ **Extra value** on a tour of Europe is not hard to find—top restaurants, for instance, like Tré Scalini on one of Rome's most charming hidden piazzas; cocktails with a British nobleman at his ancestral home or on the Cinecitta set with Italian movie stars; visits with a French painter in his Montmartre studio. One 30-day tour of eleven countries offers all this and more, plus theater in London, nightclubs in Paris and Brussels, the Casino at Nice—all for about $1,200 including air fare from New York. (Traveltyme Tours, 501 Fifth Ave., New York.)

✔ **Tip in time:** Summer theaters across the land spell fun on a vacation evening: melodramas and musicals in barn or tent. For a free list send stamped, addressed envelope marked "Summer Theaters" to Redbook Travel Service Dept., 230 Park Ave., New York.

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Overweight

A noted expert (?) on male superiority concedes a round to the female —well, almost

BY PARKE CUMMINGS
ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR NYDORF

The things that women crowd into their handbags! I could write a piece about that subject. I could write two or three pieces. I bet I could write a dozen—if my wife, Virginia, would give me a chance. But she says that first of all I've got to write about the stuff I carry around in my wallet.

Oh, she doesn't absolutely say I *have* to, but she says she'll do it if I don't. And knowing how she exaggerates, I guess the safest thing is for *me* to tell the correct story.

This all came about when I asked her to fetch my wallet the other day when she was upstairs—which was an unusually stupid thing to do, even by *my* standards. Handing it to me, she remarked, "My goodness, you certainly have a lot of stuff in there!"

"Oh, yes," I said airily, "Somewhere around $15,000 in tens, twenties and fifties the last time I counted."

"Don't be silly," she countered. "There's a one-dollar bill in it."

"A one-dollar bill and a five-dollar bill," I corrected.

"A one-dollar bill," she re-corrected. "I took the five. But that isn't what I'm talking about. I mean all those cards and things."

Opening the wallet, I withdrew my driver's license. "I suppose this is what you were referring to," I said coolly. "It just so happens that I make it a firm policy to carry it with me when I drive—unlike some people I could mention."

My helpmate nodded affirmatively and then seized the wallet and pulled out another piece of paper. "Is it also necessary to carry a license which is stamped EXPIRES MAY 31, 1957?" she inquired. "And another one which became obsolete on the same date in 1956?"

"I suppose not," I admitted, as I threw the expired licenses into the wastebasket, "but a fellow can't stop to clear out his wallet every day. I'm a busy man, you know."

"You must be," she retorted. From the card pocket of my wallet she then withdrew a small piece of paper bearing the legend: R-7 L(2)-21 R-15. "What in the world is that?" she demanded.

I studied it for a brief period, brightened suddenly, and replied, "Even a creature of subhuman intelligence should instantly recognize that this is the code for a combination padlock. You turn it right to seven, left the *second* time to twenty-one, then back to fifteen, and the padlock opens."

"What padlock?" she asked.

"Well," I replied, "the—the—if I recall, we had a combination padlock for our bathhouse at the beach three or four years ago—until we decided to switch to the kind with a key."

"I think," said Virginia, "that it might have been nearer eight years ago. I also find here a receipt for rental of the bathhouse for the season of 1950. Shall I put it back in your wallet or do you prefer to take it to the bank and put it in your safe deposit box?"

I threw the padlock combination and the bathhouse receipt into the wastebasket on top of the expired licenses and reached for my wallet. Instead of giving it to me, she produced another piece of paper. "Acme Tailor Shop," she read. "One red flannel sports shirt."

"What's the objection to my carrying that?" I demanded. "It's a receipt so I can get the shirt after it's been dry-cleaned."

"That shirt's in your middle bureau drawer," Virginia informed me. "I picked it up three weeks ago. Everybody at Acme knows us so well that they never ask for the receipts."

It joined the other discards in the wastebasket.

"And here," resumed Virginia, "we have a parcel post slip for an insured package sent to Dedham, Massachusetts, on December 12, 1952. Wouldn't that be for the skates you sent your nephew, Billy, for Christmas that year?"

"It's a possibility," I conceded. "But I don't go around throwing parcel-post receipts away. Suppose the skates didn't get there? How would I collect on the insurance?"

"Is my memory playing tricks on me?" asked Virginia. "Or didn't we visit Billy later that winter, and didn't we watch him playing hockey on those very same skates?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

The next item, on another scrap of paper, rather saddened me. It read: "Turn left at Clamper's Drug Store—right .8 of a mile on Durpley Road—up hill at cattle crossing sign—go over bridge and bear left at fork—9th house on right. Blue shutters."

I recognized these as the directions for getting to the Woodruff's house, and I recalled the whing-ding of a party they threw there three summers ago. Or was it four?

I won't go into details on the twenty-odd additional pieces of paper I removed from my wallet at Virginia's insistence—such as the 1939 raffle ticket for an eighteen-pound turkey—because, after all, that's now just so much water over the dam.

The crazy heap of junk that women pile into their handbags—wait till I get around to writing about *that!* Brother, will it blister 'em!

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YOUNG MAN IN A HURRY

The world is home to Lowell Thomas Jr., who has flown over the North Pole, sailed around the Horn and been one of the few Americans to visit remote Tibet

Lowell Thomas Jr.,* (above) *on the Tibetan trip he took with his father, pays coolies their daily wage, equivalent to fifty cents. He and his wife* (right) *offer hospitality to natives they met in the Khyber Pass on their adventurous flight to Africa, the Middle East and Asia.

"Whale blubber and Hershey bars." That sign, on a store in Point Barrow, Alaska, is typical of the unusual things Lowell Thomas Jr., has encountered in his excitement-packed thirty-four years. He started traveling when he was twelve weeks old and crossed the Atlantic from London, his birthplace, in a laundry basket because of the rough sailing. His life was fairly normal until he was thirteen when he returned to London to take part in the radio broadcast of the coronation of King George VI. When he was sixteen, he went with the U. S. Navy on a three-month cruise around South America, acting as an assistant to the cameraman for five newsreel companies. Then he made his first lecture tour when he returned home.

Lowell settled down long enough to go to Dartmouth, where he was a champion skier, until World War II demanded his services, and he became a pilot and instructor of French airmen for DeGaulle's forces. In 1947 he accompanied an economic mission to Turkey and two years later made his most thrilling trip of all when he went with his father on a journey to Tibet. After downing such delicacies as 100-year-old eggs and yak butter, Lowell took the first motion pictures ever made of the Dalai Lama. On his return, he made a most successful lecture tour and wrote a best-selling book, *Out of This World.*

At twenty-seven he turned down the offer of a college presidency and married a most attractive girl who shares his love of adventure. She is a pilot too and they made a 50,000-mile trip through Africa, the Middle East and Asia, acting as their own mechanics and navigators. They live in Princeton, N.J., with their two children. and Lowell commutes to New York to work on his father's film and radio projects. He spent three months in the Arctic, where he saw the "whale blubber" sign, producing the film for the CBS "High Adventure with Lowell Thomas" television show. Meanwhile he and Mary are just biding their time until they can pack their sleeping bags in the plane and leave civilization behind. — FLORENCE SOMERS

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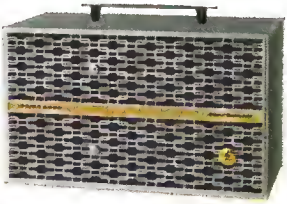

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THE DINNER HOUR

By Elinor Goulding Smith

(GENTLE TINKLE OF SILVER DINNER BELL) (LONG SILENCE) (LOUD, PERSISTENT RINGING OF BELL)

Oh, there you are, dear. Would you call the children? Dinner is ready.

Have you washed your hands, boys? Well, let me see them. Did you wash them at all? What *is* all that blue sticky stuff? Well, go wash them again. *Because they're still dirty.*

All right now, boys, sit down. Dear, sit down and I'll serve. Everything will get cold if we don't start. Dan, your napkin is on the floor, darling. Pick it up. Joe, sweetheart, don't put your milk glass so close to the edge of the table.

Now let me see. You want it rare, dear, don't you. I know you like it well done, Joe. *Very* well done. And very rare for you, Dan. Darling, you want gravy on your meat but not on your potatoes? Dan, gravy just on your potatoes? Gravy just on your *carrots*, Joe? Joe, dear, move the glass back from the edge of the table. Well, there now, I think we're all set. Have a roll, darling? I know they're a little burned. It took you all so long to come to dinner, honey. Well, eat the inside.

Joe, push your glass back, honey. Joe, cut your meat with your *knife* and *fork*. You're ready for seconds, Dan? I haven't started my first yet. Take your plate and help yourself from the platter. Watch out for Joe's gla . . . Oh. Don't just sit there and let the milk drip in your lap, Joe. *Stand up!* Here, I'll get a cloth. Dan, just get the milk from the icebox and fill Joe's glass again for me, would you? Right there, dear, on the top shelf. See, right in back of the tomato jui . . . oh no! *Danny, step back! Don't just stand there in your good shoes!* Here, I'll take care of it. Joe, don't hit the ketchup bottle so hard, let Daddy do it for y . . . Yes, I see it got in the sugar, sweetheart. Joe, it isn't *necessary* to butter both sides of the bread. Now let's all sit down and *enjoy our dinner.*

Joe, you eat string beans with a fork. I know Mommy lets you pick up asparagus, but not string beans. They're different, that's why. Why can't you eat the meat, Joe? A speck of fat? Where? Well, for heaven's sake cut it off. No it *hasn't* spoiled the potatoes. What is it, darling? On the butter? I hadn't noticed. There's ketchup in the sugar, too. There's some on your meat, Joe? Well, why did you use it if you don't like ketchup?

Danny, please pick up your napkin. Joe, you're kicking Mommy's leg, darling. Well, don't. Don't! No, darling, that's not the table leg. That's my leg. Yes, sweetheart, that's what I was trying to tell you. Dan, would you *please* pick up your napkin and also pass the gravy? Not at the same time! Sweetheart, couldn't you see that the gravy was going to spill? No, darling, the gravy boat isn't attached to the plate. Joe broke it last week when he was making plaster molds in it.

Well. There now. Everybody ready for dessert? I've made a really special dessert tonight. Something good—it's a sort of chocolate mousse. What don't you like about the way it looks? Well, you can't tell how it's going to taste by looking at it. Dan, please get up and *carefully* help clear the table. I know there isn't room there, sweetheart. No no, not on top of the—Dan, couldn't you see the plates would fall if you put them on top of the tomato? Leave them there, I'll clean them up later. Joe, push your milk glass back from the edge of the table. Dan, please don't put the glasses down in the mashed potatoes. *Because I say not to.*

Now everybody sit down and I'll serve dessert. What, darling? You'd rather have canned peaches? What don't you like about it, Joe? Well, we're not having ice cream tonight. Homemade mousse is better than ice cream. I say it is. What is it, Dan? Of course it tastes of egg. It has egg in it. I know Daddy's having peaches. Because that's different, that's why. Oh, all right. You can both have ice cream.

Dan, you want half chocolate chip mocha and half pineapple? Joe, you want half vanilla and half butter pecan? Can't you get together on it? Oh, for heaven's sake. All right. Dan, pick up your napkin. Oh, Joe, this isn't vanilla, it's coffee. Well, somebody put the vanilla top on the coffee carton. The baby sitter. I know you're not babies, it's just an expression.

Dan, please pick up your napkin, darling. Joe, push your glass back, angel. Here are your peaches, darling. Where is there gravy on my dress? You wish we had some cake, Dan? (LONG PIERCING SCREAM)

Redbook's

Family Scrapbook

It looks as if we might have a new handyman in our house! Our twenty-month-old daughter, wearing slippers and coveralls, and her skirt around her neck, stopped in the midst of dressing and climbed astride her daddy as he worked on our disposal unit. She's doing everything she can to help. We call her Cluny Brown.

MRS. MARY SCHOENBERGER
Sacramento, California

REDBOOK will pay $50 for the best black and white snapshot used, featuring a child or children under 12, accompanied by the best letter telling in not more than 100 words how the picture was taken.

Pictures must be sent by the parents of the child to Dept. F-A, Redbook Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., and cannot be returned or acknowledged. All published entries become the property of McCall Corporation, publishers of REDBOOK.

NEW HORIZONS
a suggestion we hope proves helpful

Here's Children's Party
with usual favorites in way of games and refreshments but with a bit of a new slant to make it new and different.

PARTY FUN FOR MAY

Children don't like too many changes rung in on them as you know. Yet they delight in a certain amount of novelty. Going along with that is this refreshing new approach for a young person's party during month of May.

Costume parties seem to be as much fun for boys as girls and nothing makes bigger hit with a child than to be dressed up as a clown. Clown suits are easy to make and can be bought. Call it a Clown Party and "tie in" with the May flower theme.

Invitations might be clowns cut from magazines or comics or painted or drawn by child. Or you might get clown invitations at greeting card counters. Paste or tape real or paper flower to clown's hand. Child could draw a flower. In clown suit, child delivers invitations in May basket.

Play usual games but add a big paper clown (home-made) to have guests pin on nose, hat or flower.

Clown-head ice cream makes a grand refreshment idea—scoop of ice cream with gum drops for eyes, nose, mouth; a cone hat with flower atop. Or serve clown faced cookies and soft drink or cookies and ice cream.

Children Love Wrigley's Spearmint!

The wonderful-tasting, long-lasting flavor of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum satisfies for a bit of sweet. Not rich or filling, it is the perfect between meal treat. Besides, the natural chewing helps keep young teeth clean. Try it.

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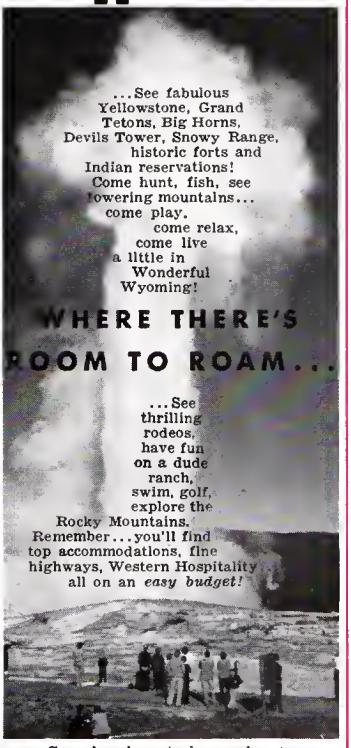

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Mr. Henry Nobody

BY DONNIS STARK THOMPSON

Until six months ago, I'm quite sure that a charming little boy named Tucker Thompson was our only two-going-on-three-year-old son. But now . . . I don't know. We *may* have only one, but then again, perhaps it's two, or possibly one and a half.

The question arose without warning one day when one of us said to Tucker, in the best simpering fashion of an adult, "And who are you?"

"I'm nobody."

"Really? Here I thought you were Tucker all the time."

"But I'm not. I'm nobody. Mr. *Henry* Nobody. Tucker's gone."

Thus was Mr. Henry Nobody catapulted onto the scene. He stayed around all day, and that evening he engaged in a game looking for Tucker: under the couch, down in the cracks of the chairs, under the water in the bathtub, in the freezing compartment of the refrigerator — all the likely places to find a small boy — but it was no use. Then that night as I bathed the stranger, put on his pajamas, and dutifully called him Mr. Henry Nobody, two little arms were suddenly thrown around my neck and two blue eyes looked earnestly, then delightedly at me. "I'm Tucker! Mr. Henry Nobody had to go."

That night and many nights since, I attempted to find out just where he goes when he goes and why he shows up so unexpectedly, but so far I've made very little headway. For instance, in the traditional role of irritated parent, I am apt to say, "Young man, you've got to put every single one of those toys away right now!"

"I can't. I'm Tucker."

"You bet you are, and Tucker was the one who put those toys there so Tucker —"

"No, Tucker didn't put those toys there. Mr. Henry Nobody did."

The first time or two, I was foolish enough to say, "Well, then, Mr. Henry Nobody can put them back!" which invariably prompted the reply, "Mr. Henry Nobody's not here."

In all fairness to Tucker, though, I'll have to admit he shares his fall guy quite unselfishly. I inadvertently bumped into him one day and said, "Pardon me."

"Oh, you didn't do that," he said grandly. "Mr. Henry Nobody did."

Now that I am more accustomed to his comings and goings, I have begun to see that Mr. Henry Nobody possesses some traits quite different from Tucker's. Mr. Henry Nobody takes the emotional approach to life in general. In fact, he's decidedly flighty, and at times his whimsical nature goes further than I can follow. Once, after twisting the rope in his indoor swing and letting it unwind, he staggered across the room and said, "Daddy, are you getting drunk?"

(Absently) "No, I'm not getting drunk."

"Well, you should be. The whole house is going around."

Then one day he called me into his bedroom after his nap and said, "My nap's gone."

"Where did it go?"

"To Bombaree; the bears chased it there." Bombaree seems to be a place of purely phonetic charm, and as for the bears, they have given us no end of trouble, particularly in their habit of standing in line in the bathroom so that no one else can get in.

Tucker, on the other hand, is a firm realist.

One day I overheard this conversation between Tucker and his grandfather:

"Did Daddy live in Iowa when he was a little boy?"

"When he was a *real* little boy, he lived in North Dakota."

"When he was a *real* little boy," Tucker repeated thoughtfully. "Then did he live in Iowa when he was a pretend little boy?" Or: "Who's Mrs. Hendricks you're talking about, Mama?"

"She's a lady who used to be married to *(Continued on Page 32)*

Baked Spareribs "Aloha"

Juicy, tender, sweet-'n-sour spareribs—barbecued in your oven with Hunt's Tomato Sauce

This wonderful new spareribs recipe has a "double" life. It's *so easy* you'll make it for the family often. And it's so different—so Hawaiian—you'll want to plan a whole *party* menu around it, too.

Tart-sweet pineapple teams up with tangy Hunt's Tomato Sauce to give these spareribs exciting *new* flavor. And there's a *special* reason Hunt's works so well in this recipe.

It's *all tomato* through and through. Kettle-simmered to rich, thick sauce consistency. It really clings to the spareribs.

And because we spice and season it so carefully, Hunt's Tomato Sauce blends better with other flavors. That's why Hunt's is the perfect partner for creative cooking. Try it over meat loaf. Add it to stews or leftovers. And for a *new* taste in spareribs, do treat your family to this special recipe.

3 lbs. (2 strips) lean spareribs
Salt and pepper ½ cup finely diced onion
¼ cup diced green pepper
2 cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce
1 tablesp. Worcestershire sauce
⅓ cup cider or wine vinegar
¼ cup brown sugar ½ teasp. dry mustard
1 No. 2 can pineapple tidbits
(use tidbits and syrup)

Cut after every third rib, about halfway through the strip. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place in shallow roasting pan. Bake in Moderate oven (350°F.) for 1¼ hours. Carefully drain off all excess fat. While ribs are roasting, mix remaining ingredients and let stand to blend flavors. Pour over ribs after 1¼ hours baking. Bake 45 to 50 minutes longer, basting frequently to coat ribs with the flavorful sauce. Makes 4 servings.

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What makes a Manhattan?

Not more or less Vermouth — but a really fine Vermouth!

MARTINI & ROSSI
IMPORTED SWEET VERMOUTH

(Continued from Page 30)

Mr. Hendricks but isn't any more."

"You mean she's a man now?"

Upon one occasion, his daddy said vaguely to him, "I'll just take your word for it."

Tucker stared at him, his lower lip began to extend and tremble, his eyes reddened. "But, Daddy, I *want* my word."

There was another time when we were discussing an event prior to his baby sister's birth. "Oh. Was she still in your tummy then?"

"Yes, she was."

"But how did she get out?"

As simply as I could, I told him. He listened carefully, nodded his head slightly as if to say that he approved of the plan and said, "You know, I never would have thought of that!"

But Mr. Henry Nobody has no truck with such things. It seems to me that the less sense things make, the better he likes them. He dashes about opening the kitchen door so we can "let the poor smoke out." Conversations with him might run any day in the week like this one:

"Don't worry, Mama."

"I'm not worried. Are you?"

"Uh-hum."

"What are you worried about?"

"I'm worried about the windows all falling out and let's hurry upstairs and see if the floor fell in."

Once, encountering a picture of a two-headed man in a magazine, he handed it to his daddy on the run, said, "You look at it and I'll go hide!" and tore off for the safety of the bedroom.

But of course Tucker would not take that approach. Tucker is the one who watched his father gargle and told him solemnly, with a hint of reproval, "Daddy, you shouldn't spit on the ceiling."

I never know quite what kind of day to anticipate at our house because besides the weather and the jobs to be done, there is always the consideration of who will be home with me—Tucker, or Mr. Henry Nobody.

On some days it isn't evident at once — they both eat eggs for breakfast — but there are the mornings when I know right off. A couple of days ago right after breakfast, I sent my son to wash his face and comb his hair. When he came back for inspection, I surveyed the results and told him with approval, "Now you look like quite a personable social being."

The blue eyes danced and he chimed in joyously, "Or a giraffe!" And I knew that Mr. Henry Nobody was there that day. . . . THE END

A young mother has a frightening glimpse of the future that raises the disturbing question:

Are Daughters-in-Law Fair?

BY FRANCES COLVER

I had just spent an afternoon drinking coffee with three of my friends and our conversation had turned to the subject of mothers-in-law. We had unburdened ourselves with our customary gusto: "She's so bossy." "She interferes with everything I do." "She sulks." "She snoops." "She thinks I'm ruining my children."

We had said it all many times before. Yet for some reason as I walked home after this session, I had a moment of detachment, of seeing us as a stranger might—and not liking what I saw. Two of us had our mothers-in-law living with us; a third was visited for months at a time by hers; the fourth lived near enough to her mother-in-law to be in constant contact. We all felt put upon. And yet, in that moment, I had a frightening vision of the future. In fewer years than I cared to think about we four would probably be mothers-in-law. Would our children's husbands and wives find us fair game for sniping?

In most ways I think the women of my generation are superior—mature, intelligent, aware of the world and their places in it. But in this instance we seem to be failing in a primary responsibility. My friends and I aren't afraid to tackle other problems without resentment and with the will to succeed. Why are we defeated by this one? Is it because our morale is partially undermined before we start? We have been warned so often—particularly if our mothers-in-law live with us—of the dangers of the situation. We have been told over and over again that "no house is big enough for two families." We have read and listened to so many case histories of domineering mothers, of dependent sons and daughters. We seem to have absorbed the idea that mothers-in-law are problems first and people second, and have prepared ourselves for nothing but trouble.

I suppose that very few women have their mothers-in-law living with them from choice. The arrangement is almost always a necessity, and is probably hardest on the mother-in-law, since she is usually the one in a position of dependence, either financially or physically.

In the normal course of events, being a mother-in-law may occupy one-third of a woman's life. Who would willingly lessen the value of a third of her life, or anyone else's? When I project myself into the future I know that, regardless of any financial or physical deficiencies, I shall want to be recognized as an individual human being, with individual needs that will continue to exist as long as I do.

My friends and I now say firmly, "I will *never* live with my children." But which of us can foresee the future so clearly? Isn't it possible that our mothers-in-law said the same thing twenty-five years ago? We also announce, "When I visit my children, at least I'll have enough sense to keep my hands off their kids." I suspect that none of us realizes what grandchildren will mean in *(Continued on Page 98)*

A Remarkable Woman

With $50,000 at stake, he vowed not to let pity obscure the truth. Were her lies a cover for murder?

BY JOHN REESE
ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER SKOR

I met the most remarkable woman today, a blonde widow, young and pretty, extremely intelligent—and under suspicion of having murdered her husband. Not, you understand, in a fit of passion, but for money—for $50,000 in insurance on a policy so new that only one quarterly premium had been paid on it.

Yet she had not been prosecuted; and Fred Kennedy, our best claims man, came back after a month's investigation, mumbling, "I know she's lying, but somehow I'm on her side. She—she makes you believe in her, even when you know she's lying."

I met Donna Richey Farrier at her home in the desert near Los Angeles, where her unlucky husband had toppled to his perplexing death. A series of steps had been cut in the rock leading down to the cabin from her defunct husband's defunct gold mine. She was up at the mine, drawing a pail of water from the alkaline seepage at the bottom of the shaft, when she saw my car coming up the long trail from the highway, following the electric line.

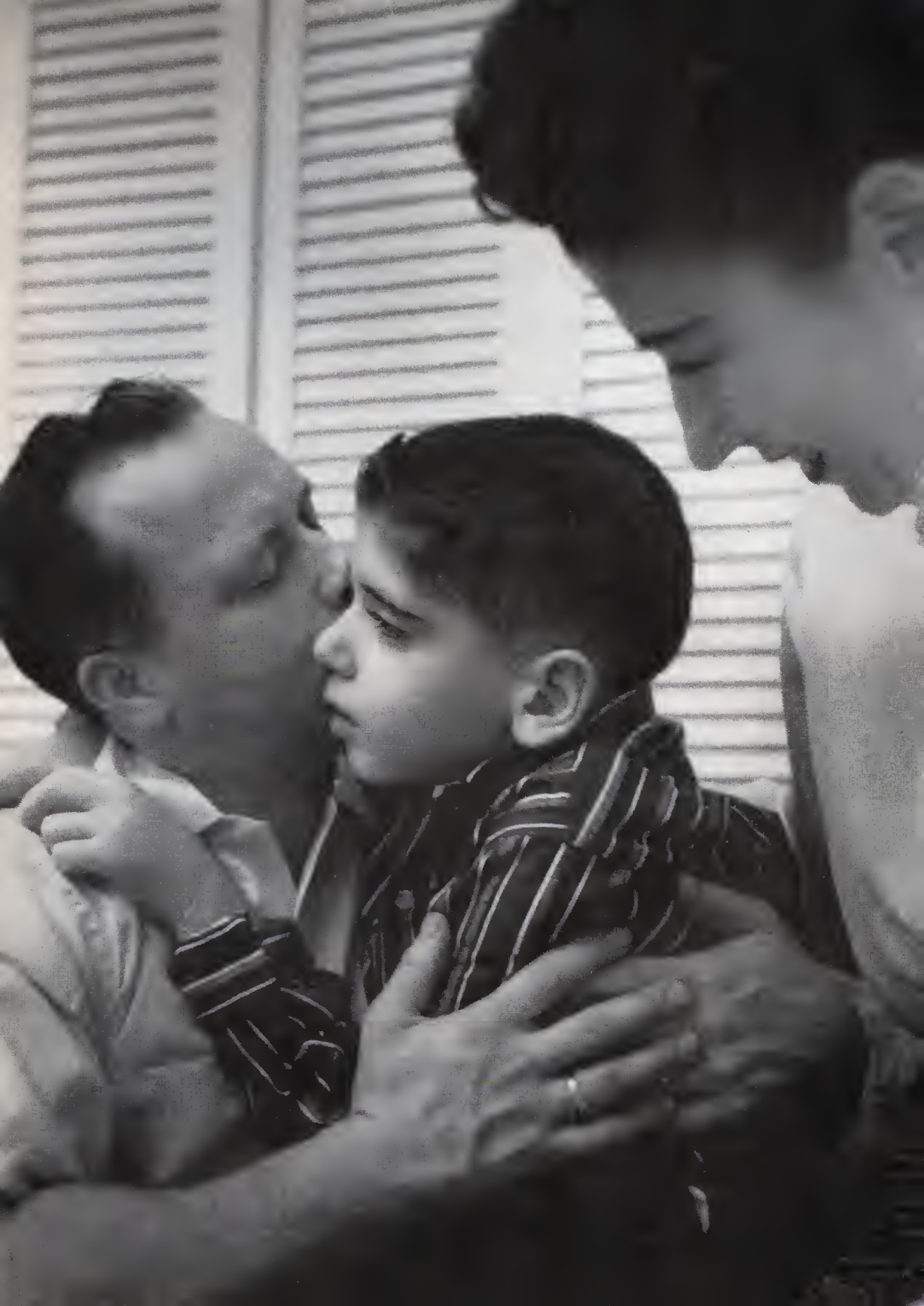
It was a grim place at best, and pure hell today, with the thermometer at 120°. As I parked my car, she coiled her rope and came slowly down the steps with her pail of water. At the foot of the steps she put the pail down. "Are you looking for someone?" she asked.

I don't know what sort of hard-bitten adventuress I had expected, but this girl took my breath. The files said Mrs. Farrier was twenty-two. She didn't look it. I can't explain the rush of pity I felt as I looked at her. A small girl in straw sombrero, blue jeans and an old red shirt. Her fair hair was in a long pony tail, and the hot sun had bleached it to a champagne glitter. Her tawny tan gave her blue eyes deep violet shadows.

She looked like a college sophomore in trouble with the dean. "Yes ma'am; for Mrs. Donna Farrier," I said, trying not to stare. "My name is Witmore—Al Witmore."

"I'm Mrs. Farrier." She barely *(Continued on Page 89)*

"You realize the spot you're in, don't you?" I asked. "We're not talking about money. We're talking about murder!"



"I Wouldn't Let My Son Die"

For eighty days Bobbie Spierer was in a coma. Doctors did not expect him to live. But his father remained at his bedside—talking, singing, praying—until the boy somehow came back to life

BY JHAN AND JUNE ROBBINS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ED FEINGERSH

Late one night last summer, Robert Spierer, age eight, bleeding, head swollen, brain hemorrhaging, was rushed by ambulance to a hospital. He was the younger son of John and Josephine Spierer and he was about to die. A prominent brain surgeon thought so. The resident physicians and the nurses agreed. As the child lost consciousness his last words to his parents were, "Don't leave me!"

For eighty days he lay in a coma. For weeks, both parents sat constantly at his side. When his mother, broken in health, could go on no longer, his father stayed alone. He did not work. He scarcely ate. He dozed but never slept. Wise, experienced men and compassionate women told him to prepare for Robert's death. His answer was to cling more tightly to his son's unfeeling hand.

"That boy, by all science can predict, should have died," a doctor said. Today, Robert Spierer is alive, talking, joking, on his way back to full mental and physical health. Certainly the miracles of modern medicine helped him. Surgery, oxygen, intravenous feeding and skilled, devoted nursing went into his recovery. But in the case of Robert Spierer there may be something more: He is alive today because his father, John Spierer, by some means unknown even to himself, seems literally to have poured new life into his dying son. Here is his remarkable story:

When Christopher and Robert Spierer reached the bicycling age, their parents were torn between pride and worry. Several lanes of fast traffic rushed past the door of their home in Brooklyn, New York. City law forbade bicycles on the crowded sidewalks. Finally, the parents worked it out.

"My wife's mother lives in Wyandanch, Long Island," John Spierer told us. "It's a quiet, country town with little-traveled sandy roads. The boys visit their grandmother often and they agreed to keep their bikes out there. We thought it was the safest thing."

Chris and Bobbie had already spent about a week of their vacation at their grandmother's home in Wyandanch when they set out one morning on their bicycles to explore a new road. Several other boys—about the age of Christopher, who was twelve—went with them. It was a fine, cool day and they leaned hard on their pedals. Bobbie, by far the youngest, soon fell behind. No one worried about him. He had been riding for two years and had been carefully taught the rules of the road.

After awhile, however, Chris turned his bicycle around and told his friends he was going to look for Bobbie. He thought he might have taken a wrong turn. Chris rode back about a quarter-mile and saw his brother lying on the ground beside his bicycle.

"I thought he was kidding, or maybe resting," he said. "Then when I got up close I saw that Bobbie was unconscious and bleeding."

For one hysterical moment Chris knelt beside his brother's body and screamed his name. Then, pulling himself together, he raced for the nearest house. The owner called police and an ambulance. The ambulance driver said, "His skull is smashed in. He looks real bad—get the parents, quick!"

John Spierer is a production supervisor for E.D.I. Products Company, a firm that manufactures electronics controls. When his mother-in-law telephoned to tell him that Bobbie had been injured he threw down the

"Suddenly I had the strangest feeling

Bobbie is still partly paralyzed, but he is regaining the use of his muscles and has begun to relearn such skills as writing.

receiver and jumped into a company car. Meanwhile his wife, who also had been notified, called her husband's best friend, and the two headed in the same direction—toward the small hospital at Copiague, L. I., where the town ambulance had taken the child.

"I kept telling myself to take it easy," John Spierer told us, "but my foot pressed down on the accelerator. I knew I was speeding. I'm usually a careful driver, but I couldn't help myself. I saw a police car. I thought they were going to arrest me so I stopped and told them what had happened. I asked for an escort to the hospital. They said they couldn't do that but they were very sympathetic. They seemed to turn their backs when I went tearing away at seventy miles an hour—I was grateful for that."

When the parents arrived at the hospital they were told that Bobbie's skull was broken in three places and that pieces of bone were embedded in the brain tissue. On the advice of the hospital director, they called a brain specialist. The surgeon advised removal to Long Island Jewish Hospital, a larger and better-equipped institution. Once again the boy was put on a stretcher.

Within the next few days Bobbie was operated on twice—once to mend the depression in his skull and once to remove pressure on the brain. Two and one-half weeks later he was sent home. He appeared healthy and cheerful. Doctors said he would probably be all right. The child could offer no clues about the accident. To this day no one knows what happened; the first assumption was that a hit-and-run driver had struck him.

"That's what you think about when your child is hurt on a bike," John Spierer explained. But there were no skid marks on the road, no tire tracks. Boy and bicycle were lying close together on the road. Only the wicker carrying-basket was damaged. Was the boy

I just had to go out and see Bobbie"

attacked by someone? That theory, too, is unsupported by evidence. Bobbie, although a skillful rider, had apparently just skidded or struck a rock and tumbled off his bike.

His doctors are still mystified. One physician maintains, "I've never in all my years of practice seen so much damage inflicted on a skull by a mere fall."

But the Spierers, with understandable eagerness, accept the accident theory. "If I thought some driver —or anyone else—had nearly killed my boy and was still at large, I'd go out of my mind," John Spierer said. "I'd spend the rest of my life hunting him down! I guess I *want* to believe it was an accident."

The state troopers, who investigated carefully, agree. All Bobbie could contribute was, "I was pumping hard, trying to catch up with the other guys. I don't remember anything until I woke up in the hospital."

His father told us, "We'd never had any serious illness in our family. A headache, a bad cold, a finger smashed by a hammer—that's what we used to call trouble. However, Bobbie seemed to recover quickly. My wife and I are Catholics. We were grateful. We offered prayers."

John Spierer's family derives from Hungary. His wife is of Italian extraction. At the time of Bobbie's accident she was thirty-five and he thirty-seven. They went together for six years before they married, were formally engaged for two years.

Josephine Spierer is slender, tall—five feet nine inches—with dark hair and a pretty, sensitive face. Her husband is stocky and hard-muscled. He has blue eyes and a shock of thick, black hair. The family lives in a four-room apartment—two bedrooms, living room, bath and kitchen—in a city neighborhood.

Much to his amusement, Bobbie was ordered by his doctor to wear a football helmet. Otherwise, he was soon back to normal living. He, his mother and his brother went back to his grandmother's house at Wyandanch so that Bobbie could spend the rest of the summer in the country.

"I went out to see them as often as I could," John Spierer said. "That meant weekends and usually one or two nights even during the week.

"One night I went from the plant, where I had worked late, directly to our apartment. I was hot and tired. I took a cold shower and got ready to go to bed.

"Suddenly I had the strangest feeling. I just had to go out and see Bobbie. I couldn't think about anything else. I got dressed, took the company car, which I had driven home, and went to Wyandanch.

"When I got there, everything was quiet. The boys were asleep. My wife told me they were both fine. I felt like a fool. Once more I got undressed and settled down for the night. Then I heard a terrible scream. It was Bobbie.

"He kept shouting, 'Help me, Daddy! Help me! Don't leave me!' I could see that the side of his head, over the old injury, was all puffed out. There was blood all over the pillow. I ran to the telephone and told the operator to send help!"

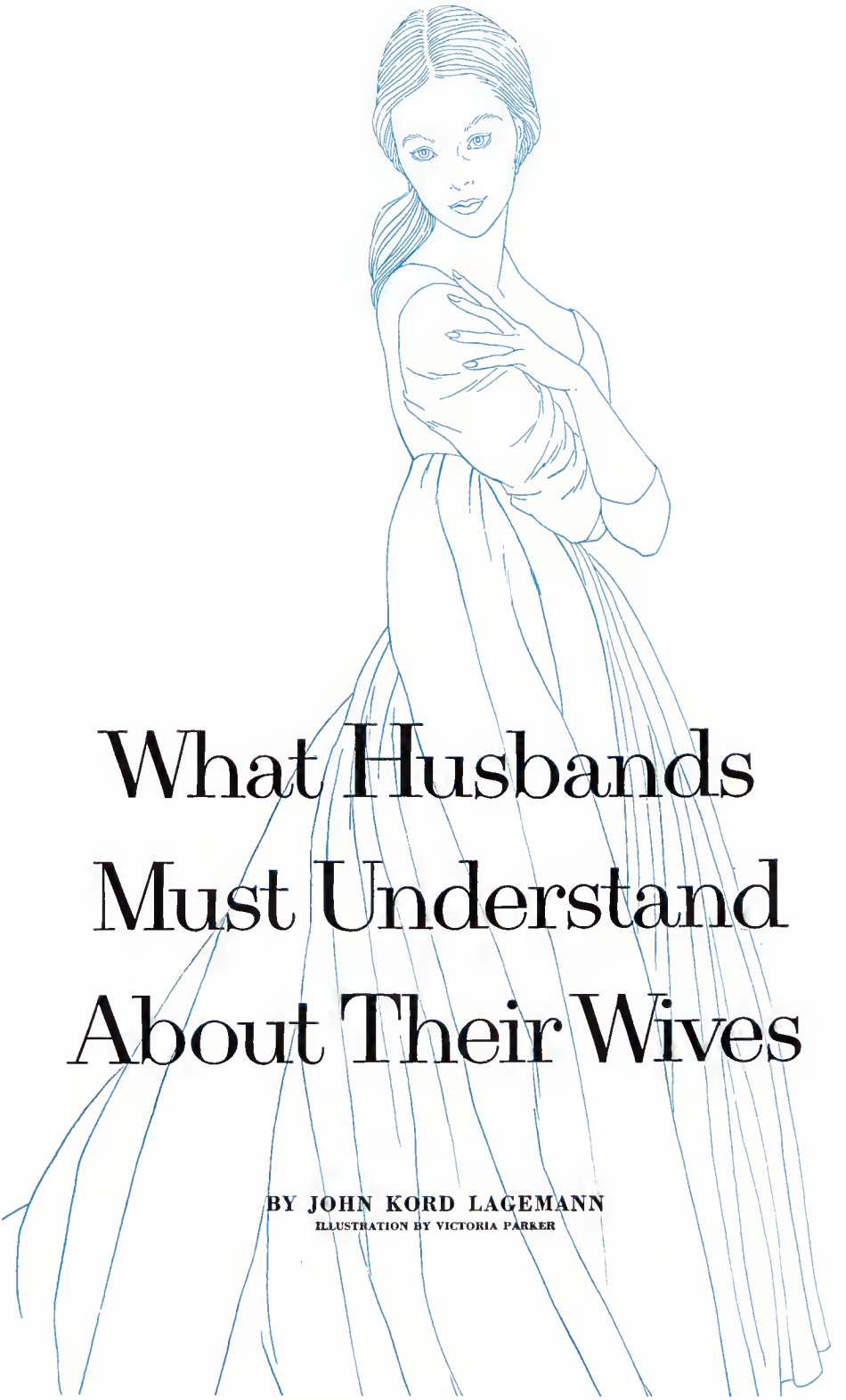
State troopers responded to the alarm within minutes, bringing emergency equipment. This time, John Spierer got his motorcycle escort. He and a cousin, who lived nearby, climbed into the town ambulance and, with the father himself holding an oxygen mask over his child's face, they began the siren-screaming ride back to Long Island Jewish Hospital.

"When we got there I thought Bobbie was already dead," the father said. "His face was grey and there was no life in it. I could tell that the nurses and doctors thought it was all over, but they sent out a call for a brain surgeon and rushed Bobbie to an operating room. While he was on the stretcher cart, someone took a surgical hammer and knocked out one of his front teeth. I know now that they had to do it—so they could give him the anesthetic in a hurry. But it was a new, permanent tooth. His chin was flooded with blood."

Because they expected Bobbie Spierer to die within a few hours, the staff did not move him down, after the operation, to a regular hospital room. Instead, they kept him in the specially equipped recovery room just off the operating theater. There he stayed for nearly three weeks, under oxygen. Nurses were in twenty-four hour attendance.

One nurse said, "After *(Continued on Page 98)*

When Bobbie's condition became known, religious objects, medals and poems poured in from all over the country.



What Husbands Must Understand About Their Wives

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTORIA PARKER

The way in which a woman needs to be courted and loved is the result of her emotional and sexual nature. Knowing and accepting the special meaning of femininity can make the difference between happiness and discontent in a marriage

How like a woman," a husband may say, when his wife impulsively buys an absurd new hat, blithely arrives half an hour late for a date or suddenly bursts into tears with no apparent provocation. Whether the comment is made jokingly or in anger, it frequently expresses honest bewilderment. He knows his wife responds differently and acts differently from him in many situations, but why she does often baffles both of them.

Many marriages might profit if both partners had a fuller understanding of the special problems of women and of the way in which their biological role is responsible for characteristic feminine behavior. For at the bottom of much sexual maladjustment and marital incompatibility, psychiatrists and marriage counselors find failure to appreciate and accept the complex needs and feelings which give the special stamp of femininity to everything a woman does.

One way to appreciate how important it is for a wife to accept herself as a woman is through the experience of those who fail to find fulfillment in their marriages—and the experience of the doctors and marriage counselors to whom they come for help. Another basis for such understanding can be found in the many studies of how normal women vary in their physical make-up, attitudes and reactions. This article is based on such experiences and studies. It is an attempt to help both husbands and wives understand the special nature of women—as well as the problems and opportunities for happiness that femininity creates.

More than anything else, men and women must realize tbat the greater part of a woman's life is ruled by her biological role. The eternal female is no myth. All during her reproductive years a woman's body is linked to the demands of conceiving, bearing and nurturing children. There is never a moment when her feelings are not influenced by the periodic chemical changes that prepare her for motherhood. The ceaseless ebb and flow of hormones give rise, too, to unpredictable changes in mood, outlook on life, physical comfort and, of course, sexual desire.

If a woman is irritable and restless, her husband, thinking in terms of his own masculine needs, may attribute his wife's behavior to unsatisfied sexual desire. He knows how *he* would feel if he couldn't find periodic release. But for his wife tension may simply be the response to a chemical force, and sexual desire may play a relatively minor role.

In assigning different reproductive roles to men and women, nature assured their equality by making them absolutely dependent on one another. But she also gave each sex its own responsibilities and its special kind of vulnerability. To insure procreation she provided man with insistent and easily aroused desires for a mate. Since he can play his part only when he is ready, he is required to take the initiative. His vulnerability is the possibility that his readiness may fail him.

A woman, on the other hand, appears to have a much easier biological role. It seems to consist merely of being receptive to her partner, and since that can be accomplished simply by doing nothing to stop him, she does not have to worry about her own readiness. But she does have to worry about her power to attract and interest her mate. Without his interest she cannot fulfill her creative role. From this stems her coquettishness and her preoccupation with her appearance.

Woman's receptive role makes her vulnerable in another way, too. Unlike her husband, mere physical expression of love is seldom enough to give her a sense of completion. Fulfillment demands the outpouring of her entire being, spiritual and physical, in a commingling of identity with the one man in the world to whom she is willing to bestow the gift of herself.

Few men realize how much courage it takes for a woman to accept the feminine role in sex and achieve the complete surrender required for mutual fulfillment. They have never experienced the risks that women have lived with since childhood. Long before she is old enough to marry and bear children, she has learned from observation and from hearsay of the penalties of ill-advised intimacy with men. It is important for a husband to understand that from girlhood women build up emotional defenses to guard them against premature, harmful or unwelcome intrusion. These defenses, often appearing to be "feminine modesty," are based on fear. Until a woman is mature enough to manage her own life, these fears serve a very useful purpose. By restraining her sexual desires, they give her time to find herself in a variety of nonsexual interests, and they make her more discriminating and more insistent on her rights as a human being.

It would be wonderful if she could drop these defenses immediately on falling in love and getting married, and proceed at once to find complete expression of her feminine impulses and emotions in marital relations. After all, marriage is designed to protect her against the dangers and uncertainties of unloving sexual relations and to provide the support she needs in performing her reproductive function. But marriage cannot transform her sexual attitudes and behavior overnight. Many of her defenses remain.

The conscious ones are the first to go. Fear of pregnancy, for example, may be replaced by an immediate desire for children on learning how safe childbirth is, or, for some, may be *(Continued on Page 100)*

One Girl, Two Proposals

He was a doctor, not a marriage counselor. So he solved Nancy's problem with clinical detachment, and astounding results!

BY JEAN Z. OWEN
ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

Young Dr. Ashley Holbrook, Obstetrician, closed the last folder and placed it neatly on top of the stack of charts on his desk. It had been another trying day. For more than a week the office had not been running smoothly. Obviously, the time had come for him to take steps.

"Nancy!" he called. "Will you come in, please?"

His office nurse came to the doorway. Her starched white cap sat slightly askew on her dark curls. Instead of her customary crisp, "Yes, Doctor?" she smiled dreamily and said, "Hmm?"

Ashley cleared his throat. "Nancy," he said in a businesslike manner, "during the past year your work has been satisfactory. Eminently satisfactory, in fact. However . . ."

Nancy beamed at him. "Thank you," she said. The smile stayed on her lips while her gaze shifted out the window. She stared raptly at a huge advertisement for peanut butter painted on the side of the building across the street.

"However," the doctor continued sternly, trying to pierce the invisible haze that enveloped her, "there seems to be something bothering you of late. Please understand I don't wish to pry, but whenever anything affects this office, I—"

"I know." Nancy slowly transferred her limp attention to a spot on the wall above his head. "The way I feel, I just can't seem to keep my mind on things, somehow."

Ashley experienced a premonitory twinge of alarm. "How *do* you feel?"

"Oh—" Nancy gestured vaguely—"sort of bubbly inside. And all—all tinkly, like a set of wind chimes. It makes such beautiful music that *(Continued on Page 94)*

"Nancy, I think you're in love," he said. "I— I know," she said. "It's just awful, isn't it?"

The Stormy

An angry young man

BY ELEANOR HARRIS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GARRY WINOGRAND

During the past year a thirty-year-old folk singer and actor named Harry Belafonte earned $1,000,000. His record album, "Harry Belafonte Calypso," sold more than a million copies. His most recent film, *Island in the Sun*, was one of the year's top box-office successes. His country-wide concert tour broke attendance records wherever he played. And during the year he mushroomed into a one-man industry with offices in New York, Hollywood and London.

Harry Belafonte's private life also underwent distinct changes in 1957. Divorced from his first wife, by whom he had two daughters, he married a white woman who became the mother of his first son. Of his new marriage he says firmly, "I don't see my wife as anything but a woman; the fact that I'm a Negro and she is white doesn't affect our lives at all. This is partly because she understands as much as she does. After all, we live in the most retarded country in the world on the social level of intermarriage."

The emotional pressures of being a Negro in America erupt frequently in the young man's conversation. "To get an American Sputnik into the air," he declares, "means nothing as long as Little Rock is still unsettled." These intense feelings about racial discrimination come naturally, out of his own childhood. He tells his story vividly:

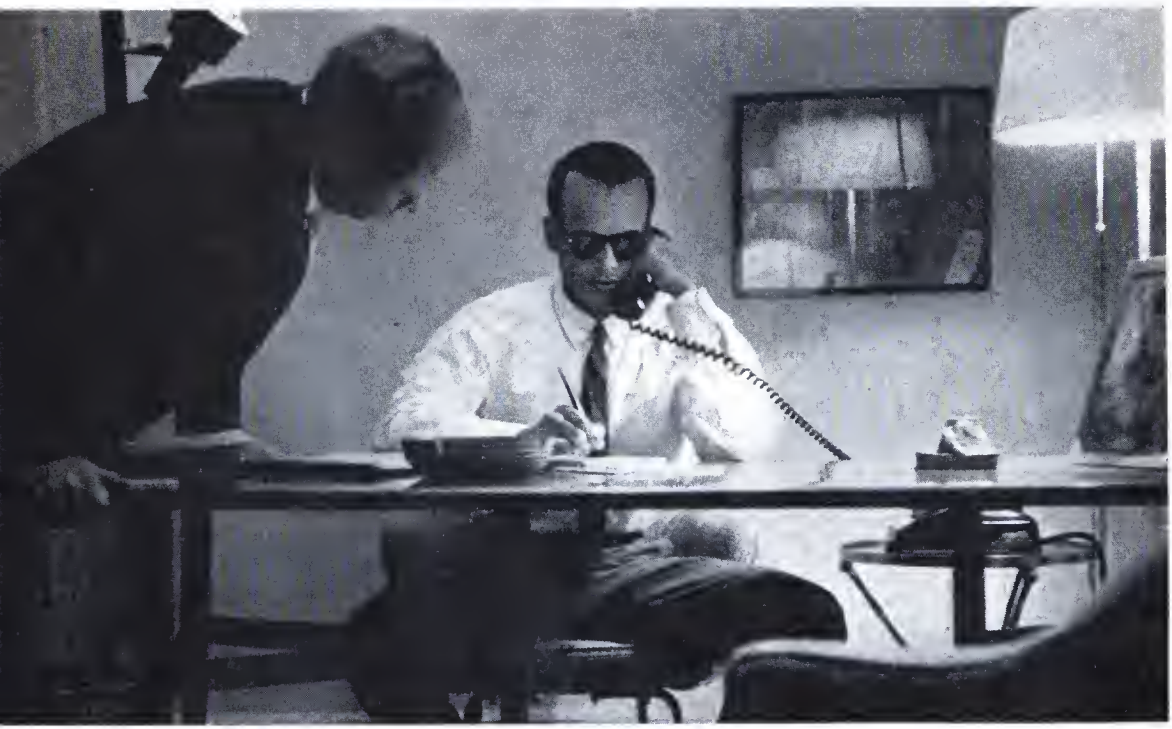
"I was born in New York City of Negro parents, but my maternal grandmother was a white Englishwoman and my paternal grandfather was a white Frenchman. They lived in the West Indies, and they both married Negroes. If all my relatives were lined up in a room they would show every characteristic from the palest skin, red hair, blue eyes—all the way to men with the most Negroid of features."

In play with son David* (right), *Harry relaxes from the pressures of his career. More typical of the entertainer's high-keyed life is the busy dressing-room scene* (above) *during intermission.

Success of HARRY BELAFONTE

speaks frankly of love, ambition and what it means to be a Negro

"They all resisted me in the beginning



"Everything comes back to Harry for the final decision," says Phil Stern, executive producer for the singer's four companies.

Harry's boyhood was spent in and around Harlem in New York City. "I couldn't count the places we lived, but there were dozens—Greek, Irish, Italian, Jewish and Negro neighborhoods," he says. Wherever they settled, his mother took in sewing at night and worked as a domestic by day; his father, a ship's cook, was away from home for months at a time. He had one brother, Dennis, four years younger than himself. Harry was not quite six when, starting school, he realized for the first time that he was a Negro and what the word could mean.

"How did you find out you were a Negro?" he was asked recently. "Did you feel the other kids were taunting you?"

"Well, I'll tell you: When you're walking down the street and a rock hits the side of your head, then you feel that maybe somebody's taunting you. When you're walking through a neighborhood and loaded garbage pails descend on you from a roof, you think, Could somebody be taunting me? If you're chased back and forth to school every day by a gang of white kids, you get the strangest feeling that somebody is taunting you."

But in the years he was growing up he felt no irony —only a sullen fury. "In the various neighborhoods we moved into, sometimes my brother and I were the only Negroes on the block," he recalls, "and just to keep our heads from being pushed in we passed as Negroes of any other nationality but American, because Negroes who come from other countries are not exposed to outrages. We'd say we were French Negroes, or Spanish; our survival depended on pretending to be non-Americans."

At times he performed acts of vicious retaliation on his enemies. "When I was eight years old, there was one guy in particular who used to bully me; with four other white guys he used to chase me home from school every day. After a month I got tired of this. I was fed up, I'd ducked long enough. I went into this guy's neighborhood looking for him—a thing, I may say, you just didn't do. He lived in the ground-floor apartment, and when I came up the street he was leaning out the window talking to a girl. I saw that his tie was hanging down. I grabbed that tie and hung onto it with one hand, and with the other hand I slapped his face. His head kept

...Now nobody dictates to me!"

"I had no anxiety whatsoever about marrying a Negro," Julie Belafonte replies quietly to the persistently recurring question.

bumping the window sill, hard, and I kept slapping. When he began calling for his mother, I knew I had him. After she came to the window and said to let him go, I gave him one last slap and beat it. Next day I had no trouble with him at school, or ever after. That was the code, see: He was the leader of his gang and I'd taken him on alone."

He adds seriously, "But I don't want a few hundred thousand kids thinking this was a good thing to do. There's nothing glorified about poverty or gang fights, and some of the guys I grew up with are now serving life sentences in Sing Sing. I'm only talking about this jungle life because it was how I grew up."

His seldom-seen father had definitely moved out of the family home by the time he was seven; he was nine years old when, worried over the daytime lives her sons led while she was working, Mrs. Belafonte decided to take them to the West Indies. They remained in Jamaica for four years.

"She went back to New York without us," Harry relates. "It was a terribly unhappy period for us, and at the time we couldn't understand why she did it. We boarded with relatives and with strangers, all Jamaicans, and she sent the money to pay for us. I stayed with five different families and went to every public school on the island during those four years. It was very bewildering to a child."

Uneasiness over the war prompted Mrs. Belafonte to send for her sons in 1940. Back in New York, Harry plunged immediately into his former life. Once more the family moved from neighborhood to neighborhood, and Harry fought his way into each new local gang. His only real pleasure came at the Harlem YMCA, where he played basketball and worked at arts and crafts.

At school, his marks were good, but his conduct was abominable. "I'd get into arguments with the teacher in class. I'd demand to know just why I had to memorize the exact date of the Boston Tea Party. How would this help me get a job? How would it affect my future life?"

His truculence was increased by his conviction that some of the teachers were anti-Negro. "You could tell just by how they'd act," he *(Continued on Page 102)*

Paul realized the man was pointing a gun directly at him.

A TIME TO FEAR

A brave man knows that time far better than a coward

BY JAMES McKIMMEY, JR.
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT STANLEY

"Hurry up!" the man snapped. "Try anything, I'll shoot!"

A FICTION FEATURE FOR MEN

Paul Travis passed by the pistol when he returned from the prescription cash register to the soda fountain at the back of the store. Bob Curry, who was twenty-one—five years older than Paul—was in charge of the fountain; he had put it there four days before. "Any punk tries to rob me again, I've got the answer for him this time," Bob had said.

The pistol, a German P.38 which Bob's brother-in-law had brought back from the war, contained a clip of live ammunition. It was waiting, black and ugly and deadly.

Paul, a tall, slim young man with fair skin and pale-blue eyes, moved behind the soda counter toward the rather slight man seated at the far end, a gentle-looking fellow with graying temples and fragile hands. The man and "Pork" Evans and Greta Dunne were the only customers in the store on this late afternoon.

It was Bob Curry's day off; when Paul had appeared for work after school, Mr. Loper had left Paul in charge, leaving to drive his wife to the railroad station. "Any prescriptions, Paul," Mr. Loper had said, "just hold until I get back. I don't worry about leaving things in your hands; you're a good, sensible young man."

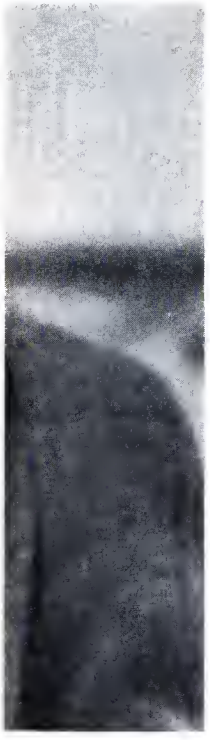
It was a compliment that Paul did not entirely appreciate. He *was* sensible. And quite often he wished that he were not so much. He wished, in truth, that he were a bit more like Pork Evans, who now had broken into a peal of laughter at something Greta Dunne had said. *(Continued on Page 85)*

WE HAD TO FACE OURSELVES

A young wife's struggle with despair leads her husband to a deeper understanding of his marriage and himself

BY THOMAS MANNING

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE ZIMBEL



When we reached the square, we still had forty-five minutes before our appointment. It was only four blocks to the doctor's office, so we walked. I held her hand all the way, very tightly at the crossings. We went along slowly, without speaking; for days I had realized that both of us were more at ease when we didn't try to talk. Several times she stopped, leaned over to see her reflection in the window of a parked car, and fussed at her hat and hair with her free hand. Then, without a word or a smile, we were off again. The lovely October morning seemed misty and unreal.

Doctor House was pleasant, soft-spoken and businesslike. He smiled quietly, as he had on all our previous visits. Learning to smile quietly, I thought, must be a primary course for student psychiatrists. Agnes went in alone, while I sat in the outer office, turning the pages of a magazine. When she came out, her face was blank. The doctor was right behind her.

"All right, Mr. Manning," he announced brightly. At the same time, he caught the nurse's eye and pointed at the erect, retreating back. Silently, his lips warned, "Watch her."

Back in his office I faced him across his big, gleaming table. He said matter-of-factly, "I think your wife should be hospitalized, Mr. Manning."

"Yes, Doctor." After three months of attempt after unsuccessful attempt to restore a little of her zest for living by forcing my own on her, there seemed to be nothing else to say.

"In the right hospital," Dr. House went on, "she'll be well cared for twenty-four hours a day. Electric treatments or new drugs can be used to break up the worst part of her depression; then, with therapy and guidance, her interest in the world around her and the rest of us will reawaken. Considering her family background and her fear of being hospitalized, I think that a private place of some sort is preferable to a large state institution—providing of course, you feel you can stand the expense."

"How long would it be, Doctor? And what will it cost?"

"Five or six weeks—possibly two months. You can figure roughly on a hundred and fifty dollars a week, plus three hundred for a series of electric treatments, if required. It varies slightly with the hospital."

Remembering Agnes's own little nest egg of bonds and the $800 she had saved so that we could buy a car in the spring, I said, "We can make it. She's an excellent manager—or she was before this happened to her."

"She will be again, Mr. Manning." The quiet smile flashed again. He began to suggest hospitals. He named two then said rather fondly, "And there's Hillcrest. The main building there always reminded me of my grandfather's place in Vermont. It even smells the same. It's big and spacious, and it sprawls over the top of a hill surrounded by rough fields."

"Let's make it Hillcrest," I said.

"Good. I'll call and see what can be arranged. Afterward, we'll have her come in and try to lead her into thinking it's mostly her own choice. Then I'll call again in front of her. It's a bit of deception, but it can be quite important."

I scarcely heard a word he said on the telephone. Suddenly I felt sick. I wanted no part of deceiving her, even if it was important. He hung up the receiver, went to the door and called, "All right, Mrs. Manning. Will you join us now?"

I stood up and drew a chair over next to my own for Agnes. She sat down without looking at me. The doctor's eyes met mine.

"Hon," I began, "would you like to go to a hospital for a few weeks to get a real rest, one that would put you back on your feet? Dr. House and I have been talking about a fine place—Hillcrest Sanatorium."

"I want to go somewhere," she answered sharply. "I'm getting worse, and I'm afraid to be around home alone. I know I'll keep getting worse."

Dr. House repeated his phone call to the hospital. This time his voice was still businesslike, but deliberately loud. "Oh, no!" he said emphatically at one point, "it's not a severe case by any means. You can plan definitely on the Rose House." The lovely face alongside me remained impassive. . . .

Hillcrest didn't register too clearly on me when we arrived that morning. There were bells to ring, locked doors to wait by, another doctor with whom to talk and new papers to sign. Agnes scratched her name quickly. Her signature made her a voluntary patient.

Then a nurse came into the director's office. *(Continued on Page 109)*

"Marge, I'm a person who just couldn't take being a married woman. Everybody would be better off single."

Sister Act

BY JOHN SAVAGE
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

Marge's day began very badly. At six o'clock she reached over to shut off the alarm clock and knocked her favorite Danish figurine to the floor, where it exploded. At breakfast her husband Mike had a fight with the twins about their haircuts. The twins won. Mike was so unstrung that he needed an extra cup of coffee, and the pot was so nearly empty that the top fell off and broke his cup.

Half an hour later, the day began to change; it began to get worse.

On the way to the station, Mike asked if she'd help collect some figures for his next sales meeting, and she had to point out that her spare time barely sufficed for collecting her wits. Mike said he'd been thoughtless and unfair to ask, and Marge felt like a dog.

Driving home from the station, she had a flat tire and had to change it herself. When she got home, the twins scolded her for almost making them late to school. She proceeded to drive them to school so briskly that she got scolded again—by a policeman. At ten minutes to nine she got home, dumped the baby in his play pen, and got going on the breakfast dishes.

Sing *ho!* for the joys of marital servitude, she thought.

★ A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE

By the time the phone rang at nine o'clock, Marge had been up for three hours, each of them rich and full. She picked up the phone; it was her little sister Sally.

"Morning, Marge. D'I get you out of bed?"

Marge decided against throwing the phone even a short distance. "Of course not, darling. What's up?"

"You know Jim?"

"Jim's one of your boy friends." It was a safe guess.

"Yes, only . . . Marge, he wants to marry me!"

"Smart lad."

"I thought I'd come and have a talk with you."

"You mean heart-to-heart?" Marge laughed, secretly pleased and flattered. "You mean where the Sweet Young Thing sits at the feet of the Old Bag, and—"

"Oh, stop that. You're not even thirty yet."

"I'm a hundred and two, dear. Well, come on over. And—" Suddenly her throat closed and she couldn't talk. The vision of little Sally drifting up the aisle in something borrowed and something blue, was entirely beautiful and touching. "I'm so glad for you," Marge croaked, and hung up.

Instantly she whirled into action, racing against time. She finished the dishes, picked up half a hundred toys, used her foot to push the diaper pail out of sight behind a clothes hamper, put on her face and her birthday housecoat, and sat down with a long, long book. Thirty seconds later she was letting Sally into a house that betrayed nothing of the uproar and hard work that alternated in it. Sally would be learning the truth about marriage soon enough—even if she hadn't already learned it from the loud complaints Marge had recently been making. No point in spoiling Sally's glow right now.

Strangely enough, there wasn't any glow. Sally looked as pretty as ever, but not one bit happy. She sat down glumly on the sofa, in her green summer print, and waited for Marge to begin.

Marge was so let down that she couldn't think of anything better to say than, "So you're getting married!"

Sally surprised her. "No. I'm not. I want your advice on how to say no without hurting his feelings."

"What's wrong? Don't you like the guy?"

"Oh, sure. It isn't that." Sally stared at the cold fireplace. "I'm crazy about him, as far as that goes."

"Well, then?"

"Marge, I'm a person who just couldn't *take* being a married woman. Not ever."

Suddenly the baby, in his play pen on the porch, began to scream. Marge raced out in a panic. She found that a rubber ball had rolled away between the bars, and the baby wanted it back.

Marge retrieved the ball, thinking hard. She'd been about to say the wrong thing, a minute ago. She'd been on the point of launching into a sales talk for marriage. The companionship. The laughs. The propagation of the darn fool *race*. Et cetera.

Why? Was there a single good reason for roping little Sally in?

Sally had beauty and a brilliant future. She was already the leading actress of the community theater. She was full of warmth and fun and unpredictability . . .

Marge went back in. "You might try telling him the truth," she suggested. "Some people are better off single. Tell him that."

Sally looked up in surprise. Then she resumed her study of the fireplace. "*Everybody* would be better off single."

"Oh, baloney!" Marge couldn't help putting her straight. "You just haven't been looking at the right marriages."

"I've been looking at yours."

For several seconds, Marge was speechless with shock. Even after she got over the shock, she kept her mouth shut for a while, waiting for her anger to die down. After all, she told herself. Sally was only twenty-two. Nobody had any sense at twenty-two. "Sister dear," Marge said at last. "You've just stuck your adolescent nose in where it doesn't belong."

"So I gather," Sally confessed. "You look awfully mad."

Marge wagged a finger. "Let me just tell you a few things," she said.

And she did. For at least fifteen minutes, she told about her life with Mike and the kids. She tried to be honest about it, and to stress the bad along with the good; but it came out sounding exactly like the selling job she hadn't meant to do. The companionship. The laughs. The et cetera.

Sally interrupted her with some awe. "Man! You *really* wish I'd get married, don't you?"

Marge decided to be honest about that, too. "Sally, when I stop to think, I'm not at all sure you should. You're a screwball, and maybe an inspired one. Probably you should stay single." Marge sighed. "If I happen to *wish* you'd get married, it's just an emotional thing."

"A misery-loves-company thing?" asked Sally innocently.

That did it. Marge exploded into a fresh description of her married life. She found herself making the picture more and more glowing—and a funny thing happened. She began to see that the picture was mainly correct. She *did* have a marriage that was pretty special, and it wasn't entirely unpleasant to be goaded into seeing it that way.

The telephone rang when she wasn't half through.

It was Mike. "Marge, I thought you'd like to know that I've got hold of a guy here in the office who can get those sales figures together. I'm sorry about asking you this morning. I should have realized—"

"Wait a minute," said Marge. "I'd still like to horn in on that job with you, if I'm not too late."

"You know I'd love it. But you said yourself—"

Marge didn't need reminding. Her spare time, she'd said, was for collecting her wits. But what had she really been using her spare time for, lately? She'd been using it for stewing about her vanishing youth, or some other silly thing. "No, really," she said, feeling good. "I—I'm free."

By the time she hung up, Sally was beside her, ready to leave. They walked to the door and kissed each other. "Marge," Sally said, "you've convinced me of one thing only: you're a lucky girl, as housewives go. Me, though, I'm still not getting married. Not yet, anyway. Dick isn't the only fish in the sea."

"I thought his name was Jim."

Sally stared at her and then nodded quickly. "Jim—Richards. We call him Dick a lot, because of his last name." She waved and went out.

Marge watched her swinging jauntily down the walk, and got that happy, strangled feeling again. This time it was because she suddenly knew why Sally wasn't glum any more. *Mission accomplished*. Sally had made one slip-up in her story, there at the end; but that bit about the suitor's last name had been fast thinking—entirely worthy of the leading actress of the community theater.

Worthy. Marge blew her nose and smiled. The whole performance had been entirely worthy of the sweetest kid sister on God's green earth. . . . THE END

ON THESE TWO PAGES ★

Cook-outs,
Swimming, Fishing,
Riding, dude ranches, all spell —

PLAIN and FANCY LOAFING

BY BYRON FISH

● **When I was single,** I worked some around a cattle ranch. One day I dropped into another spread to see a friend who ran both cattle and dudes. This led to my marrying a girl who was a guest there.

Eight years passed before I ventured back to a dude ranch again; my first experience with one had left me a bit leery of them. But when I did go back, last summer, it was with a wife—and three sons in the cowboy stage.

The boys were determined to see Daddy break a bronc . . . or vice versa. I can't imagine why, unless I'd mentioned horses too prominently in bedtime stories of my early days in the West. Laurie, however, didn't even want to see a horse. Her vacation goal was to do absolutely nothing.

My needs were equally simple. All I wanted was what the ranch folders promised—fine eating as often as possible, superb fishing in breathtaking surroundings, afternoon snoozes in the shade of a rustling tree, plenty of swimming from a dock filled with pretty girls and such evening activities as singing round a lake-shore fire after an evening steak fry or square dancing in the main lodge to the busy twang of cowboy "gittars." Oh, yes—and we both wanted to be able to turn the boys loose with other children in a place where kids are kept so busy they disturb no one, least of all their parents.

This, as a matter of fact, was the main reason we chose a ranch. And our judgment was vindicated almost before we got to the Bar BQ, which sounds like a joke but isn't.

The ranch sign marked a well-packed dirt road leading into pine-clad hills just past Harrison, on the east shore of Idaho's Lake Coeur d'Alene. Almost at once after we turned off, our eight-year-old wanted to know where we'd packed his swim suit. Coming into an open valley six miles later, three men in Western hats waved to us from a grassy hill topped by the two-story farmhouse. Our six-year-old got into the act then, demanding his cowboy guns and holster. And then as we neared the ranch, past barns and corrals, the five-year-old got in his licks. "That's my cat," he said of an elderly feline gentleman licking his chops in the sun after a meal of mouse.

(Continued on Page 106)

The horse walks for you; you just sit and enjoy it all. Riding is only part of a ranch vacation. Standard, too, is informal friendliness, lake fun, hearty fare—shown in Wyoming's Grand Teton area.

Dog in the House

Sometimes, in a strange new world, only a miracle of mother love can give a child his heart's desire

BY GLORIA AMOURY
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McCLELLAND

Surely, Fatima thought, as she salted lamb for the supper shish kebab in the still-strange kitchen of the Brooklyn apartment, a thousand jinni had conspired to torture her that day. No other young Moslem wife could be faced with such a dreadful problem.

The trouble had started an hour before on this twentieth day since the small family had come to this bewildering world from Aleppo. From the window Fatima had seen that the July sun had dimmed its blaze on the grassy slopes of Prospect Park across the street, and she'd felt the start of the late-afternoon heartsickness. Her eight-year-old son, Ali, would soon be home from his hopeless search through the park for friends. Every morning the boy went off, his face alive with hope, and every afternoon he came home with shoulders bent, eyes brimming with tears of loneliness.

She'd tried to cheer him with crispy baklawa and every other Arabic pastry. She'd told him stories. Nothing worked, because she couldn't do the one thing that would help him make friends in Brooklyn. She couldn't teach him English.

Even Ahmed, busy learning *Amerkan* surgery techniques at Kings County Hospital, was upset about the boy, and Ahmed was never home to see him during this bad moment.

Then she heard the child's knock; but, to her surprise, it was an *excited* knock. As she ran to answer it, she wondered if he could have found an Arabic-American child who, miraculously, could speak the language of his ancestors.

At the door stood a new Ali. A head-erect, eyes-glowing-with-happiness Ali. He's found a friend, she thought joyously. "My little heart," she murmured in Arabic, "at last—"

But her words died. Because Ali was unbelievably carrying a dog. A small brown dog with a curly tail.

The boy began to talk fast. "It was by the lake-with-the-swan-boats. A man—an *Amerkani*—tied a rock to the dog's neck. He was a shabby man, so I guess he could no longer feed him. He was going to throw the dog into the lake but I ran up and held out my hands. He gave the dog to me."

In the most shocked voice she could bring out, Fatima said: "Ali! You know no Moslem allows a dog in his house. Bring a hundred cats and I will welcome them. But take the dog away."

Ali tightened his hold on the dog. "There is nothing in the Koran," he said craftily, "that forbids it."

"Maybe not in the Koran," she had to admit. "But all our people know a dog noses street filth—that it's unseemly for a dog to be brought into a house that must be kept as pure as a mosque for the worship of Allah."

Ali touched the dog's nose and then showed a clean palm to Fatima. "*His* nose is clean. Besides, Allah made him. How could He object to something He made?"

The dog was gazing at her with sad eyes, ears back, tail down, as if to apologize for being a dog.

Fatima didn't know what to say. She was foggy about the Prophet's views on dogs, although all her life she'd known that they were never allowed in houses. It didn't seem logical that the all-compassionate Allah would have anything against this particular dog; but dogs had their place—helping shepherds in hills. She said soothingly, "We will ask your father to bring home kittens. Take the dog to where you found him."

"But the man will drown him." Ali's chin quivered. "My mother, the *Amerkan* boys shout and throw balls. When I talk to them they walk away." He hugged the dog. "*He* doesn't care what language I speak. He understands me. He needs me and I need him."

Fatima felt guilty, knowing her shyness about using her poor English was keeping the boy from friends. If only she *(Continued on Page 112)*

"He doesn't care what language I speak,"
Ali pleaded.
"He understands me. He needs me."

HOME REPAIRS: Which Ones Should You Attempt?

Some skilled work can be done by an amateur; but other jobs are too complicated. This chart will help you judge the possible savings and pitfalls of doing repairs yourself

BY JOHN L. SPRINGER
ILLUSTRATED BY BUD SIMPSON

By doing repair work and small construction jobs around the house, you often can save considerable money on labor costs and at the same time achieve results of professional quality. But that is not always the case.

What determines whether *you* can profitably, satisfactorily—and safely—do a repair job yourself? Before starting a project, try to answer these questions:

1. How much time must you invest to learn the skills necessary to do a good job?
2. How much will the tools cost (to buy or rent) and how often are you likely to use them on other projects?
3. What is your probable work output per hour? Compare it with the professional's output and wages.
4. Are there any hazards to health or safety?

Following are common household repair jobs and some of the information you will need to judge the advantages and drawbacks of doing them yourself. (Possible savings are estimated by measuring your probable rate of work against professional output, hourly wage and, in some cases, traveling time.)

TILING FLOORS

Learning time: One hour or less.
Tools: Linoleum knife, yardstick, chalk, applicator for adhesive.
Possible savings: $2.50-$3.50 per hour.
Comment: Unless the undersurface is smooth, bumps and cracks may show in the completed floor. This is one of the easiest home projects.
"How-to" information: Free pamphlets on how to lay various kinds of tile are available from Consumer Bureau, Kentile, 58 Second Ave., Brooklyn 15, N. Y.; "How to Choose, Design and Install Your Own Tile Floor" (also free), Sloane-Delaware Floor Products, Trenton, N. J.

INSTALLING WALL TILE

Learning time: When an adhesive is used to hold tile to wall, about half a day; when mortar is used, months of apprenticeship.
Tools: Trowel, brush, sponge, hose, carborundum stone, carpenter's level, straight edge, pliers. A tile cutter may be rented for $1-$2 per day.
Possible savings: About $2 per hour if adhesive is used, probably less than 50 cents per hour with mortar.
Comment: Amateurs do fairly satisfactory work with adhesives. Mortar is better left to professionals.
"How-to" information: "Set Ceramic Tile Yourself" by Nicholas M. Raskhodoff, ($4.95), D. Van Nostrand Co., Inc., Princeton, N.J.; "Handyman's Home Manual" (75 cents on newsstands), Fawcett Books.

FINISHING WOOD FLOORS

Learning time: A few minutes.
Tools: Sanding machine (usually can be rented for about $4 to $6 per day) and a floor polisher (rental cost: $1-$3 per day).
Possible savings: $1.25-$2.50 per hour.
Comment: Unless care is used, a floor sander may cause bumps and valleys in some floor sections. Sanding, varnishing,

lacquering can be done by a reasonably careful amateur.
"How-to" information: "Finishing Maple Flooring" (free), Maple Flooring Manufacturers Assn., 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.

WEATHER-STRIPPING DOORS, WINDOWS

Learning time: Few minutes for simple metal, felt or rubber stripping; years of practice for permanent, channel-type stripping.
Tools: Hammer and nails for simple stripping; carpentry tools plus electric grooving machine for channel-type stripping.
Possible savings: $2 per hour on simple stripping; probably less than 50 cents per hour on channel type.
Comment: Simple weather-stripping is easy. For permanent installations, get an expert.
"How-to" information: Instruction sheets are included in packages of stripping.

CARPENTRY

Learning time: Average proficiency in basic techniques can be achieved in a few weeks.
Tools: Basic hand tools—hammer, saw, screwdriver, etc. Power tools (saw, drill, etc.), desirable on large projects, can be rented.
Possible savings: On average projects, about as much as the cost of materials; on large projects, professional labor may be 50 to 75 per cent of total cost.
Comment: Read directions and measure exactly, in order to avoid wasting materials. Be cautious when using power tools and ladders. Start with simple jobs.
"How-to" information: "Carpentry" (75 cents, Cat. No. W. 1.35:5-226), Supt. of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C.; free pamphlets on buying, working and finishing fir plywood, Douglas Fir Plywood Assn., Tacoma 2, Wash.

GLAZING

Learning time: Few minutes for ordinary window glass.
Tools: Putty knife, glass cutter (some retailers will cut glass to desired size).
Possible savings: On minor repairs, $3-$4 per hour.
Comment: Work high off the ground or involving large panes is dangerous, and should be done by experts.
"How-to" information: Booklet WG 23 (free), Libby-Owens Ford Glass Co., National Bank Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

CEMENT & CONCRETE WORK

Learning time: Few minutes for minor repairs, many years for poured concrete house foundations.
Tools: On simple projects, mason's trowel, mason's level, float to even off cement; on major jobs, a large mortar box for mixing cement may be needed.
Possible savings: About $2 per hour.
Comment: Amateurs should do only a little work at a time until they learn their capacities. If a job is big or requires special tools or techniques, better consult a contractor.
"How-to" information: "Handy Guide for Small Concrete Jobs" and "Concrete for Outdoor Living" (free), Portland Cement Assn., 33 West Grand Ave., Chicago 10, Ill.

REROOFING

Learning time: Several weeks.
Tools: Shears, hammer.
Possible savings: About $1.50-$2.25 per hour.
Comment: Roofs with steep slopes are hazardous to work on. Unless shingles are attached with special care, roof may not be weather-tight. Roof joints around pipes, dormer windows and chimneys are difficult to handle. Important roofing and repairs should be left to professionals.
"How-to" information: "Roofing, Repairs and Utilities" (30 cents, Cat. No. W 1.35:5-617), Supt. of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C.

(Continued on next page)

INSTALLING WOOD FLOORS

Learning time: At least a few hours.
Tools: Hammer, saw, ruler, scriber.
Possible savings: About $2 per hour.
Comment: Defects are hard to remedy once the floor is laid. Drainage should be so that no undue moisture can collect. Inferior work usually results from lack of care rather than lack of skill.
"How-to" information: "How to Lay a Lifetime Floor of Northern Hard Maple" (free), Maple Flooring Manufacturers Assn., 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.; "Oak Floors for Your Home: A Home Owner's Guide" (free), National Oak Flooring Manufacturers' Assn., 814 Sterick Bldg., Memphis 3, Tenn.: "Selection, Installation, Finish and Maintenance of Wood Floors for Dwellings (15 cents). Supt. of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C.

PAINTING

Learning time: Few minutes.
Tools: Paint brushes, roller, ladder; spray equipment may be rented.
Possible savings: $2.50-$4.50 per hour.
Comment: Proper preparation—cleaning, sizing, priming—of surface to be painted is important. Painting high outside walls can be dangerous.
"How-to" information: Free booklets on indoor and outdoor painting, National Paint, Varnish and Lacquer Assn., Inc., 1500 Rhode Island Ave., N.W., Washington 5, D.C.

PLASTERING

Learning time: Several months.
Tools: Plasterer's hawk and trowel, large mortar box for mixing plaster (seldom for rent).
Possible savings: Probably less than 50 cents per hour.
Comment: Work done by an amateur will show waves, bumps and irregularities unless done with exceptional care. Plastering is not usually a "do-it-yourself" project.
"How-to" information: "Wall Plaster, Its Ingredients, Preparation and Properties" (25 cents), Supt. of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C.

WALLPAPERING

Learning time: Half an hour.
Tools: Paste brush and pail, yardstick, sponge, razor-edge knife, scissors, plumb line.
Possible savings: $1-$2.50 per hour.
Comment: Unless sizing is used on new plaster or wallboard, wallpaper will be difficult to remove later.
"How-to" information: "How to Hang Wallpaper" (free), Wallpaper Council, 509 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y.; free instruction booklets from dealers.

INSTALLING WALLBOARD

Learning time: Few hours for cutting and nailing; much practice for taping and cementing joints.
Tools: Saw, linoleum knife, hammer, plasterer's small trowel.
Possible savings: Less than $2 per hour.
Comment: Unless work is done painstakingly, joints will show on finished wall. Amateurs usually get fair results.
"How-to" information: Hardboard—Masonite Corp., Box 777, Chicago 90, Ill.; plywood—Douglas Fir Plywood Association, Tacoma 2, Wash.; gypsum wallboard—National Gypsum Co., Buffalo 13, N.Y.; plastic-finished paneling—Marlite Co., Dover, Ohio. All free.

BRICKLAYING

Learning time: A few hours for general principles; months of practice to acquire speed.
Tools: Mason's trowel, mason's level, hammer, chisel (to cut bricks).
Possible savings: About $1 per hour.
Comment: If you are working off the ground, you may risk serious injury from the collapse of poorly made scaffolds. Some people break out in a rash when cement touches their skin. Bricklaying errors can be corrected only with much difficulty. Bricklaying can be an interesting hobby, but important jobs should be done by professionals.
"How-to" information: "Brick Barbecues, Walks, Patios," "Outdoor Living" and "Heart of the Home—Construction Details for Indoor and Outdoor Fireplaces" (all free), Structural Clay Products Institute, 1520—18th Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.: "Handyman's Concrete and Masonry Guide" (75 cents on newsstands), Fawcett Books.

ELECTRICAL REPAIRS

Learning time: Few minutes to make simple repairs such as replacing defective switches. Detailed study is necessary for major electrical work.
Tools: For simple repairs, screwdriver and knife; for major work, drill, hammer, saw, etc.
Possible savings: On minor repairs, $3-$5 per hour.
Comment: Electrocution can result from failure to shut off current before beginning repairs. Faulty work may allow electrical "leaks" which can shock, injure or kill, and cause fires. All major work should be done, or inspected by, experts who know the safety requirements of the National Electrical Code.
"How-to" information: "Wiring" (20 cents, Cat. No. A 1.38:597), Supt. of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C.

INSTALLING INSULATION

Learning time: Few minutes for open walls, few days when insulation must be pumped into existing walls.
Tools: For open areas, hammer or stapler and shears; for closed areas, expensive pumps, usually sold only to professionals.
Possible savings: In open areas, about $2.50 per hour; inside existing walls, very little.
Comment: When handling mineral wool, wear rubber gloves and goggles to avoid irritation of skin and eyes. Install according to manufacturer's recommendations, or areas of the house may be cut off from proper ventilation, and condensation of moisture may cause wood to rot.
"How-to" information: "How to 'Do It Yourself' with Fiberglas Building Insulation" (free), Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp., Toledo 1, Ohio; "Insulation, Where and How Much" (10 cents, Cat. No. HH 1.9/a:4), Supt. of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C.

LANDSCAPING

Learning time: Basic principles of planting can be learned quickly; skilled planning, and proper care of trees, flowers and shrubbery require much study and experience.
Tools: Shovel, cultivating hook, rake, hand clippers, hoe, hose, sprinkler, lawn mower, pruning shears, trowel, insecticide sprayer. Heavier tools can be rented for $1-$2 per day.
Possible savings: $1-$3 per hour.
Comment: Take care not to strain yourself when digging and hauling large amounts of soil. Lack of soil preparation is the main cause of plant loss.
"How-to" information: "Pointers on Making Good Lawns" (five cents), Supt. of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C.; "Lawns and Landscaping Handbook" (75 cents on newsstands), Fawcett Books.

PLUMBING REPAIRS

Learning time: Few minutes for simple repairs, months for major work.
Tools: For minor repairs, spring-coil "snake" (may be rented for $1-$2 per day), plunger, wrench, pliers, screwdriver.
Possible savings: On minor repairs, $3-$5 per hour.
Comment: Major work not done properly may create health hazards, and if not done by licensed craftsmen may result in a court fine.
"How-to" information: "Plumbing Care and Repair" (10 cents), Plumbing-Heating-Cooling Information Bureau, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.

A NEW PLAN FOR Easy Living

A REDBOOK BONUS FEATURE FOR YOUNG ADULTS AT HOME

Possessing a wonderful array of work-saving machines, well-furnished homes and means for travel and recreation is not a luxurious dream for today's young families. These are the needs for a desired standard of living. Because each family's needs differ according to its interests, we've planned these 20 pages to help you work out your individual scheme for "Easy Living."

Easy Living story photographed especially for Redbook by Howell Conant

Clothes pictured above are described on Page 64.

more easy living for young adults

Wesson® Oil
takes the smoke out of frying!

SOLID SHORTENINGS SMOKE BECAUSE they contain an emulsifier. This additive is good for baking, but smokes at frying heat. Shortening that smokes is breaking down, and that can hardly be good for you.

WESSON OIL DOES NOT SMOKE BECAUSE it is vegetable oil in its purest form—nothing added. So clear and delicate, you never taste it. No other oil as fresh, as pure and as light—or more highly rated for good nutrition.

Smoke's out! Flavor's in!

Enjoy cleaner frying with no clinging odor
Brighter flavor in foods—no greasy film even after they've cooled
Thrifty, too—you can use Wesson again and again
For good nutrition—Wesson is America's most readily available source of pure vegetable oil—unsaturated and unhydrogenated.

New frying idea—
Wesson Skillet Sandwich

Grill ham and cheese sandwiches along with chopped green onions in just enough Wesson to cover bottom of skillet. Turn sandwiches when lightly browned, stir onions. Lightly fry tomato slices. Serve sandwiches garnished with onions and hot tomatoes.

FREE BOOKLET "FACTS AND THEORIES ABOUT FATS AND OILS IN THE DIET". Write Wesson Oil People, Box 106, New Orleans, Louisiana.

A home of your own

No single reason counts so much as children in a family's decision to buy a home. While you may long for the privacy of your own home and a place to fix up just as you want it, you are first buying space, both indoors and outdoors, to accommodate a growing family. Because this space is usually found today in suburban housing developments, purchasing a home means purchasing a portion of a community—its schools, churches, recreation facilities, civic services, stores and, inescapably, its way of life. First considerations in deciding where to look for a house must be cost and convenience for travel to work. You'll probably be more content with your new home if you then study the community and what it offers you and your children before you take a thorough look (*see next page*) at individual houses.

Furnishings—Rubber floor tile, Armstrong; Acrylic fiber tweed runner, Cabin Crofts-Needlecraft; Armless chair and ottoman, Drexel; Cushions and floor coaters, Lazyback; Rotaflex hanging light fixture: Heifetz. Clothes—Mother: Cotton knit Jamaica shorts and blouson jacket, about $7 each, over striped sleeveless shirt, about $3. By Majestic. Capezio shoes. Father: Cotton twill slacks, wash-and-wear finish, about $8, and foulard printed cotton shirt about $6, both by White Stag. Girl: Plaid shirt in Mooresville wash-and-wear cotton with poplin shorts, about $8.50 each. Both in sizes 3 to 6x by Glen of Michigan. Boy: Sanforized seersucker shorts, about $1.50, cotton knit T-shirt, about $2.25, in sizes 2 to 7 by Kwiki; sandals by Jumping-Jacks.

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Get your money's worth when you buy a house

When you've decided on the community in which you'd like to live, these three steps will help you find your best house-buy. First, make a list of essential and desirable characteristics you want in a house. Next, estimate what you can afford by figuring that your monthly housing costs, including mortgage payments, interest, taxes and insurance should not exceed your weekly income, after taxes. Now, with your list and your price, consult the experts on homes and their financing.

See a good real estate broker. He's prepared to tell you about local zoning laws, taxes and help you evaluate the soundness of a property. If it's a new home, he can supply information on the reliability of the builder.

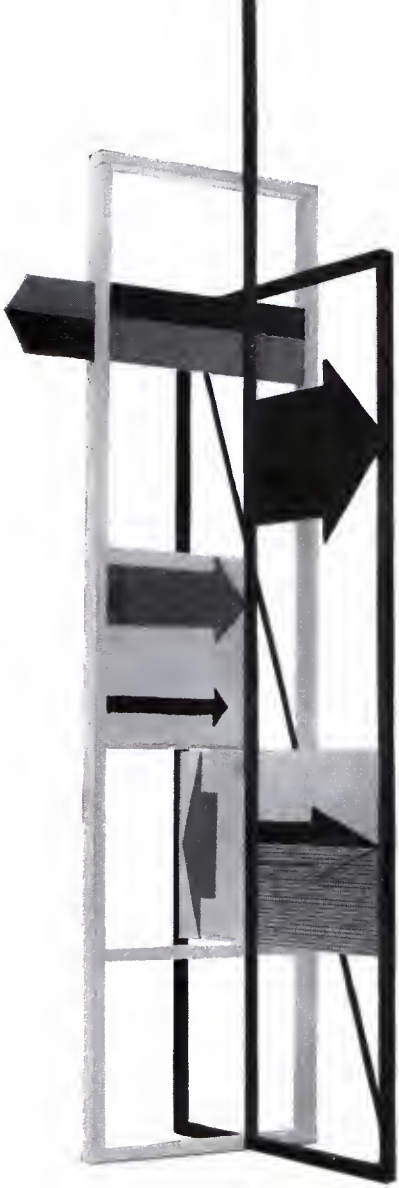
When you've found a house, your bank, a savings and loan association, mortgage company or insurance company's mortgage correspondent can help work out the financing best for you.

If you build, do employ an architect. He will save you money, effort and regrets.

At purchase time, have a lawyer look over any contracts before you sign them.

Once in a home, you have the constant job of caring for it and providing for the family within it. On the following pages you'll find several ways to do this job.

Clothes (above and on Page 61) Mother: Beige Dacron and cotton blouse, about $5. Goley & Lord Dacron and cotton plaid skirt, about $8. Both by Century. Father: Sanforized cotton dress shirt, about $4, by Arrow. Children's clothes (Page 61) Both in Sanforized plaid seersucker overall by Kwiki. Sizes 2 to 6, about $3 each.



Shop when and where you can enjoy it

Suburban shopping centers, a community of specialty and department stores, are a delightful and enormously practical help for busy, servantless young families. The appeal of beautiful, music-filled malls, clean modern stores and entertaining exhibits has made shopping more pleasant today. Shopping centers keep open-evening hours for families shopping together, they've been designed to absorb children—many of them have playgrounds and nurseries—and the atmosphere is casual. You can, without too much planning ahead, and without the cost of a trip to town, bring the family, come as you are, park the car and find everything you need; see next page.

Glamour, free parking and wondrous assortment

The variety of goods and services found in large shopping centers makes possible today's convenience of one-stop shopping

The appeal of many kinds of stores and services in a single area has made buying a convenience and family shopping commonplace in a shopping center. Here the whole family can see, try, and judge whether to buy an item of mutual interest. Or, here each member of the family can go his separate way and find stores catering to his individual interests.

In every shopping center today you'll find at least one large supermarket (our family food-buying plan starts on Page 77), clothing and shoe stores for men, women and children (see our family-clothing plan beginning on Page 73), drugstores (our beauty plan is on Page 72), department stores (our home appliances and furnishings for young families starts next page), variety and junior department stores, restaurants, candy stores, beauty and barbershops, shoe repair, auto accessory and hardware stores. In many centers you'll find doctors, lawyers, dentists, sewing-machine centers, music stores, banks, reducing salons and toy stores. You'll even find such specialization as a tropical-fish store. Whatever your needs, the basic ones and, quite likely, many entertaining ones can be met by today's shopping center.

Clothes on mannequins—Male: Palm Beach suit in Dacron and cotton, wash and wear, about $40. Arrow shirt in Sanforized cotton, about $5. Female: White cotton broadcloth blouse, plaid trim, about $5, matching Jamaica shorts in Galey & Lord's Tarpoon, a water-repellent, crease-resistant cotton. About $6. Both by Century. *Turn to Page 83 for description of the family's clothes and products shown in the shopping center.*

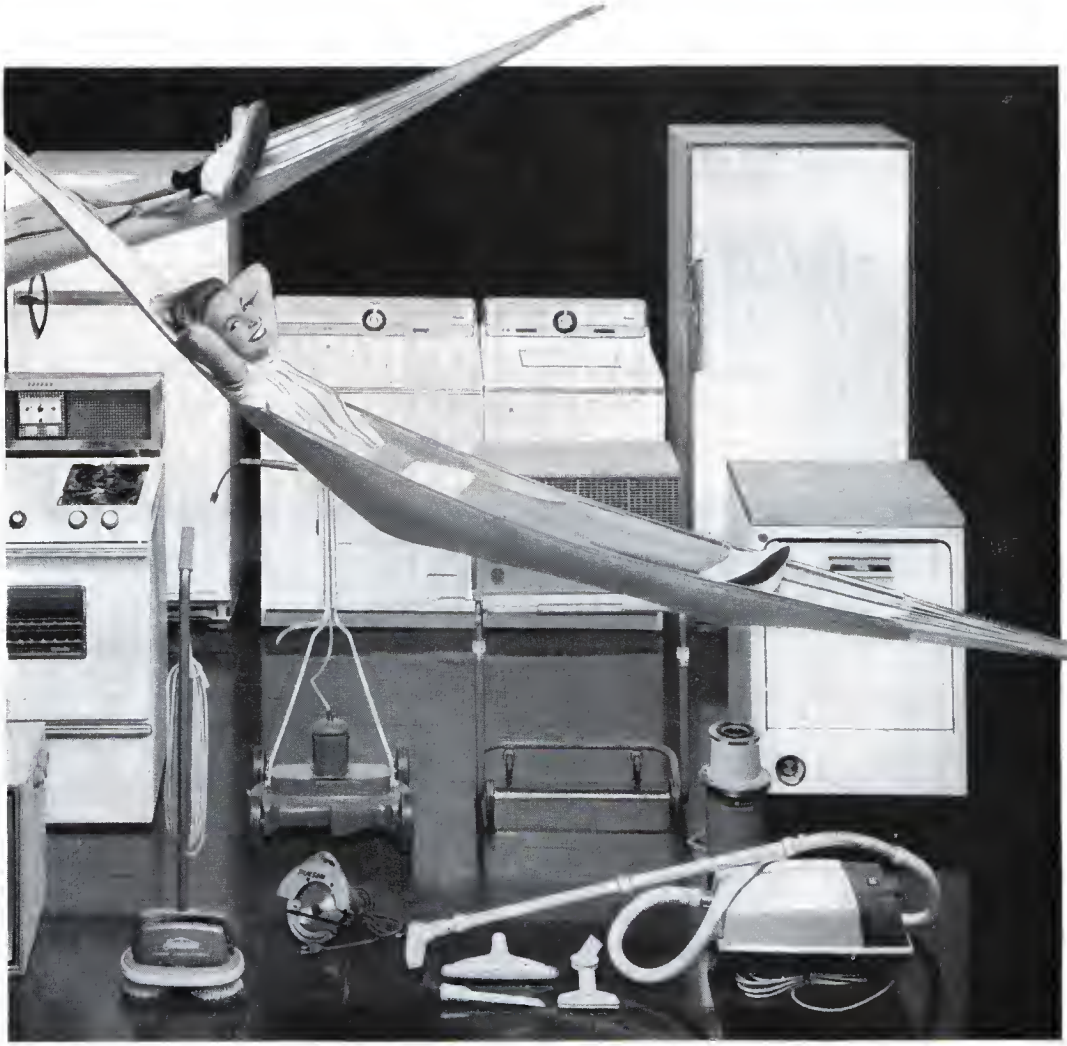
more easy living for young adults

Buy freedom with home appliances

No products contribute more to a young family's ease of living than home appliances. Because these are high-cost items, getting them takes long-range planning. We call the plan below a wishbone list, for if you judge the order in which you want to buy your appliances and set a goal for purchase, your wishes are most likely to come true.

	Order to purchase	*Year to buy*
A refrigerator in good working order is essential. It should be sized to hold all the food you shop for at one time, and meet the needs of a growing family.	☐	☐
A food freezer can cut down shopping trips, take care of emergency needs. It's an economy if you produce your own food or consistently buy at food sales and freeze in quantity. Upright, chest, or under-counter models are available.	☐	☐
A clothes washer for families with children is a sound buy—figure cost of a washer over several years against commercial laundry cost; add your value for convenience. Generally, higher cost means more automatic features; buy those important to you.	☐	☐
A clothes dryer for a family with children permits a smaller inventory of sheets, towels and children's clothes. Dryers are most desirable in winter areas; they're time-savers anywhere. Also see combination washer-dryers.	☐	☐
A range often comes with apartments or new houses. Judge it wholly by your cooking habits. Money buys extra features; be sure you'll use them. Choice of gas or electricity in any appliance depends upon comparative cost of fuels in your community.	☐	☐

Home appliances—(front row) RCA Victor table-model television, Sunbeam floor conditioner, Skil portable power saw, Whirlpool vacuum cleaner. Clothes shown above are described on Page 71



	Order to purchase	Year to buy
A dishwasher is a wonderful work-saver. With an adequate supply of very hot water and new washing agents, results are excellent and the heat makes dishes virtually bacteria-free.	☐	☐
A food waste disposer eliminates a least-liked kitchen job. You still dispose of paper, cans and bottles but the garbage can is gone. Check local ordinances before you purchase.	☐	☐
A vacuum cleaner, properly used, protects your family's health and preserves house furnishings from grinding wear of dirt. Upright or canister model depends on storage space and use.	☐	☐
A room air conditioner is a comfort, especially in warm climates or areas with heavy atmospheric soil. Consult an expert on size and placement; good performance depends on them.	☐	☐
A power mower makes light work of the biggest job outside the house. You can start with joint ownership on this one.	☐	☐
Power tools can be judged as money-savers toward jobs you do yourself or as productive hobbies, depending upon your use of the tools.	☐	☐
Television should be bought from your recreation budget, according to your own desires.	☐	☐

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Home appliances—(back row) Norge refrigerator. Maytag dryer and washer. Frigidaire upright freezer. (middle row) Toppan gas range. Sunbeam twin blade rotary mower. Westinghouse portable room air conditioner with Mobileart. General Electric food waste disposer. Hotpoint mobile dishwasher.

Furnish your home for children to live in

Your first furniture should be chosen to stand the gaff of racing, romping children. Fortunately, in many of today's home furnishings you'll find practicality combined with good taste, for they have been designed for active young families.

Furnishings—O'Brien paints, aluminum stepladder by Duralumnum. Hans Wegner chair and table by Frederick Lunning, RCA Victor portable phonograph, Armstrong rubber tile, Jumbo Dura-soft sponge by Curtiss-Wright, Dixie beer cups. Clothes: Mother (on floor): Ship 'n Shore Dacron and cotton blouse, about $5 and pedal pushers in Dan River's drip-dry poplin, About $5 by Fligelman. Friend (painting): Capri pants, about $5 and jacket, about $6 in Dan River's drip-dry poplin by Fligelman, Friend (on ladder): Sanforized cotton shirt by Sedgefield, about $3, Father (in chair): Jantzen's cotton knit shirt, about $7. Boy: McKeen cotton knit shirt, sizes 3 to 7, about $2.25. All males are wearing Blue Bell Wranglers, about $5 in adult sizes, about $2 in sizes 1 to 6x. Everyone in the picture is wearing Keds by U. S. Rubber.

Proper planning of what to do yourself and what to buy for home upkeep can save you money. (See our article on home repairs, Page 58.) Remember that some jobs, such as upholstering, can be done only by experts, but you can do many yourself

A new coat of paint can do wonders to give your house, interior or exterior, a fresh new appearance and a decorative change. Unless you're an experienced hand at painting, you'll probably want to have the outside done by a professional. Room painting can be a do-it-yourself project. Be sure to use good, preferably a washable, paint. Roller application works best for most amateurs and it is the fastest method to use on large surfaces.

Washable wallpapers are available in an increasing number of patterns and colors. The wall coverings with adhesive backing you can apply yourself and many of these are washable. If you choose an uncoated paper, it will pay to apply a protective coating to it. This is a liquid that will not change appearance of the paper but will make it stain resistant.

Spotproof fabrics are making their appearance in upholstery. The newest treatment, called Scotchgard, resists both oil and water-borne stains. It comes on some upholstered furniture now and in several cities you can have fabric of your own choosing treated by the yard. Treatment doesn't alter the appearance or the texture of the fabric.

Easy-care rugs and carpets of acrylic fibers, nylon or solution-dyed rayons resist 95% of water-borne stains. All of these man-made fibers are being used in floor coverings in a wide color range and you'll begin to find more textured and patterned coverings using these fabrics. For young families, area or room-size rugs are a better investment than wall-to-wall because the rugs can move with the family.

When you buy furniture, resist buying quantity. It's a far wiser expenditure to acquire one well-built piece of furniture at a time. For your absolute needs, to do until you can afford just the kind of furniture you want, get frankly temporary pieces, like unpainted chests. Finish them yourself and top them with durable laminated plastic. For extra seats, when there's a crowd, floor seaters are wonderfully useful and easily stored.

With growing children consider using unbreakable decorative objects. They'll save you words and worry. Weigh the wearability of foam rubber or plastic foam versus spring-construction of upholstered furniture. And do avoid sharp corners at toddlers' eye level.

Clothes—Mother: Orlon and cotton knit over-shirt and shorts. Shirt about $4, shorts about $5, by Old Colony. Father: Arrow Sanforized cotton shirt, about $5. Keds by U. S. Rubber

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The person most responsible for the daily management of living is mother, and her whole job is influenced by her attitude toward it. We think nothing is so good for her spirits as pride in her own appearance

Take time to look pretty

How will you find time? When you're chauffeur, meal planner, cook, family shopper, laundress, housekeeper and baby nurse, how do you manage time for your own beauty care? There's really only one way: Take time, or you will begin to regret those glimpses of yourself in the mirror.

Clock your beauty routine. First, know fully what you must do every day for your own adequate beauty care. Then clock the time it takes and plan to have that time each day, just as you plan your other activities. We asked several busy wives to do just this. They averaged 38 minutes for their grooming — a very small part of a 15-hour day. They all felt these were well-spent minutes; their best reward was a husband's smile at the breakfast table. This is the routine they followed:

Morning make-up, at 1 minute, 48 seconds, consisted of applying skin freshener, pressed powder, lipstick and a quick hair brushing.

At midday, 4 minutes, 10 seconds took care of face cleansing, application of skin freshener, light foundation, loose powder and lipstick.

Bath time came out to a leisurely 30 minutes: Time for a thorough washing of face and throat, application of rich cream, an 8-minute tub, then cologne spray and dusting powder. Now tissue off cream and press on skin freshener with cotton. To look like our enviable mother above, do a complete make-up: Foundation, rouge, eye shadow, face powder, eye liner, mascara, eyebrow pencil and lipstick.

At bedtime, allow 2 minutes for a thorough cleansing of face and throat and an application of moisturizing lotion or cream.

Mother: Swiss cotton batiste and lace handkerchief by Kimball. Make-up by Revlon. Boy: Berkshire Hathaway shirt in new stay-white cotton, Keetide finish. Sizes 3 to 7, about $2.50 by Youngwear.

Clothe a fashionable family

To make the smartest use of her clothing dollars, a young mother knows her biggest jobs are to start each season armed with a buying plan and to keep up to date on fashions and fabrics. *(See next page)*

Mother: Dacron and rayon coral chemise dress by Hayette, Jr. about $20. Sally V hat, Coronet bag, Van Raalte gloves, Capezio shoes. Father: Dacron and Orlon wash-and-wear suit by Gordon of Philadelphia, about $55. Manhattan shirt and tie, Stetson hat. Boy: Madras-type cotton jacket, about $1, matching cap, about $2. Sateen cotton shorts, with madras shirt (not shown), about $4 by Minikin Togs. Poll Parrot oxfords, Trimfit socks. Girl: Denim pinafore over printed polished-cotton dress, by Shepardress, about $8. Patent-leather shoes by Jumping Jacks, Trimfit socks, Nolon gloves.

more easy living for young adults

Clothe a fashionable family (CONTINUED)

To avoid buying-mistakes, it's a good plan to know that you can always learn what to expect of a fabric's performance by reading the label; that you'll always look smarter if you buy what's news in fashion, providing it suits you, and that color coordination of a wardrobe is the surest way to get extra wear out of every garment. Pictured below, more family buying tips.

Clothes shown below are described on Page 85

When you buy for father

1 Coordinate sport clothes and business suits so slacks, shirts and coats are interchangeable.

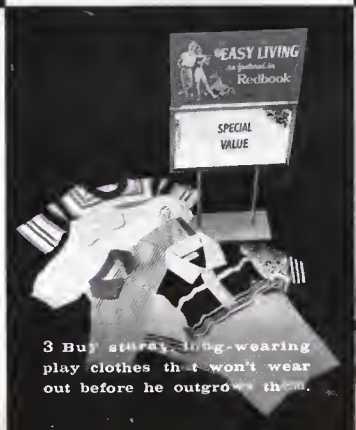
2 Pay special attention to fashion trends so he'll be able to wear his suit for several seasons.

3 Buy items of unchanging style in quantities to save time, needless emergency shopping.

When you buy for children

1 Easy-care fabrics in children's clothes save money; you need fewer garments in a size.

2 Don't skimp on shoes. Buy leather-soled ones that give good support and are well fitted.



3 Buy sturdy, long-wearing play clothes that won't wear out before he outgrows them.

When you buy for yourself

1 Color-match separates. These and the plaid separates below make twelve different costumes.

2 Buy fashion in season, like this cheetie top and skirt, to look your smartest at all times.

3 For an occasion splurge on fabric and make a dress that's yours alone! See details page 76.

more easy living for young adults

Household chores, a trip to the theater and taking care of the children add up to an eleven and one-half mile walk. It's a comfort to know that leather shoes—both soles and uppers—take you in style wherever you go. In the new fashion colors and textures, leather shoes and accessories are style, quality and value all rolled into one. Living *with leather* is easy living!

LEATHER INDUSTRIES OF AMERICA

Save by sewing at home

You can afford the luxury of a custom-made garment when you become a home sewer. For when you select your fabric and pattern and perhaps add an extra touch of your own like the simply gathered overskirt shown here, you really have a dress designed just for you.

You can learn to sew, or take some advanced lessons if you're a beginner, either at your sewing center or in adult education classes offered by many schools. Start simply but make something you'll use, like our café curtains.

Enlist a neighbor to help with fitting and the hem. You can return the favor by helping her with a new hair style. One of the great blessings of living in a suburban community: You can always get two views on a new project.

Furnishings—Arvin ironing board, General Electric steam iron; the Mirella portable sewing machine from Necchi Elna. Armstrong rubber floor tile; café curtains made of Indian Head all-purpose cotton, about $.89 a yard. Clothes—Chemise dress, McCall's pattern #5514 in Fuller's Everglaze cotton satin floral print, about $1.29 a yard. Overskirt (on ironing board) in Fuller's matching cotton chiffon, about $1.19 a yard. Overskirt (not included in pattern) is gathered on 3½" ribbon by Grayblock. Clothes on seated figure described next page.

Shop with a plan for family food

The plan is to write out a week's menus and make a shopping list from them. Once you know the time and money this can save you in food shopping and the freedom from worry about what to serve each day, we think you'll never shop any other way. Don't forget to check newspaper ads for specials as you make your menus.

Clothes—Friend (left above and seated on preceding page): Blue shorts in Wamsutta's Dacron and cotton chino, about $8, with blue cotton knit top, about $5. Both by Fligelman. Sandler of Boston Shoes. Mother (right above): Natural-color skirt, about $9; matching jacket, about $11, printed blouse, about $8. All in Wamsutta's Dacron and cotton chino. By Fligelman. Capezio shoes. Boy and girl are wearing clothes described on Page 63.

more easy living for young adults

Entertain with ease

Entertaining, indoors or out, sit-down or buffet, depends on what is easiest for you. The most needed plan for entertaining is a scheme for fitting it into your budget. Here and on the next pages we give you three ways to do it.

- Dress up budget foods *(see photo, menu below)*
- Save ahead to buy and serve special company dinners *(menu, Page 80)*
- Share the work and expense with neighbors *(menu, Page 80)*

Budget Dinner
(pictured at left)

Cheese and crackers
**Barbecued chuck steak*
Toasted buns
**Skillet vegetables*
Tossed green salad
Assorted relishes
Rosé wine
Angel food cake
Coffee

**recipes on Page 81*

Informal china: Iroquois Lazy Daisy pattern
Stainless steel tableware: International's Scope pattern
Sunbeam electric frypan
Carving knife and fork: Ekco Products Company

more easy living for young adults

Exciting Discovery from

Betty Crocker
OF GENERAL MILLS

NEW *Golden-Fry* BATTER RECIPE

* "Thin" batter coats foods evenly . . . golden-browns evenly
* Fries foods crispier outside, juicier inside
* Keeps foods crisp, even in a warm oven
* No "transfer" of flavors from one food to another
* Fries everything better . . . meats, fish, vegetables . . . and even fruits!

Thousands of women say

"NEW GOLDEN-FRY BATTER RECIPE IS WONDERFUL!"

So easy to make with Mazola Corn Oil and Gold Medal Flour. Never before such delicious fried foods!

Golden-Fry Batter

1/2 cup Mazola Corn Oil
1 cup sifted Gold Medal Flour
1 1/2 cups milk
1 egg

Blend oil and flour. Add milk and egg. Beat with rotary beater until smooth. Batter will be thin. Dry foods thoroughly; then coat generously with unseasoned flour. Dip into batter, letting excess drip off. Fry in Mazola (375°) 3" to 4" deep until golden-brown. (Use chickens 2½ lbs. or under; fry until tender). Drain on absorbent paper, season, serve.

MAZOLA® CORN OIL

Between the baby-sitting problem and the numerous demands on their budgets, most young families find it easiest to center social activities around their homes

Entertain with ease (CONTINUED)

Special company dinner

**Orange baked ham*
**Spoon bread* **Asparagus Polonaise*
Chilled sliced tomatoes
Mint ice cream
Coffee

Shared dinner

**Rock lobster casserole*
**Baked rice* *Garlic bread*
Molded vegetable salad
Fresh fruit *Cookies*
Coffee

**recipes on Page 91*

Furnishings—Arvin aluminum table (foreground), chaise and chairs, Universal automatic coffee maker, Lazyback pillows. China and stainless steel described on Page 76.
Clothes—Mother (standing): McCall's pattern #5511, described on Page 76. Capezio shoes. Guest on chaise: Activair cotton shirt, about $6. Darron and cotton slacks by Palm Beach, about $13. Father (seated on chair): Cotton knit shirt by Manhattan, about $5; Palm Beach cotton and Dacron slacks, about $10. Female guest (on chair): Spun rayon dress with printed Orlon sweater, By Jerry Gilden, about $18. Female guest (seated on floor): Blue Darron and cotton dress, Jerry Gilden, about $13. Male guest (seated on floor): Sanforized cotton shirt by Arrow, about $6. Girl: Cotton and Dacron knit shortie pajama, about $5. Boy: Printed cotton pajamas, about $2.50. Both by Carter.

Budget Dinner

BARBECUED CHUCK STEAK

2 boneless cross-rib chuck steaks, cut 1½ to 2 inches thick (about 4 pounds in all)
2 teaspoons meat tenderizer
Barbecue Sauce (recipe below)

Slash fat around edge of steak. Sprinkle on all sides with meat tenderizer. Pierce meat deeply with long-pronged fork. Place in a shallow pan: pour Barbecue Sauce over, turning meat to cover thoroughly. Allow to stand at room temperature at least 1 hour. Drain meat. Place on broiler rack. Broil in preheated broiler 4 inches from heat 8 to 10 minutes on each side for rare; 10 to 12 minutes for medium. Baste frequently with sauce. Cut in thin slices. Serve on toasted buns to 8.

BARBECUE SAUCE

¼ cup molasses
¼ cup prepared mustard
¼ cup vinegar
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon Tabasco
A pinch each of marjoram, oregano and thyme
1 8-ounce can tomato sauce

Blend molasses and mustard in a bowl. Add remaining ingredients. Mix well. Makes about 1¾ cups sauce.

SKILLET VEGETABLES

4 tablespoons butter *or* margarine
1 medium-sized onion, chopped
1½ pounds yellow squash
1 12-ounce can whole kernel corn
2 cups canned tomatoes
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Melt butter in an electric frypan set at 360° F.; add onions and cook until lightly browned. Wash squash and cut in thin slices. Add to onions with corn, tomatoes, salt and pepper. Bring to a boil: cover and turn dial to 240° F. Simmer 30 to 35 minutes, stirring occasionally, until squash is tender. Serves 8.

Special Company Dinner

ORANGE BAKED HAM

3 oranges
Sauterne wine
1 10- to 12-pound canned ham

Peel oranges: remove white underskin. Slice into rounds. Place in a bowl; cover with Sauterne. Chill several hours.

Heat oven to 325° F. *(moderately low)*. Remove ham from can. Place on a rack in a shallow pan. Heat as can directs (about 2½ hours). 45 minutes before ham is done, lay orange slices on ham; fasten with toothpicks. Pour wine left in bowl over ham. Continue baking; baste frequently with liquid in pan.

SPOON BREAD

1 cup yellow corn meal
2 cups milk
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
2 tablespoons melted butter *or* margarine
1 cup milk
3 egg yolks, well-beaten
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Heat oven to 325°F. *(moderately low)*. Combine corn meal and 2 cups milk in a saucepan. Cook over moderate heat, stirring until thickened, about 5 minutes. Remove from heat. Stir in salt, baking powder, butter and 1 cup milk. Stir in beaten egg yolks. Fold in beaten whites. Pour into greased 2-quart casserole. Bake 1 hour. Serve hot with butter to 6.

ASPARAGUS POLONAISE

3 pounds asparagus
½ cup butter *or* margarine
¼ cup soft bread crumbs
2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped fine
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley

Wash asparagus; snap off tough ends. Cook in a small amount of boiling salted water 10 to 15 minutes, until just tender. Drain. Melt butter in a saucepan over low heat. Add crumbs; cook and stir until they're golden. Remove from heat. Stir in remaining ingredients. Put asparagus on a warm platter: add sauce. Serves 6.

Shared Dinner

ROCK LOBSTER CASSEROLE

1½-pound package frozen rock lobster tails
1 package frozen lima beans
1 4-ounce can sliced mushrooms
2 cups milk and mushroom broth
4 tablespoons butter *or* margarine
4 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika
1 egg yolk
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon sherry (optional)

Heat oven to 400° F. *(hot)*.

Drop frozen lobster tails into boiling salted water to cover. When water comes to a boil again, cook tails 3 minutes. Drain and drench with cold water. Using scissors, cut lengthwise through center of membrane covering flesh. Insert fingers under meat at open end and pull out meat in one piece. Arrange in a shallow casserole. Cook lima beans as directed on package. Drain mushrooms: measure broth and add enough milk to make 2 cups. Melt butter in a saucepan: stir in flour, salt and paprika. Gradually add combined milk and mushroom broth. Cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly until smooth and thickened. Beat egg yolk and lemon juice together: add sherry. Stir the egg mixture slowly into sauce. Add mushrooms and lima beans. Pour sauce around lobster tails. Cover casserole tightly with aluminum foil and bake 10 to 15 minutes until thoroughly heated. Serves 8.

BAKED RICE

2 tablespoons butter *or* margarine
1 cup uncooked rice
½ teaspoon salt
2 chicken bouillon cubes
2 cups boiling water

Heat oven to 350° F. *(moderate)*.

Melt butter in a skillet. Add rice; cook and stir over moderate heat until rice is golden. Add salt. Dissolve bouillon cubes in boiling water; add to rice. Pour into a 1-quart casserole. Bake uncovered 30 minutes. Stir once during baking. Serves 4.

more easy living for young adults

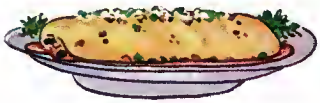
Patience, planning and a clear idea of your wants will bring you easy living. Buy it in small amounts as you can afford it, and meantime be content with what you already have. For the whole purpose of this way of life is to achieve the freedom that will allow you more leisure and more time to spend on your greatest joy: raising a happy family.

where to buy easy living: page 84

Clothes—Girl: bathing suit with separate skirt in Springmaid drip-dry cotton, sizes 3 to 6 by Mary Jane, about $5, Keds. Boy: Cavalry twill drip-dry boxer shorts, about $2 by Tidykins. Sizes 2 to 6x. Cotton mesh "Ever-Shed" T-Shirt by Scout-Tex, sizes 3 to 8, about $2.50. Jumping Jack sandals. Mother: Judy Bond blouse in Dacron and cotton batiste by Triplex, about $4 (also on front cover); Townway skirt in Fuller's Saltone, about $6. Capezio shoes. Father: McGregor's Don Budge dragon shirt in cotton knit, about $5 (also on front cover), McGregor Ribtide Piccolino cotton shorts, about $6. Keds by U. S. Rubber.

A well seasoned traveler's guide to Tabasco*

Hong Kong magic makes an omelet unforgettable



After a dinner I'll always remember, my host introduced his chef, a courtly old man who has served his apprenticeship in the kitchens of the last empress. When I complimented him on his Foo Yoong Shea Daahn—a sorcerer's masterpiece—he replied with simple dignity, "Gracious sir, I cannot claim this honor. Your own native Tabasco gave my little omelet its magic touch." And here's his recipe.

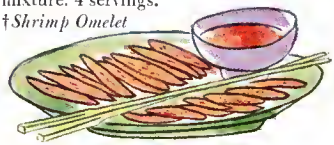
FOO YOONG SHEA DAAHN†

- 4 slices bacon, chopped
- ¼ cup chopped green pepper
- 2 tablesp. cut green onion
- 12 mushrooms, sliced
- 1 cup cleaned raw shrimp
- ½ teasp. Tabasco
- ½ teasp. salt
- 1½ teasp. curry powder
- 6 eggs, beaten

Partially cook bacon; add next 4 ingredients and half of Tabasco. Cover and cook over medium heat 5 minutes.

While shrimp are cooking, add remaining Tabasco, salt and curry to beaten eggs. Prepare omelet. Fold omelet over shrimp mixture. 4 servings.

†*Shrimp Omelet*



The feast that evening was preceded by cocktails and Sun La Chu Chien, subtle hors d'oeuvres flavored with the mysterious East . . . and Tabasco, too.

SUN LA CHU CHIEN‡

Stir together in a saucepan 1 teaspoon cornstarch, ¼ teaspoon ginger and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add ½ cup orange juice concentrate, ¼ cup sherry, 1 tablespoon honey and ¼ teaspoon Tabasco. Blend thoroughly and cook until thickened, about 5 minutes. A delightful dip for strips of roast pork, served as an appetizer. About ¾ cup.

‡*Sweet Sour Orange Sauce*

Your food needn't be exotic for Tabasco magic to work. Try:

- 3 drops on your breakfast eggs.
- 4 drops in a glass of tomato juice.
- ½ teasp. in a pint of mayonnaise.

Miniature Bottle for use in these recipes: Send 10c to Tabasco, Dept. R-5, Avery Island, Louisiana, to cover handling.

*Registered Trademark for McIlhenny Co. Pepper Sauce

Tabasco* liquid pepper seasoning that makes eating an adventure

Where to buy

Easy Living

This month in these shopping centers you will find many of the easy-living products pictured on the preceding pages. At all of these centers you will find special displays, more ideas for your own Easy Living.

East

SHOPPERS' WORLD
Framingham, Massachusetts

LINCOLN PLAZA SHOPPING CENTER
Worcester, Massachusetts

THRUWAY PLAZA
Buffalo, New York

NORTHGATE PLAZA
Rochester, New York

NORTHERN LIGHTS SHOPPING CENTER
Syracuse, New York

MID-ISLAND SHOPPING PLAZA
Hicksville, New York

GARDEN STATE PLAZA
Paramus, New Jersey

NORTHERN LIGHTS SHOPPERS CITY
Pittsburgh (Baden), Pennsylvania

WEST SHORE PLAZA
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

LEVITTOWN SHOP-A-RAMA
Levittown, Pennsylvania

WILMINGTON MERCHANDISE MART
Wilmington, Delaware

MONDAWMIN
Baltimore, Maryland

EASTPOINT
Baltimore, Maryland

EASTOVER SHOPPING CENTER
Washington, D. C.

SOUTHSIDE PLAZA SHOPPING CENTER
Richmond, Virginia

WILLOW LAWN SHOPPING CENTER
Richmond, Virginia

CAMERON VILLAGE
Raleigh, North Carolina

Central

WESTGATE SHOPPING CENTER
Cleveland, Ohio

TOLEDO MIRACLE MILE
Toledo, Ohio

GRACELAND SHOPPERS MART
Columbus, Ohio

TOWN AND COUNTRY
Dayton (Kettering), Ohio

WESTERN HILLS PLAZA
Cincinnati, Ohio

EVERGREEN PLAZA
Chicago, Illinois

THE VILLAGE MARKET
La Grange Park, Illinois

EASTGATE SHOPPING CENTER
Indianapolis, Indiana

THE VILLAGE SHOPPING CENTER
Davenport, Iowa

THE CENTER
Omaha, Nebraska

COUNTRY CLUB PLAZA
Kansas City, Missouri

UNIVERSITY HILLS
Denver, Colorado

SOUTHGATE SHOPPING CENTER
Memphis, Tennessee

NORMANDALE
Montgomery, Alabama

GULFGATE SHOPPING CITY
Houston, Texas

West

BELLEVUE SQUARE
Seattle (Bellevue), Washington

VILLA PLAZA
Tacoma, Washington

HILLSDALE SHOPPING CENTER
San Mateo, California

VALLEY FAIR SHOPPING CENTER
San José, California

RIVERSIDE PLAZA
Riverside, California

SOUTH BAY CENTER
Redondo Beach, California

SOUTH BAY PLAZA
National City, California

PARK CENTRAL SHOPPING CITY
Phoenix, Arizona

Canada

DORVAL GARDENS SHOPPING CENTRE
Montreal (Dorval), Quebec, Canada

GREATER HAMILTON SHOPPING CENTRE
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

See next page for a listing of merchandise shown on Pages 66, 67 and 74

Merchandise Pictured In Shopping Center

(Pages 66 and 67)

Clothes

Mother: Plaid chemise shirt and matching skirt, both in Amritex cotton with Everglaze drip-dry finish by Majestic. Shirt about $7; skirt, about $10. Capezio pumps. Park Lane straw-and-leather bag.

Father: Cotton twill slacks with wash-and-wear finish, about $8. Dacron-and-cotton knit shirt, about $5. Both by White Stag.

Girl: Sanforized cotton twill slacks and top with sailor collar. Pants about $2.95; top, about $3, both by Kwiki. White leather sandals by Jumping Jacks.

Boy: Red-trimmed cotton knit shirt, about $2.50, blue cotton dark shorts, about $1.89. Both sized 3 to 7 by McKem.

Cosmetics, Toiletries and Drugs *(left foreground)*
Coldene Stick
Wingfoot Spray Cool
Evening in Paris toilet water and cologne
Old Spice products for men
Ipana Plus
Ban lotion deodorant
Helen Neushafer Moderna lipstick
Maybelline eyebrow and eye-liner pencil
Pond's Angel Touch
Pond's Angel Skin lotion
Roux Color Curl hair spray
Unguentine
Breck shampoo
Desert Flower Beauty Clean
Colgate Lustre-Creme shampoo
Cashmere Bouquet hand lotion
Revlon Lustrous lipstick and nail enamel
Pond's cleansing cream
Pepto-Bismol
Johnson & Johnson "Pic A Puff"
Q-Tips
Johnson & Johnson baby powder
Johnson & Johnson baby oil

Candies *(center foreground)*
Schrafft's
Fanny Farmer

Housewares and Home Furnishings *(right foreground)*
Iroquois China, Lazy Daisy pattern
International stainless steel, Grape pattern
General Electric portable food mixer
Pyrex saucepan
Club Aluminum saucepan
Pyrex covered baking dish, Snowflake design
Toastmaster automatic toaster
Bissell home rug cleaner and shampoo
RCA Victor record albums and table model television set
Heifetz table lamp
Sunbeam twin blade rotary power lawn mower

Shoes *(left center)*
U.S. Rubber
Deb
Vitality
Town & Country
Capezio
Stride-Rite
Jumping Jacks

Grocery Products *(left back rows)*
Gerber's baby foods
Underwood deviled ham
Skippy peanut butter
Hunt's tomato sauce
Carnation evaporated milk
Heinz baked beans
Del Monte stewed tomatoes
Green Giant niblet corn
Hunt's tomato catsup
Vel liquid detergent
Dole pineapple juice
Mazola corn oil
O'Cedar Footnote floor wax
McIlhenny Tabasco sauce
Knox gelatine
Bisquick
Borden's Starlac
Karo syrups
Scott paper towels
Scotkins paper napkins

Clothes and Accessories Photographed on Page 74

Father's clothes: 1. Gold-and-yellow Palm Beach blazer, about $30; Dacron-and-cotton shirt, about $6, striped sport shirt in drip-dry cotton, about $5. Both shirts and tie by Manhattan. Dacron-and-cotton Palm Beach slacks, about $10. 2. Dacron-and-cotton wash-and-wear suit, by Palm Beach, about $40. Arrow Sanforized cotton shirt, about $4. 3. All shirts, ties and handkerchiefs by Manhattan.

Children's clothes: 1. Blue Bell blue jeans, about $2. Kate Greenaway crease-resistant cotton dress, lace trimmed, Sizes 3 to 6x, about $4. Easy washer-dryer combination. 2. Boy's leather shoes by Stride-Rite; girl's leather shoes by Jumping Jacks. 3. Boy's cotton knit T-shirts by McKem.

Mother's clothes: 1. Coral cotton knit blouson jacket, about $7; coral-and-white stripe cotton knit shirt, about $5; straight skirt in coral Sorrento with drip-dry finish, about $7; coral cotton knit Jamaica shorts, about $7. All designed by Jean Essig of Majestic. 2. Plaid chemise shirt and matching skirt in cotton by Amritex with Everglaze drip-dry finish. Shirt about $7, Skirt about $10, both by Majestic. 3. Yellow-and-orange printed polished cotton with an Everglaze finish. About $2.29 a yard. By Fuller.

A Time To Fear

(Continued from Page 49)

Pork was a smooth-faced boy the same age as Paul. But that was where the sameness ended. Pork came from a well-to-do family. He was poised, charming and quite *un*sensible. His trademark, from which he'd gotten his nickname, was a porkpie hat that he invariably wore as he drove around in his new red convertible. He drove at high speeds and appeared at high-school dances a little tight. He had a "reputation" among girls, and right now he was dating Greta Dunne, who had a "reputation" among boys.

Greta was a precocious young lady with an attractive face and a full body, who affected various and contrived sophistications—the latest being the attentive ownership of a Siamese cat, which she took nearly everywhere she went. The cat, right now, was on a leash in Pork's convertible outside. Greta herself had lately assumed a kittenish role. Paul's father, who taught mathematics at the high school, said that she acted like something escaped from a zoo. But Paul did not think so.

To Paul, Greta Dunne was quite alluring, with the sleek slant of her eyes, the soft purring of her voice.

But the attraction was not reciprocated. Greta was attracted only to boys like Pork Evans, not boys like Paul Travis who were saving their money for college and whose time was nearly always taken up with after-school work or studying.

"Coffee," the gray-haired man ordered. And when Paul had brought it to him, he said, "Slow today."

Paul rang up the sale on the fountain register and nodded. "A little."

"Maybe the robbery the other day is causing it."

Paul wiped the counter, looking at the man. He'd never seen him before. "Maybe."

"You on duty when it happened?" the man asked.

Paul shook his head. "No."

"Good take, I heard. Several hundred dollars."

Paul nodded once more and kept wiping; but his mind had jumped to the .38 pistol lying behind the prescription counter. He'd fired that gun two days ago. Bob Curry had insisted he practice with it. "Now you know how," Bob had said afterward. "And in case anybody tries it again . . ."

"Well," the man said, "let's hope it doesn't happen again. I hear these guys sometimes hit the same spot twice in a matter of days, just because nobody expects it."

For some reason, Paul felt a faint nervousness. It was the way the man was looking at him, as though he were testing him or something. Paul was remembering the description of the man who had robbed the drugstore five days ago: me-

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and be glamorous so easily...in minutes!

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Glorifies your natural hair shade with glamorous color-highlights and silken sheen. Removes dulling soap film. Quickly rinses in — shampoos out! In 12 exciting shades. 29¢

NESTLE COLORTINT
Intensifies your natural hair shade OR adds thrilling NEW color. Blends-in gray. More than a rinse but not a permanent dye. Lasts through 3 shampoos! 10 beautiful shades. 29¢

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INSIDE THE RIM OF ADVENTURE!

dium height, dark hair. That was about all Bob Curry had said about him. Paul had assumed the bandit was younger than this man; he didn't remember anything about graying temples. But why, he asked himself, was the man asking all these questions?

Paul swirled his cloth over the counter one final time. "If he comes around again," he pronounced grimly, "we can handle him."

Then Pork Evans said to Paul, "You going to the prom Friday night, Travis?"

He was smiling his familiar, sardonic smile. His words were carefully enunciated, his voice was carefully polite. But somehow there was an edge of sarcasm in what he said, as though he were implying that when Paul attended a dance it was a rare occasion. It was; but Paul couldn't help that, and it angered him to think that Pork had elected to be sarcastic about it. "Probably," Paul said.

But the truth was that Paul had made no plans for it. Lately he'd felt a growing reluctance to join in such activities as dances, especially formal dances, which Friday night's dance would be. Friday night was a busy night at the drugstore, and it meant getting special permission from Mr. Loper to get off. It also meant buying a corsage and wearing his one good brown suit, when most of the fellows would be wearing dress suits.

Paul was certain that Mr. Loper would give him this next Friday evening off. And he did have enough money saved for the dance. But it was late now, and he was not certain he could still get a date. Moreover, he kept remembering the last dance he'd gone to. . . .

Some of the fellows had insisted on going out on the west highway for a drag race, including Pork—who, in fact, had suggested it in the first place. Feeling the sting of competitive instinct, Paul had driven out to the highway with them. But at the last minute, he'd ducked out of the race.

He couldn't see the sense in that kind of racing, endangering everyone on the road. Moreover, he was driving his father's car, not a convertible of his own—like Pork—which could easily be replaced if he wrecked it and didn't kill himself and his date.

Pork obviously remembered that last dance too.

"We may have a drag, Travis," he said. He smiled at Paul, lifting his hand and resting his fingers possessively along the nape of Greta Dunne's slim neck. Greta watched Paul with amused, lazy eyes. "I know how you like to drag, Travis," Pork said. "You go wild at the wheel, don't you?"

Greta giggled, and Pork's grin widened. "Man," he continued, "you're a crazy hip in that straight-stick antique you drive. You ought to shave the head of that dinosaur; you're likely to go straight into space!" Greta giggled again.

Paul set his mouth grimly. He started to reply, then did not. There was no use arguing. He didn't drive his father's car fast. But he knew he could get plenty of pickup out of it if he wanted to—even with the straight gear shift. But what was the use of arguing about it?

Pork Evans might have gone on, but Paul was saved further embarrassment when a customer came in. The man waited up near the magazine stand. Paul rounded the counter and walked up front.

The man casually picked up a magazine and faced the store.

"May I help you, sir?" Paul asked.

"Yeah," the man replied. "Keep your mouth shut, walk over there to the door, lock it, turn that sign and pull the shade. And do it fast!"

With a jolt of shock, Paul realized that the man was pointing a gun at him from under the magazine.

"Hurry up!" the man snapped.

Paul stared at him, wide-eyed, for a moment. Then he moved. He went over to the front door, locked it and turned the "OPEN" sign around to "CLOSED." He pulled the shade. He looked at the man with the gun again, then glanced toward the soda fountain.

Both Pork and Greta Dunne had spun around on their stools. Greta's hand was at her mouth. Pork's face was white. The gray-haired man had turned around and was staring at the bandit. For a moment Paul had a fleeting thought that he was an accomplice of the bandit, but the man stayed where he was, frozen.

"Over to that register," the bandit said to Paul, motioning with his gun.

Paul walked to the prescription cash register, feeling his palms going moist, a tense quivering starting in his knees. The bandit followed to the middle of the store. There, he said in a cutting voice, "You three at the counter—over here with the kid. Line up and keep your mouths shut. Try anything, I'll shoot!" It was a cold, knifing statement of fact.

"Now!" the bandit said.

Paul stood behind the register, and the three at the counter stood up and single-filed back to stand beside him. They were lined behind the register, behind the waiting pistol. Paul's eyes flickered to it, then up to the bandit's eyes. The man's features were somehow undistinguished, except for his eyes. There was a peculiar look to them—they were moist-looking, yet hard. They were also wild-looking, like a savage animal's.

"Take the money out of there," the man ordered Paul, "and put it in a sack and hand it to me. The rest of you put your hands over your heads and keep them there."

Paul stepped forward, punched the "no-sale" key and scooped out the money

CREDITS IN THIS ISSUE

PHOTO CREDITS:
Pages 14-17, Letters to the Editor, Page 14—INP, Page 17—Wide World; Pages 54-55, Plain and Fancy Loafing, Page 54—Philipe Hyde, Page 55—F.P.G.

SPECIAL CREDITS:
Page 10, Your Health—Al Grossman; Page 12, Your Child—Susan Perl; Page 14, We Are Proud to Announce—Gelgisser; Page 28—The Dinner Hour—Rita Schweitzer; Page 30, Mr. Henry Nobody—Rosalind Welcher; Page 33, Are Daughters-In-Law Fair?—Robert Patterson.

into a cloth bank sack. His right hand, as he worked, was only inches from the pistol.

He estimated, feeling the quiver increase in his knees. He remembered that when the hammer was forward, as it was now, there was no shell yet in the chamber. Before he could fire the gun, he would have to pick it up, yank back the slide, shove up the safety lever, and release the slide to carry a cartridge into the chamber.

"Hurry up!" the man snapped.

Paul examined the man's eyes again. Sensible evaluation, even as his heart pounded, told him that the man, if compelled, would pull the trigger instantly and with no qualms.

Paul handed over the money sack and stepped back between Pork and Greta.

Paul glanced sideways, first left at Pork, then right at Greta Dunne and the gray-haired man. Paul caught the angry and accusing look in Pork Evans' eyes, blazing from his white face: Pork had expected him to yank that pistol up and start firing, Paul knew. Greta Dunne's underlip was trembling: a tear rolled down either cheek, smearing her heavy make-up. The gray-haired man stood motionless, hands shoved high in the air.

"Put your hands up there too," the bandit snapped to Paul. Paul did.

The entire thing had happened in seconds, and now the bandit was moving back to the fountain register, watching them as he did so. He began emptying that register.

Out of the corner of his mouth, Pork Evans whispered tensely, "That gun—is it loaded?"

Paul glanced sideways once more. Pork seemed to be quivering all over. His face looked even whiter. His eyes looked as wild as the bandit's. "Yes," Paul whispered back, "but you can't—"

But Pork had made up his own mind, and Paul realized that his hand was coming down, to reach for the .38. Paul's own movement was done in a split second.

His left hand caught and closed around Pork's right wrist, stopping Pork's movement when it had barely begun. Pork swore savagely in a whisper. But Paul, teeth together, held on. It was a strange mid-air contest of Indian wrestling. But Paul held firm. Pork Evans' hand remained in the air.

And then the bandit was coming forward, fast. His eyes blazed as he went by. "Any one of you moves or makes a sound, you're dead."

"Let go," Pork whispered wildly. "I can—"

But Paul held on while the bandit unlocked the door and burst onto the street.

At that moment, the gray-haired man dropped his right hand. It flashed inside his jacket and reappeared with a revolver. The gun was extended in a practiced straight-arm fashion. It cracked once. The bandit, half a dozen steps from the doorway, stumbled. The gun cracked a second time. The bandit went sprawling on the sidewalk.

In the next second, a man in a business suit was running from across the street, kneeling beside the fallen bandit. He looked up and nodded. "You got him, Joe—nice going."

The gray-haired man returned his

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pistol to the holster beneath his jacket, his breath whistling out in relief. "Okay, kids," he breathed. "You can relax."

When the police had gone—all except gray-haired Joe Callan, who had finally identified himself as a lieutenant on the force—the four of them gathered once more at the fountain. Paul had placed coffee in front of all of them, sitting down himself to relieve the quivering in his knees, thankful that his hands had stopped shaking enough that he'd been able to hold the cups.

Joe Callan tasted his coffee gratefully. "I need this. We all do. That had me worried. We didn't peg this guy until this morning—then we identified his prints from a job he'd pulled last night. Sammy Claxton. A record this long, including two killings. He had a pattern, like most crooks. He liked to double back on a job. We figured he might try it here again.

"That's why I showed up. I was going to tell Mr. Loper, only he was out. I decided not to tell you—Paul, is that right? I didn't know how you'd do in a clutch." He grinned at Paul. "Shouldn't have worried about it."

Paul grinned back, and now he was feeling good, real good. The scare was out of him. He felt a glow of confidence. In fact, strangely, his mind was even spinning ahead to next Friday night. He was going to that dance. He was going to enjoy it, too. And if anybody wanted to drag afterward, let them; that was kid stuff, and he didn't need it. He could get a fine date even this late, he was sure. And with someone a lot more attractive than Greta Dunne. She was still sniffling, and with her make-up half washed off with tears she was a mess.

Pork Evans got out a cigarette, put it between his still-pale lips, and then realized his hand was shaking too much to hold a match. He carefully put the cigarette back in his shirt, as though he'd decided he didn't want to smoke. "I'll tell you this," he said. "If you hadn't stopped me from getting that gun, Travis, I would have—"

Joe Callan turned. "You would have got us all killed," he finished quietly.

"What do you mean?" Pork said. "I could have—"

"I mean what I said," Joe Callan stated. "You never want to stand up to a guy like that, son. Never. It could be suicide. In this case, it would have been. Among other things, Claxton was hopped-up—half-crazy. He'd have cut you down before you'd got that gun raised, and the rest of us too. You can thank your friend here for having the sense not to try it himself and for keeping you from it."

Pork shook his head angrily. "I wasn't scared of him."

"Look," Joe Callan said, "there's nothing wrong with being scared. It happens to everybody—some worse than others. That's why some people keep trying to prove out, even when it's senseless. They try to prove things that don't need to be proved. Because they're scared."

Joe suddenly half rose, as Pork Evans' face went completely white all over again. "Catch him, Paul," Joe said. "I think he's going to faint."

And, as a matter of fact, Pork Evans did. . . . THE END

A Remarkable Woman

(Continued from Page 34)

glanced at my credentials. "How long is this going to go on? Another man from your company was here for a month. What else do you want to know?"

"Ma'am, it's routine to investigate all—"

"I said, another man has already investigated!" she cut in sharply. "If you think something is wrong, why don't you say so? Why am I being hounded like this?"

Now, I won't be thirty for a few years, but I've been investigating insurance claims since I got out of high school, and I know enough not to let the other person ask the questions. But somehow I could not say the brusque words that would have put this girl back on the defensive.

"If we owe the money, we want to pay it, but there are still a few details to be cleared up. That's all there is to it," I said, not very truthfully. "Couldn't we go inside and talk it over?"

She studied me very warily. "All right."

I carried her water around behind the cabin, where a small palo verde sapling had been set out among some savage-looking cholla, cat's-claw and ocotillos. It was a stark, lonely, and somehow pathetic little garden. She had me pour the water around the palo verde. According to the autopsy report, her husband had drowned in that water. It stood less than a foot deep in the mine shaft, but he had first been made unconscious by a blow on the head with the traditional blunt instrument.

We went into the house, a tiny, two-room cabin of concrete blocks, yellow on the outside and pale green inside. The most prominent thing in it was an enlarged snapshot of this woman, her late husband, and his three sons by his first wife. Gregory Farrier had been a darkly handsome man of medium height, his boys healthy-looking kids in their early teens.

According to Fred, Farrier had taken $18,000 in gold out of this mine, but there was no evidence of it in the house. It had all gone back into the mine, in dynamite, machinery and the long, expensive power line I had followed the eleven miles from the highway. It could not have been a pleasant honeymoon house for a girl of nineteen—which this one had been at the time of her marriage.

We sat down at a small kitchen table. "What is it you want to know, Mr. Witmore?" she asked softly.

"Well, start at the beginning. Who was your husband? Who were his people? Tell me all about him."

She knew we had this in our files, and that the less she said, the less chance we had of trapping her in more lies. But she did not hesitate. To tell the truth, she did not tell me much, either.

But nothing she said contradicted anything Fred had been able to learn about her husband. Gregory Farrier came from a fine old family that had lost its money during the depression. Farrier had had to quit college then. He had joined the Army and made it his family, his sweetheart, his church, his life. He was that most precious of all military jewels: a serious, intelligent and dedicated NCO in the Regulars.

He was a sergeant when World War II came. The day after Pearl Harbor, he married Virginia Nolind, the daughter of a West Pointer, General Jay J. Nolind. Farrier was so obviously a gentleman that this could happen.

The war brought out the very best in him. When he was wounded in North Africa, he was a bird colonel. He came home in bad shape, but he got well quickly. The couple's three sons—the boys in the snapshot—were born in the years that followed.

After he was well, the family knew hard times. His disability pay stopped. The Army was stripping its rolls of surplus officers. Farrier could not make himself go back in at his old enlisted rank, nor was he very successful as a civilian. He got good jobs, but he did not keep them.

Again war, this time in Korea, saved him. He passed his physical and returned at his old rank. Again he was wounded, and this time he was captured by the Chinese Reds. When he was repatriated, he weighed only a hundred and two pounds, his hair had turned gray, and he was close to a nervous collapse.

He and his first wife separated soon after that.

> "Virginia Farrier is a cultured woman of forty," Fred Kennedy had written. "She is bitter, but tried to be helpful. Says Farrier beat her, and twice tried to kill her. Says he had an abnormal fear of civilian life and blamed the 'West Point clique' for keeping him on the inactive list. Blamed her and her father, General Nolind. Claimed they looked down on him because he came up from enlisted ranks."

Fred painted a picture of a sincere but probably weak man, who had found in the Army's orderly stratification a substitute for the social superiority he had enjoyed before his family went broke.

Soon after Virginia divorced him, he fell in love with a girl less than half his age. This was the widow I now faced across the table in a suffocatingly hot, lonely cabin, eleven miles from the middle of nowhere in the California desert.

"Do you think he suffered any permanent ill effects as a result of prison camp?" I asked her.

"If you mean he was unbalanced—that's a lie!" she said. "They couldn't brain-wash him. He had more intelligence and will than they. But he was sensitive, and cruelty sickened him. That's why it's so vicious for people to say that he abused me. He didn't!"

Farrier's G.I. insurance had been paid to his first wife. Our policy was payable to this one. It was for $25,000, with a double-indemnity clause covering any kind

of accidental death. Suicide was out of the question; in prison camp Farrier had proved his will to live—and, anyway, none of the circumstances fitted self-destruction.

"On the night of his death, I understand he went into the village," I said. "Do you know why?"

"To get meat for supper. Do—do we have to go through all that again?"

"I'm afraid so," I said.

She swallowed, as though to steady her voice. Then, haltingly, she told me her version of her husband's death:

He came home about dark, turned on the floodlights over the mine, and worked there while she prepared supper. When she called him, perhaps an hour later, she got no answer. She went to look for him and saw him lying in the water in the shaft, sixty feet down. She screamed his name. Only echoes rocketed back up the shaft in answer.

She unlocked the gate in the board fence around the shaft, climbed down the ladder, and raised him to a sitting position, with his head above water. He was, she said, still alive. She climbed the ladder and went down again in the big steel bucket of the electric winch that was used to raise ore and debris from the shaft. She managed to get him into it. She climbed the ladder again, threw the switch, and ran the bucket to the top. Having been her husband's helper in the mine, she knew how to run the winch.

All this, she estimated, took twenty minutes. Then she lacked the strength to swing the ponderous bucket over to the dump-deck. She left him there, dangling over the shaft, and drove eleven miles to the highway, where she stopped a passing motorist.

He went for help. She returned to the mine. When deputy sheriffs arrived, an hour later, she was still keeping her lonely vigil at the shaft. The deputies' official report stated that she was incoherent and hysterical.

That night a doctor, treating her for shock, discovered livid bruises on her face and arms. She said that falling rocks had caused them while she was working in the mine two days before. The doctor was of the opinion that they were fresh bruises. They looked to him more like the marks of a man's fists.

If her story was true, we owed her $50,000. But there were many reasons why it could not be true.

First there was the fence around the shaft, built to protect Farrier's sons on their visits to their father. The upper part of the shaft was lined with heavy planks. The fence had been attached to this cribbing, with a heavy gate over the dump-deck. Mrs. Farrier herself said this gate had been padlocked when she came out to call her husband to supper.

How could a five-foot-eleven man "fall" over a six-foot fence? Farrier did not drink. He ran his mine Army-style—neat as a pin. A shovel and a fresh pile of debris indicated that he had been policing around the mine that night, and had not been close to the shaft.

The autopsy surgeon said Farrier had been barely alive when he struck the water, and would have died soon from brain injury. It did not make sense that his wife had found him alive. Of course, at such times, it's common for people to insist that the dead be not dead, and this could have been an honest mistake on Mrs. Farrier's part.

But one lie makes everything else suspect, and Fred had interviewed a dozen people who said that Farrier had beat his wife. The weakest part of her story was that there had never been any trouble between them.

I looked up from Fred's notes and saw her staring out the window. For the moment, the hostility, the fear—or whatever it was that put those violet shadows in her eyes—had gone from her face. It occurred to me that, under other circumstances, this girl and I might have been laughing and talking together, getting acquainted in the way of men and women the world over.

Then I thought. Whoa, there! This girl is a suspected murderess. "Mrs. Farrier," I said abruptly, "suppose we reject your claim?"

She looked around quickly. "You mean you don't believe me?"

I shrugged. "It's not what I believe—it's what you fail to prove, ma'am."

She steadied herself, but her eyes fell. "What if I waive the double-indemnity clause and settle for the face value of the policy—do you think that would be all right?" came her soft voice.

I felt sick. With us, it was double or nothing. Either we owed her $50,000 for accidental death, or we owed her nothing—and had a murder case on our hands besides.

You see, the police must prove a criminal case "beyond a reasonable doubt," but insurance is a civil matter, and an underwriter merely rejects a suspicious claim. If the beneficiary cares to sue, thereby assuming the burden of proof of noncriminal death, that suits us fine. That gets it into court, which is just where we want it.

But if the beneficiary does not sue, the police usually wonder why; and the bigger the policy, the more they wonder. Fred had been amazed at the indifference of the authorities here. They just did not seem to care.

Well, once she offered to waive part of the money, they had to care. She made herself a hot suspect by doing that.

"No deals," I said.

"Why?" The blue eyes met mine unwaveringly. She wanted to hear me say it. She wanted me to accuse her of murder, if I had the nerve.

I didn't have it. I got up and went around to her side of the table. She stood up and faced me with her back to the wall, with the alertness of a cat. I lost my head completely. I had her frightened, and yet instead of forcing the truth out of her, I put my hands on her shoulders and said, "Please, won't you level with me, Mrs. Farrier? Not for the record. Just between us! I'll help you if I can."

She did not answer, but I felt her tremble. I went on. "You realize the spot you're in, don't you? We're not talking about money now. We're talking about murder!"

"Prove it!" she said. "Prove it!"

I shook her. "What if they do prove it?" I shouted. "Have you thought about that possibility? Do you want to take that risk? Is the money that important?"

She shook my hands off and pushed me away. Back went her head, until her impudent little pony tail was crushed against the wall. Her face had gone chalk-white. "Yes!" she said.

When I left, she was still standing there. I had a feeling she had waited a long, long time for the right moment to make her offer of waiver. Well, she had made it, and the gamble had lost.

For a moment, I had been close to the truth. Had I bullied her a little more, I would have broken her down—I knew that. Instead, I gave in to that queer, haunting pity, and in some way I had lost too, learning that a girl could look like that and still be a murderess for money. . . .

I **went** into the village and talked to our agent, who had sold the Farrier policy. He told me positively that Farrier, not the wife, had made the decision to take out the insurance. With Fred, the agent had been much, much less positive. For all he had known then, it might have been Mrs. Farrier's idea.

It was important, and his attitude annoyed me. "Look," I said, "if this goes to litigation, and you're our witness, are you going to be hostile?"

His watery eyes got a stubborn look. He growled, "No, Mr. Witmore, but the *facts* will be!"

The facts? This man was one of those who had told Fred how Farrier used to beat his wife. Now he insisted that it was all idle gossip, and he challenged me to find a single witness to testify to it.

And how right he was! The shock of Farrier's death had dulled in people's memories. They had not deliberately changed their stories, but still I found those stories changed. The whole desert was now on the widow's side. The people who had known both of them wanted only to forgive and forget.

I went to the deputy sheriff who had recovered the body. To him, I pointed out the gaping, unreasonable holes in Mrs. Farrier's story. I did not enjoy it.

The deputy snorted. "Ah, she doesn't know what did happen! She was numb as a fresh-frozen trout when we got there. My old lady went into a fit like that once, when our house caught fire. Catatonic hysteria, the doctors call it. Look it up!"

I went into the county seat to see the district attorney. Fred had had trouble getting in to see him a month ago, when the case was fresh, but he let me in at once. He greeted me with the unreliable smile of a shrewd country politician.

"You know what, Mr. Witmore?" he said. "For my money, Greg Farrier died a casualty of two wars."

"For our money—which amounts to fifty grand—it's not so simple," I said. "Suppose we make her sue. What then?"

He smiled his shifty smile. "Why, I'll indict her, of course, and then any kid lawyer will make a monkey out of me

The Magazine Research Bureau reports to us that Mr. J. C. Abernathy, Chamblee, Georgia, has been selected in its survey of men's reading interests as the typical man reader of the December 1957 REDBOOK. The monthly award has been sent to him. —THE EDITORS.

Ask your own Doctor about this book

The Sexual Responsibility of Woman

By MAXINE DAVIS

WHEN MAXINE DAVIS wrote this book, she set out to accomplish what no "marriage manual" had ever done before: to awaken women—whether long married, newlyweds, or brides-to-be—to the fact that the credit or blame for sexual gratification is *not* the husband's alone; to reveal to women the obligations which they must fulfill for joyous, uninhibited married love; and to show women exactly how best to encourage and satisfy their mates to achieve the conjugal contentment so necessary for a happy marriage. The following statements—selected from many by prominent medical authorities — testify that the author more than accomplished her goals. *Your* doctor will agree.

"Maxine Davis' work fills a noticeable void in that it is directed exclusively towards awakening in women the realization that their responsibility in the maintenance of sexual harmony in their marriages is as important as that of the husband. Whether a wife of 20 years standing or a girl contemplating marriage, the average woman will find this book an invaluable aid in the establishment and preservation of marital harmony."

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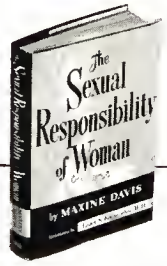
—*From the introduction by*
LESTER S. BLUMENTHAL, M.D.



Here are only a few of the helpful, informative chapters

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THE IMPORTANCE OF SEXUAL HARMONY: Sexual sharing—Symptoms of sexual problems—Health and sexual adjustment.

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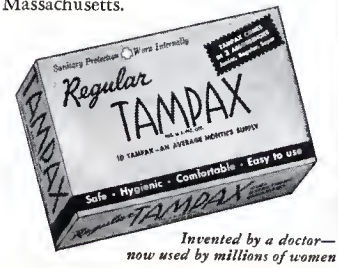

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

when I bring her to trial. We both know she's lying, but I can't prove it, and you don't have to. The law is a wonderful thing, isn't it?"

I said nothing.

He took hold of my arm. "Son, I can probably convict her of manslaughter and get her a couple of years in Corona. It's a good prison, as women's prisons go, and it may make a better woman of her. Is that what you want?"

"No," I said miserably.

His admission that he had enough to convict Mrs. Farrier of manslaughter, plus her own offer to settle for half, was all I needed. When I came out of the district attorney's office, just before dusk, I had every justification for going back to the office and writing a report. There was nothing to do now but deny the claim.

Instead, I returned to the desert.

I do not know if there is such a thing as the pure, the absolute truth, but that's what I went looking for. I had to know. I admit it—I was on her side too. . . .

It was dark by the time I reached the village, and without the power line to follow, I could not have found her. The cabin was snuggled against the dark shoulder of a knoll, and she had no lights on. It seemed to me that I followed those twinkling cables through the starlight for hours, dreading this job, hating myself for doing it. No man likes to bully a woman, not even in line of duty.

The angular silhouette of the board fence around the shaft loomed up suddenly. I stopped the car and got out. Mrs. Farrier came to the door of the dark cabin, her hand at her throat in the characteristic feminine attitude of alarm. She recognized me instantly. "Oh, it's you! What do you want now?" she said. Her voice quivered a little.

I went up to the door. "The truth," I said.

"I have told you the truth."

"Then tell me again. Let's go over everything that happened that night. It was about this time of night that your husband came home, wasn't it?"

I could see her only vaguely through the screen door, but I sensed her distress. "Somewhat earlier," she said. "It—it wasn't quite dark when he got home."

"But it was when you called him to supper? Where were you when you called?"

"Here, in the door," she said faintly.

"All right, you call. He doesn't answer. Now what do you do, Mrs. Farrier? Come on, let's have it!"

Her nerve cracked. "No! Why do I have to go through all that again? Let me alone!" she screamed.

This time, I wasn't going to let pity come between me and the truth. I had been close to it once. I was close to it again. I opened the screen door before she could hook it and said, "I believe the lights were on, Mrs. Farrier."

"There's a switch here," she said.

"All right, let's turn them on."

A switch clicked. High up on the slope, the scarred hillside became bright as day, as a dozen big floodlights went on. In the glare I could see the expression on her face. She was remembering too vividly that night her husband had died. I remembered the term the deputy had used—catatonic hysteria.

"When he didn't answer, you went to look for him, didn't you?" I said. "All right, let's go look."

I pulled the door open. She began walking like a person under hypnosis. I followed her, step by step. Our shoes made the only sound as we climbed the stairs cut in the rocky slope.

At the top, near the dump-deck, she faced me. She did not say anything, but her eyes beseeched me for mercy.

"The gate was locked," I said, "but you could still see him, I believe. The fence is ten inches over your head. How exactly, did you manage that?"

"Like this."

She put her toe in the chain of the padlock and swung herself up so that her stomach rested across the top of the fence. She dropped down again with a small look of triumph, as though she had just passed the biggest test life would ever require of her. The color returned to that lovely, girlish face, and she smiled.

Except for that smile, she might have fooled me. That smile told me how close I had been to the truth, and how sure she now felt that she had fooled me again.

I lifted myself up the same way and looked down to where Gregory Farrier had died. The shaft was some six feet wide through the sand stratum, and the plank cribbing was strong. Below the cribbing, as the shaft entered solid rock, it narrowed to about four feet. At the bottom, the light glittered on the shallow pool of alkaline water there.

I dropped to the ground, feeling baffled and discouraged. Mrs. Farrier was quite calm now. "What else do you want to know, Mr. Witmore?" she asked coolly.

"This," I said savagely. "Are you glad he's dead?"

She moved like a striking snake. I saw her hand coming, but not in time. She caught me on the cheek with a hard little fist, and down I went.

Flat on my back I looked up at her, knowing there was at least one way to crack her composure. No matter what had happened here, she had loved her husband. No matter how he had died, she was *not* glad he was dead.

And suddenly I knew how he had died, as I saw something else—something I would not have seen anywhere except lying flat on my back. It was the glitter of bright new nailheads in the board fence around the shaft.

Iron rusts slowly in the desert, but this fence was a year old, and all the other nails had turned brown. But next to the dump-deck gate were two boards into which new nails had recently been driven. They were old boards, badly battered by the steel bucket of the winch. It was a heavy bucket and, when loaded, would be hard for even a strong man to land squarely on the dump-deck. It had to be pulled over with one hand, the other meanwhile operating the winch.

Gregory Farrier had been strong, but in his nervous condition he lacked endurance and patience. Those two boards had taken a bad beating, as he heaved on that ponderous bucket at the end of a grueling day in the mine. Farrier drove himself too hard—everyone agreed on that point.

The girl began backing away as I stood up. She knew I had stumbled onto

something, but she did not know what.

"Mrs. Farrier," I said, "you didn't kill him, but you did lie about those bruises. You two had a fight when you came up here to call him to supper, didn't you?"

She shook her head violently.

"I know better! He lost his head and bit you, and somehow he fell through the loose boards in the fence. I suppose he hit his head on the shaft as he fell—isn't that it? The rest of your story is probably true, except that when you came back here, as you waited for the deputies, you nailed those two boards back on. That's it, isn't it?"

She broke up before my eyes, but I caught her as her knees crumpled. Her voice was like the voice of someone coming out from under ether. "You don't know that!" she screamed thinly. "You don't have to say it, do you? I don't want the money. The boys can get along some way. Other boys do, don't they?"

I got her feet under her. I shook her to make her stand up. I was close to the truth, the absolute truth, and I showed her no mercy because that was most merciful in the long run. "If we owe the money," I said grimly, "we want to pay it. It was for his sons?"

"Yes, but they mustn't have it! Please, he's dead—can't you let him rest in peace? It wasn't his fault! The war did that to him! Let his boys go on remembering him as a hero. You can't destroy that—you can't!"

She was getting incoherent, and her body had gone rigid. I shook her again—hard. "Talk sense!" I said roughly.

"No, it won't make sense to you," she said dully. "But you should have seen Greg with his sons. It—it was the most beautiful thing in the world. But thanks to you, they'll have to know—that their daddy was not himself—in his last moments on earth."

"But why must they know that?"

She was a smart girl, but very young, very inexperienced. I could not expect her to understand the meticulous paradoxes that make the law such a wonderful thing. There was still no comprehension in her eyes—only resentful weariness.

"Mrs. Farrier," I went on, "what goes into my report is strictly between my company and myself. As far as his kids are concerned, all they'll ever have to know is that their father wanted them to have this money. You don't have to prove the manner of his death to anyone but us."

I was glad I had shown her no mercy, when I saw the splendor light her face.

And splendor it was. Only splendor could have made her deliberately shoulder the burden of suspicion of murder, for the sake of the man she loved. All alone by the mine shaft that night she had come to her decision: let the whole world think the worst of her, but not let those boys think badly of their father. For them, the memory of Gregory Farrier must never be anything less than heroic.

I let her cry it out, with her face in her hands, her forehead resting against the rough board fence. It did not take long. Donna Richey Farrier is not the crying type. As I say, she's a remarkable woman. Very.

"Come on, Mrs. Farrier," I said then. "Let's get those papers filled out."

. . . THE END

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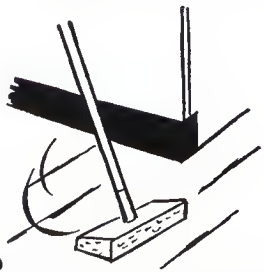

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Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL

One Girl, Two Proposals

(Continued from Page 42)

I just can't be-bear it." Her luminous blue eyes filled with sudden tears.

In the medical world, Dr. Ashley Holbrook's success was phenomenal. To begin with, most women prefer their obstetricians to be married and have a touch of gray at the temples. Ashley was a bachelor and twenty-nine. But in spite of his youth and celibacy Dr. Holbrook possessed a compensatory talent that made him the envy of his colleagues. He could pour the vaguest, most obscure set of female symptoms into a mental test tube, add a drop of logic, and heat gently over professional intuition. Invariably the correct diagnosis precipitated out.

He put his talent to work now. There was a brief silence, and then he said, "Nancy, I think you're in love."

The tears welled up and spilled over. "I—I know," she said. "It's just awful."

The doctor handed her a tissue from the box he kept on his desk to assist him in coping with female emotionalism. "What's so awful about it? Doesn't he return your affection?"

Nancy blew her nose. "Yes," she said, "they do."

"They?"

The tears welled again. "Melvyn and Chuck," she told him. "Both of them have proposed. I'm pretty sure I'm in love with one of them; I wouldn't feel this way if I weren't, would I? The trouble is, I can't tell which one!"

Ashley regarded her solemnly. "Let us assume," he said, "that eventually you will be able to make a decision. Do either of the young men object to your working for me?"

Nancy sniffed and blinked at him. "I don't think so. We haven't discussed it, but I like it here and both of them say they'd do anything to make me h-h-happy."

The doctor gave a relieved sigh. "Good. I'm afraid I could not have trusted my subconscious to remain objective and unbiased if your choice involved my finding another office nurse. But inasmuch as this is not a factor, I shall be glad—with your permission—to help you make your decision."

"Gee," Nancy said, beaming damply at him, "that would be swell. How do we begin?"

Ashley glanced at his watch. He had planned, barring an emergency call, to dine on a sandwich in his room at the Bachelor Club while he worked on his treatise, "Fertility Factors in the Nutrition of Hamsters." It would, he thought with a twinge of regret, have been a pleasant and productive way to spend the ensuing two hours. On the other hand, the prospect of many more days such as this one was untenable.

"If you'd care to have dinner with me," he suggested, "we could utilize the time in analyzing your problem."

"All right," Nancy agreed brightly. "My date with Melvyn isn't until eight-thirty."

She ducked into the dressing room. In an incredibly brief time she emerged wearing a navy blue suit and a perky red hat. She was, Ashley decided, an uncommonly attractive young lady. He also made note of the fact that, unlike white flat-heeled nurses' oxfords, high-heeled pumps such as the ones she was wearing gave an illusion of fragility to a young woman's feet and ankles.

Nancy giggled. "Why, Dr. Holbrook," she said, "if I didn't know better, I'd swear you were staring!"

"Nonsense!" Ashley retorted brusquely. "I was merely thinking of the pelvic and abdominal displacement engendered by those idiotic heels."

"Is that so?" Nancy murmured. "Fancy that!"

The waiter placed their soup on the table and withdrew a discreet distance. Dr. Holbrook tasted his and nodded. "Good," he commented. "Now then. Let's get on with your problem, shall we?"

Nancy sighed. "Yes, I suppose we'd better."

"It seems to me that a description of each of them would be an excellent place to begin."

"All right," Nancy said. "I'll start with Melvyn. He's the artistic one. He has long thin hands and a high forehead. He quotes things from Swinburne and he has the complete recorded works of Cesar Franck. His father owns a big dog-food company and Melvyn works for him. He's going to quit, though, as soon as he sells his novel."

"Melvyn is a writer?"

"He will be," Nancy said, "as soon as he gets around to it."

"I see. And the other one? Chuck?"

"Oh, Chuck's the athletic one. All shoulders and muscles and lung expansion. His mother uses up a whole jar of silver polish every six weeks, just keeping his trophies shining."

"Very well. Now let's try an experiment in free association. I want you to close your eyes. Pretend your mind is a blackboard. Erase every thought from it until it is perfectly blank."

Nancy put down her spoon and closed her eyes obediently. Her eyelashes, Ashley noticed irrelevantly, were extremely long and thick. And her cheeks were delicately . . .

"I'm blank," Nancy reminded him.

"Oh!" For an instant Ashley had difficulty remembering the next step in the experiment. "Very well. Now. Listen carefully. I shall say a word. When I do, a mental picture of one of the young men should appear. Ready?"

"Ready."

"*Love!*"

Nancy stiffened and sat rigid. After a moment she leaned back and opened her eyes. She shook her head mournfully.

"Nothing happened?" Ashley asked. "You didn't get any kind of picture?"

"Oh, I got one, all right," she assured him. "I got *two*. It was like one of those split-screen shots you see on television. On one side Melvyn was reading poetry; on the other side Chuck was diving into a pool from the top springboard."

The doctor digested this information while the waiter removed their soup plates and brought them their steaks.

"Your difficulty," Ashley said, "is that you apparently have equal admiration for both types of men. Would you care for steak sauce?"

"No, thanks. Yes, you're probably right."

"Now, if there were only some way to place the two of them in juxtaposition so that there could be a simultaneous evaluation . . ."

Nancy blinked. "You mean I should date both of them at once?"

"You don't think they would agree to it?"

She looked thoughtful. "Maybe they would, at that. Both of them are getting tired of waiting for me to make up my mind."

"Excellent. Tell them precisely what you mean to do. Do you know what is meant by the phrase 'natural habitat'?"

"You mean like at the zoo, where they paint the cages to look like trees and caves and things?"

"Uh—well, yes, in a way. Melvyn's natural habitat is the symphony hall, the library, the art gallery. Chuck's is the gymnasium, the pool, the stadium. Now if you could study them together, against the background of both habitats, you would be certain to discover which of them can offer you the most complete and well-rounded life."

"Like watching the porcupine and the chimpanzee visiting each other's cages?" Nancy's eyes sparkled. "Boy, this ought to be fun. Maybe one of them will punch the other in the nose."

"This is not," Ashley reminded her severely, "a parlor game. This is a scientific experiment. Your future happiness is at stake."

"All right," Nancy said, "but there's no law that says I can't enjoy watching what happens, is there? I'll tell the boys to get their habitats waxed and polished and then let each of them plan an evening. Now let's talk about something else."

"What topic would you suggest?"

"You, for instance," Nancy told him. "How'd you happen to choose obstetrics?"

The doctor looked self-conscious. "I don't know, really. Perhaps because it's the happiest branch of medicine."

"It *is?* Getting calls all hours of the day and night? Having all your patients imagining they're in love with you?"

"Not all of them," he pointed out. "One authority has estimated that only about seventy per cent of them develop a temporary fixation involving their obstetrician. It's one of the psychic phenomena of pregnancy. But it's only a temporary condition; it soon passes and it doesn't mean a thing."

"I should think you'd get tired of all the bawling and sniffling that goes on in the office."

"Surface emotional disturbance characteristic of the gestation period," the doctor assured her. "Another passing phase. As soon as the baby arrives the mother is all smiles, the father claps you on the back and gives you the first cigar. Everybody's happy and you have a satisfying sensation of having been part of an important and extremely worthwhile project."

Nancy eyed him warmly. "You know," she said, "you aren't nearly as detached and scientific as you pretend to be. You're a softy underneath. A real sweet guy."

"I'm no such thing," Ashley retorted stiffly. "Naturally, I'm interested in my patients' welfare, but I pride myself on maintaining a certain clinical detachment at all times." He glanced at his watch. "It's time for me to make my hospital rounds, and you mustn't be late for your date. Shall we go?"

"I guess so," Nancy said. She sighed and glanced wistfully at the small dance combo that was just now beginning to tune up. "I guess we might as well."

When Ashley arrived at the office the following morning Nancy greeted him with the news that Melvyn and Chuck had agreed enthusiastically to the experiment.

"Chuck's getting tickets to the wrestling matches tonight, and afterward he wants us to go bowling," she said. "And Friday night Melvyn is taking us to an art show and then to the concert at Symphony Hall."

The doctor nodded. "Good. That should do it. Both of them are aware, I presume, that one of them is going to be the loser? There will be no hard feelings?"

Nancy grinned. "I don't know whether there will be or not. At this point each of them is feeling sorry for the other. Such conceit!"

"Did you—ah—tell them you had discussed your problem with me?"

"Naturally. You didn't think I was going to take all the credit for the idea my-

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self, did you? Both of them are so grateful to you that each one is planning to ask you to be best man at the wedding. Are you ready to start seeing patients now? The reception room is practically bulging."

"By all means," Ashley told her. Unaccountably, he felt harassed and trapped and then resentful as the day wore on.

Unfortunately, one of the first patients was Sarah-Mae Harper, who had been a high-school classmate of Nancy's. She had come in for her postnatal checkup and had brought her baby with her, a gurgling pink-and-white scrap of humanity swathed in layers of frothy blankets and shawls. Nancy held the baby while the doctor was seeing Sarah-Mae. By the time she left, Nancy was again in a dreamy trance.

"Just think," she murmured as she handed Dr. Holbrook the wrong chart, "if this experiment works, maybe by this time next year I'll have a baby of my own."

Ashley blinked, trying to blot out the unpleasant mental picture her words had evoked. Like Nancy's, his was a split-screen visualization. On one side lay an abhorrently puny infant, soulfully chewing on a volume of poetry; the other half of his mind was occupied by an equally loathsome image of a sturdy, pink-cheeked child attired in diapers and boxing gloves.

"Next patient!" Dr. Holbrook snapped. Nancy gave him a beatific smile and wandered toward the reception room.

The day proved to be the most difficult one so far, and Ashley was relieved when office hours were over and he could escape to the refuge of the Bachelor Club.

He ordered a sandwich brought to his room and he tried to apply himself to his paper. But he discovered, for some odd reason, that he could summon no enthusiasm for the erstwhile absorbing study of the fertility factors of hamsters. What, he asked himself, did he care about hamsters and their ability to procreate? There were too many of the ugly little beasts already, without his trying to figure out a way to help them produce more.

Moodily, he wandered down to the bar and asked the bartender if the wrestling matches were being televised. He hunched miserably on a bar stool and watched two beefy gentlemen pummel and gouge each other. Occasionally there was a shot of the crowd, but he could not locate Nancy and her escorts.

Friday evening was equally dull. He went down to the smoking room and listened to the symphony concert on the radio. During the intermission a roving reporter interviewed people milling around in the lobby. Ashley leaned forward and listened attentively but Nancy and the two young men were not among those who were questioned.

On Saturday morning he made his hospital rounds and then started to drive toward the country club for his customary game of golf. His usual lift of anticipation was missing this morning, however. He drove around aimlessly for a while. When he found a likely-looking parking spot he was astonished to see that he was within a block of the apartment house where Nancy lived. As long as he was here, he decided, he might as well find out which of the young men would be calling upon him to serve as best man.

Nancy was wearing blue denim pedal pushers and a blue blouse. She also wore matching shadows under her eyes, he noticed, although she managed to smile brightly at him. "Why Dr. Holbrook!" she exclaimed. "What a nice surprise!"

"I had a call in the neighborhood," he lied. "I thought I'd just stop by and see what happened."

Nancy shook her head. "It didn't go very well," she told him. "It's probably all my fault; I must have bungled it somehow. I was just going to have a cup of coffee. Want some?"

Ashley nodded. For a man whose theory had failed to work he felt surprisingly undeflated. "Coffee sounds fine," he told her. "I'll call the exchange and let them know where I am."

While he dialed, he glanced around the small apartment. It was not much larger than his room at the Bachelor Club, but it had a pleasantly inviting look that was lacking in his own quarters. And the sound of cups clinking in the tiny kitchenette made a most agreeable sound.

"Now, then," he said as he sat down at the table opposite Nancy. "Tell me about it."

She shook her head mournfully. "I'm right back where I started," she told him. "I still don't know which one."

"You went to the wrestling matches as scheduled?"

Nancy nodded. "We did. But before we went, Chuck made a big speech to Melvyn about fair play and no-hard-feelings. And then I guess in order to prove that he could practice what he preached he nearly knocked himself out proving to Melvyn what a good sport he could be, himself. He spent all his time at the matches explaining to Melvyn the difference between a toe hold and an ankle lock."

"And then?" Ashley prodded.

"I guess Melvyn figured that if Chuck could be such a good sport, *he* could be one too. For all the attention either of them paid to me I might as well have stayed home. You should have heard Melvyn at the concert, giving Chuck a lesson on the contrapuntal themes in Bach fugues."

"I see." The doctor looked thoughtful. "So they both appeared equally adequate against each other's background! This is an unfortunate impasse, but at least one must give them credit for being good sports."

"Excuse me," Nancy said bitterly, "but if I hear any more talk about good sports I'm going to throw up. Here I thought I'd be planning my honeymoon this morning. Instead, they leave me here alone while they go off to give each other lessons in bowling and surrealism. Would you care for more coffee?"

Ashley held out his cup. "Please."

"And so," Nancy concluded sourly, "the chimpanzee is out shooting quills and the porcupine is learning to swing by his tail. Everybody's having fun but me."

The doctor meditated while he stirred his coffee. "I still think," he said, "that the basic premise was correct. Surely there must be some way to break the deadlock. . . . Ah, I have it! You'll be sharing a home with one of them, will you not?"

"Well, I hope so," Nancy said. "That's the general idea in a matrimonial setup."

"Very well. Then the thing to do is

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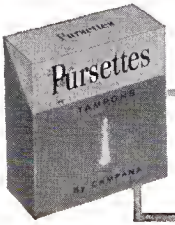

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to bring both of them into your apartment at the same time. See which one appeals to you against a domestic background—your own habitat. I suggest you prepare a meal for them. It's practically certain that one or the other will begin to seem like an intruder."

"Maybe so," Nancy said dubiously. "I hate to get my hopes up again but I guess it's worth a try. I don't like to rush you," she said politely, "but if I'm going to fix a company dinner I've got to go shop for groceries."

"Just let me check with the exchange," Ashley said, "and I'll drive you to the market. It's the least I can do."

The supermarket was bright and airy and not too crowded at this hour. Nancy and Ashley strolled up and down the aisles, enjoying the soft piped-in music. Nancy watched admiringly as the doctor expertly tested avocados for ripeness, gently laid perfect tomatoes in the bottom of the shopping cart, pressed the joints of plump broilers with judicious fingers.

"My!" she told him. "You're pretty good at marketing."

"I'm a good cook, too," he said with becoming modesty. "I'll help you get the meal under way, if you like."

"That would be nice," Nancy said.

They spent so much time in the market that they were late getting back to the apartment. They heard the telephone ringing as they walked down the hall, their arms laden with groceries.

It was the exchange. Dr. Holbrook was wanted at the Maternity Hospital. Mrs. Jenkins had just been admitted with three-minute pains.

"It may not be long," Ashley told Nancy. "Last time she was in I barely managed to get scrubbed. You get things started and I'll be back as soon as I can." He hurried down the hall, pausing only once to call back instructions for rubbing the broilers with garlic and lemon sauce.

The arrival of the newest Jenkins was uneventful. Even so, it was nearly three hours before Ashley was back at the apartment. As he strode down the hall he sniffed the air appraisingly. There was no aroma of garlic and lemon, no subtle perfume of herbs blended with wine. Nancy opened the door and surveyed him listlessly. Her eyes were swollen and red. He glanced past her and noticed that the bags of groceries were still on the table.

"What," he asked severely, "has been going on here?"

"Nothing," Nancy told him. She stood in the doorway and did not invite him in. "Thanks for all your trouble. I know you meant well. I'll see you Monday."

"Now, hey!" he said, wedging his foot in the door. "What went wrong? Didn't they want to come?"

"I don't know," Nancy said, shrugging. "I didn't bother to ask them. For all I know they're still out with a book of verses underneath a bough, a jug of wine, and two pairs of water skis. I just left messages for them not to come around any more."

"*Both* of them?"

"Both of them," Nancy repeated. "I changed my mind about being in love and wanting to get married, that's all. Now please take your foot out of my door."

"I will do no such a thing. I intend to get to the bottom of this. You're not the flighty, indecisive type. Something must have happened. I insist that you tell me."

"It's none of your business."

"It is so. Tell me!"

Nancy glared at him and took a deep breath. "All right," she said. "Come on in. You asked for it. *You* are what happened."

"Eh?" Ashley gave her a startled look. "How's that?"

"Of your own free will you came in here," Nancy said stonily. "Did I ask you to come? No. But you arrived. You sat across the table from me. You drank coffee I had poured for you. You picked out my groceries and pushed them in my cart. You planned a meal to be cooked on my stove."

Ashley looked stricken. "I guess I butted in, didn't I?"

"You sure did. You butted into my habitat and cluttered it up. You cluttered it up so well I couldn't bear the thought of the Good-Sport Twins sitting here, being chummy all over the place and gobbling up all of your elegant broiled chicken."

"Well, now!" the doctor said. "Well!" He didn't know quite what to say but he felt amazingly buoyant and pleased with life. At the same time the tear streaks on Nancy's face made him feel terrible. He fished his handkerchief out of his pocket. "You've been crying," he said inanely.

"Oh, I always bawl when I get mad," Nancy said. "I got to thinking about those women in the office, the seventy per cent who fall temporarily in love with you. I—"

"But I've already explained about that," Ashley said. He put a comforting arm around her shoulders. It was amazing how well her head nestled into the curve of his clavicle, as if it belonged there. "As I told you, it's a temporary phase; it doesn't mean a thing."

Nancy looked up at him. Quite without premeditation he kissed her. It was pleasant. Disturbingly pleasant.

"It does *too* mean something," Nancy said, taking a deep breath. "I'd like to scratch their eyes out. I'd like to—"

"Oh, shut up, darling," he told her and kissed her again. Dreamily, he envisioned the future. A wife and a house. A wonderful life. Later on, maybe they'd even get a couple of hamsters as pets for the kids. Nice little animals, hamsters. But first, he decided reluctantly, maybe he'd better stop kissing Nancy long enough to make certain that her falling in love with *him* was permanent.

"Nancy," he said severely, "this *is* for keeps, I trust."

"Yep," she told him, crossing her fingers behind his back. "Forever and ever."

Nancy was peering happily into the rose-colored future, too. But at this point she had no way of foreseeing whether or not she would be one of the seventy per cent. If so, there might possibly be a few months now and then when she'd be sort of in love with Ashley's colleague, Dr. Kirkland. But it would be only a temporary emotional disturbance, she reminded herself as she snuggled against Ashley's shoulder. A passing phase. It wouldn't mean a thing. . . . THE END

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Are Daughters-In-Law Fair?

(Continued from Page 33)

our lives. Will we be able to stand by silently while their parents do things we absolutely know to be harmful?

In other words, we're going to be grandmothers ourselves, and today we are conditioning our children's attitude toward us by our attitude toward their grandmothers. If left to themselves, youngsters are usually tolerant and affectionate. But we are so careless with our carping and complaining—and they adopt ideas so readily.

I dropped in to see a friend recently and found her and her two sons slumped around the kitchen table in utter dejection. "Tom's mother is coming to live with us," she explained. "I don't know how we're going to stand it." The boys groaned.

At Christmastime my son's best friend asked, only half as a joke, if he could come to live with us. "Why, certainly," I said. "What's the matter, did you have a fight with your brother?"

"No, Grandma and Grandpa are coming for Christmas. I want to get out of the house, that's all."

And my own daughter, in a burst of gratitude for some minor favor, said, "Mom, you're a doll. I'll even let you visit me when I'm married."

"Visit you?" I retorted. "Why, I intended to live with you."

She was genuinely shocked. "Oh, no! Not that! Never!"

I laughed, but I wasn't amused.

When I was a child I enjoyed my grandparents, and I think most of my friends enjoyed theirs. Occasionally we recount fond anecdotes about them. I am ashamed to think that our children will not have the same happy memories. I can only conclude that our parents did a better job than we are doing in this respect. They accepted an older generation as a natural part of life. Certainly they were not afraid of it. Is it because we are so unsure of ourselves that we attribute to our mothers-in-law power they do not possess? Or are we simply spoiled?

We have our husbands and our children, our neat ranch houses and station wagons. We have a pleasant pattern of life, and we want our days to hum along without hindrance of any kind. Momentarily, at least, we are on the top of the world, economically, physically and mentally.

I know one woman, a wonderful wife and mother and friend, whose mother-in-law came to live with her. After three weeks she announced to her husband that she was through. He had to find another home for his mother and he now supports her, at considerable financial strain, at a safe distance. I know another woman whose parents-in-law visit for a week once each year. She has served notice on her husband that if they ever come to stay, she will walk out.

I used to think that these women deserved cheers for being independent enough to claim their rights, to consider themselves and their children before anyone else. Now I wonder. Is this triumph, or failure? The one girl I know who never complains about the aged and crotchety mother-in-law who lives with her is looked upon by the rest of us as being a little peculiar. "Oh, well, *she's* a saint," we shrug. We are so confident now that our faults will never betray us into being like our mothers-in-law that we feel we can afford to be intolerant of theirs. But faults, like noses, are apt to grow sharper and more prominent with the years.

I have one friend whose life is an endless series of minor tragedies. Everything goes wrong for her and she reports the crises hilariously. But in twenty years things may still be going wrong, only the hilarity will be missing. I think of another, an unusually devoted, self-sacrificing mother. She has been warned, as we all have, of the dangers of overabsorption in her children, and she believes, as we all do, that she will automatically let go when her children are grown. But I'm afraid it will be hard, if not impossible, for her to break the habit of twenty-odd years and stop giving completely of herself. Then there is another whose cleverness and barbed wit are constantly amusing, but wit, sharpened by time, is a dangerous weapon around a daughter-in-law.

Yes, we will be there ourselves. And our own problems as mothers-in-law begin right now. To the extent that we see our own mothers-in-law as human beings, with individual needs, we will be paving the way for ourselves to be seen in that light. And then we may hope to carry over into the last phase of our lives the dignity, respect and values that have lent meaning to our younger days. . . . THE END

"I Wouldn't Let My Son Die"

(Continued from Page 39)

a while we realized this was going to be one of those long-coma cases. You know, where a patient is unconscious for weeks or months until the body finally gives up. We sent him to the fourth floor—Room 408. It was a semiprivate room, but we didn't put anyone else in with him."

The mother and father began a vigil in their son's room. They sat all day and most of the night on stiff, wooden chairs, snatching a sandwich or a cup of coffee at the hospital lunchroom. Late at night, when they could sit up no longer, they would take turns sleeping in the reception lounge or in the front seat of the car that John Spierer's company allowed him to use.

Under the strain, Josephine began visibly to break down. Doctors at the hospital kept a close, worried check on her, fed her quantities of aspirin, sedatives and tranquilizers. Nothing seemed to dull her anguish. At length, for her own good, they told her that she should no longer come to the hospital. The father took up his watch alone.

"In all those weeks, I didn't go to work," he told us. "But bills were piling up. I had to get back on the job. This was my routine: I got up at five A.M., drove to the hospital, took the elevator to Bobbie's room, stayed with him a few hours, got to my job at ten in the morning, worked until six, then back to the hospital where I stayed until about midnight."

His only companion was one very close friend. "I don't know how I'd have made it without him," Spierer told us feelingly. "He sat with me night after night. We had spent a lot of time together in the past few years bowling and shooting the breeze. But it isn't until trouble hits that you learn the real meaning of friendship.

"As the days went on, I began to realize that Bobbie was slowly slipping away, just as the doctors had said he would. His breathing was getting less and less. There was a shallowness to it. His face was shrinking down in his cheekbones.

"I prayed. I knew I should ask God to help me be resigned, but I couldn't even think about that. I kept remembering how I'd had that strange feeling Bobbie needed me—how I'd gotten out there just before he had the hemorrhage. He asked me to help him, begged me not to leave him. How could I, now, even in my mind?

"Through the night hours I talked to him. I knew he couldn't hear me, but I sang to him. Old songs like, 'Take Me Out to the Ball Game' and 'Pennies From Heaven.' I told him stories about my boyhood and what kind of a baby he'd been. I would look at him and remember that when he was a baby and he'd cry I'd often get impatient with him. I thought about the times I'd get sore if he played the TV too loud or roughhoused with his brother. I promised him we would all go camping when he got well. All the time his eyes were closed. His face was still. His breathing was a high-pitched moan."

On September 1st, Bobbie suffered a convulsion. He was placed in an oxygen tent, and his father was asked to leave the room. He heard a doctor say, "This is probably it." Another physician put an arm around John Spierer as he went down the hall, and told him that it was best to prepare ahead of time for a shock like death. He promised to call him in time for him to have a last moment with his son.

"I went outside," John remembers. "It was a lovely, mild, sunny day. The grass on the hospital lawn was soft and green. Suddenly I threw myself down on it and cried like a baby. I didn't care who saw me.

"Then I felt strange. Lifting my head, I seemed to see two enormous eyes looking down at me with an expression of joy and hope and infinite tenderness. Then, like a hidden voice inside myself, I heard a message. It said, 'Your son will live.' I felt I was looking straight into the eyes of the Lord!

"I was terribly startled. I raced back

inside the hospital and looked at Bobbie. I couldn't see any change. They had just finished telling me he was dying. Yet I was certain now that he would live!"

A physician recalled, "Spierer looked at us with the most confident expression and said, 'He'll pull through! He's going to be all right!' We see a lot of desperately hopeful parents. I felt horribly sorry for him. We do make mistakes, but on things like this we are pretty accurate."

John Spierer told us: "Bobbie seemed just as bad as ever—or worse! His face was even more shrunken. I couldn't hear him breathe. I was confused."

Spierer went back out on the hospital lawn to pray for reassurance.

He says that there on the grounds of Long Island Jewish Hospital, he saw a crucifix—a tall cross, seven or eight feet high. Again he felt he heard a voice saying, "Only have faith, and Robert will live!"

Josephine Spierer was at the hospital that day. Her husband rushed to her and told her of the miraculous thing that he believed had happened to him. He dragged her outside and asked urgently, "Don't you see it?"

She looked at him. She wanted to believe. But she saw nothing. Her husband later said, "I could tell by the expression on her face that she was thinking, He's so overwrought!"

John Spierer looked about him. The sun was shining. The day was mild and clear. He looked up to the sky and said aloud, "If Bobbie is going to pull through I must have a sign! Give me a sign. Let the wind blow!"

Josephine Spierer looked at her husband in alarm. But suddenly the winds blew, and a burst of rain whirled landward from the temperamental waters of Long Island Sound. Josephine broke into tears. She was frightened. But the two parents stood together in the brief storm, prayed for their son, and thanked God for what they felt was His demonstration.

Bobbie did not die. He began to show signs of coming out of the coma. He was clearly paralyzed all along his left side, but his right side flickered back into action. He could not speak, but he could hear. His father asked him questions.

"How much is two and two?"

"How many fingers do you have?"

Bobbie blinked his right eye to answer. His father sat tirelessly beside him, massaging his hand, massaging his neck. The hospital staff was amazed.

Inevitably, word of the unusual case went out to the newspapers. Seven hundred letters poured in to the hospital. Medals, religious poems, sacred relics were soon tacked up all around Room 408. Small sums of money, totaling about $250, arrived in the mail.

"I didn't even let myself think about expenses," John Spierer told us. "We borrowed money from friends, and a bank gave us a loan. Still we were in debt. We went on ordering what was best for Bobbie."

On Monday, October 21st, more than eleven weeks after Bobbie had lapsed into a coma, Spierer arrived at the hospital early.

"I walked into the room," he recalls, "and Bobbie was smiling as if he had a surprise—you know, like a kid who has

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something for you behind his back. I said, 'Are you all right?' I watched for the flicker of the right eye that meant 'yes.'

"Instead, very slowly, he said, 'I love you, Daddy!'

"He was able to speak! I almost fell to the floor. I rushed down the hall and grabbed the head nurse. I must have looked wild. She told me later she thought Bobbie had died. She popped a sedative pill into my mouth and handed me a glass of water. I had to swallow it before I could tell her what had happened.

"I called my wife and mother-in-law. All they could say was, 'Thank God!' over and over."

A friend drove Mrs. Spierer and her mother and Christopher to the hospital. When he saw his brother, Bobbie said. "Hello, Chris!" The older boy, who had not seen his brother for nearly three months, threw his arms around him.

Now Bobbie made rapid progress. He was taken off a liquid diet and put on light baby food. He could chew and swallow. One morning he demanded eggs for breakfast.

Said his father, "It was just eggs. It doesn't sound like much. But physically, it was a big turning point. He was back on solid food. The whole hospital celebrated."

The part that his father played in Robert Spierer's recovery can never be accurately assessed. No ethical physician ever "gives up" a patient, even though his professional experience may warn him that the effort is hopeless. Throughout his stay in the hospital Bobbie benefited from the best that modern science and conscientious care can offer.

Yet a nurse said frankly, "We didn't really ever think the boy could survive. We often talked about whether we ought to discourage the father. He clung to that child with a kind of tenacity that showed he just wouldn't let him go. It was almost as if he gave him a transfusion of life itself!"

Did the boy know that his father spent more than a thousand hours at his bedside? Bobbie says he doesn't remember. Yet today he sings a whole group of songs he never heard before—the same outdated tunes his father sang night after night to his son while together they fought the battle for life.

What about the vision John Spierer says he saw on the hospital grounds? Was it a spiritual experience—or merely the product of an anguished mind under unbearable strain? Was the storm Spierer begged for, an accident? Or did a miracle take place in Room 408?

In the Roman Catholic faith, miracles are hard to validate. The Spierers have not tried. It is a fact that on Long Island, a 120-mile stretch of land that runs unsheltered straight out to sea, treacherous wind and rain squalls occur frequently and unexpectedly.

Bobbie Spierer is about to go to a convalescent home. He is slowly learning to re-use the muscles of his body. He is still a partial invalid in speech, thought and action, but his physicians now believe that, with continued therapy, he will make it all the way back. His family, deeply in debt, exhausted and now beginning to suffer from long-postponed nervous shock, are sure that one day they will all be whole again. Only recently Bobbie was fitted for a set of leg braces.

He said, doubtfully, "I'm not sure I'm going to like these."

His father said, "Don't worry son—pretty soon you'll be able to throw them into the garbage can." . . . THE END

What Husbands Must Understand

(Continued from Page 41)

relieved by consulting a reputable doctor on a safe means of contraception. Fears related to lack of privacy in some homes disappear when husband and wife find some way of being alone together. The ordinary feelings of shame, shyness and false modesty carried over from girlhood usually yield to experience or to information acquired talking with a doctor or a marriage counselor.

Some of the fears result from misinformation. Some women, for instance, have been warned that sex is a kind of addiction, like smoking or drinking. "Suppose I get the craving for it?" they ask. "What would I do when my husband was away or didn't feel like it?" Actually, satisfaction in marriage is a safeguard against futile experiments outside of marriage. Those wives who find completion with their husbands feel little compulsion to have relations with other men.

When conscious fears or misinformation are at the root of a woman's difficulty, it is usually only a matter of time before she and her husband are able to work out a mutually satisfying relationship. One of the most important things they learn is that relatively few women achieve climax in the early months of marriage and that at no time is failure a dire emergency. It reflects a way of life and a set of attitudes which have to be modified gradually.

They learn, too, that for a woman climax is a very individual matter and that no woman experiences it with the same frequency or intensity as any other woman. Even in the same women, sexual desire and the beauty and significance of its fulfillment varies throughout marriage.

Like men, women vary widely in the strength of their sex drives. This isn't just a matter of upbringing and acquired inhibitions. Some are constitutionally more emotional or sensual than others, and are deeply stirred not only by sex but by everything that matters to them. Naturally such women react more passionately than others do. Every woman's needs are different. The wife whose climax evokes no more than a contented sigh may be just as fulfilled and therefore just as sexually "adequate" as the wife for whom it is the earth-shaking experience of romantic fiction.

Underlying all these individual variations is the fact that virtually all women

have the potential for sexual arousal and satisfaction. A noted Chicago gynecologist told me how he gets this point of view across to his patients. In a leisurely pre-examination chat he draws on his best anecdotes in an effort to make his patient laugh. When he succeeds he tells her: "If you can find release in laughter, you can find another kind of release in marital relations."

As this doctor points out to the troubled couples who visit him, a woman's ability to achieve sexual fulfillment has much in common with her sense of humor. Both must be shared to be enjoyed. Neither can be brought about by force, technique or sheer determination. A certain blend of spontaneity and thoughtfulness is essential. Neither is located in any particular part of the body. Both involve a woman's total personality.

Only a few years ago women hesitated to bring up the subject of frigidity with their doctors, but today a wife's inability to achieve satisfaction is recognized as a perfectly legitimate complaint—and doctors are well able to help their patients.

In most cases, one of the first things young couples learn when they consult a doctor is that the wife is not suffering from any specific defect or deficiency, like diabetes or an allergy or a low I.Q. Nor is what ails her a disease or even a specifically sexual difficulty. The most thorough physical examination seldom reveals any malformation, glandular imbalance or other physical symptom.

But questioning by the doctor may reveal that she has troubles in some other areas of her life besides her relations with her husband. A recent study by psychologist Niles Newton, then a research associate at the University of Pennsylvania's School of Medicine, reveals where this difficulty commonly lies. The subjects were several hundred mothers of newborn babies. Careful interviewing revealed that women who dreaded menstruation or pregnancy rarely found satisfaction in marital relations. On the other hand, women who accepted menstruation as a matter of course and those who looked on childbirth as a rewarding experience usually reported a good sex adjustment. In other words, how much satisfaction a woman gets out of marital relations—and how much satisfaction she gives her husband—is closely bound up with her total feminine personality and her feelings about all her reproductive functions.

In a different way, a study by the late Dr. Lewis M. Terman of the University of California at Berkeley underscored this same point. Among almost a thousand married couples he questioned, a third of the wives stated that they rarely or never attained sexual fulfillment. Dr. Terman compared the two groups to see if there were any personality traits which were typical of what he called "inadequates."

"By her own and her husband's admission," said Dr. Terman, "the inadequate is less happy in temperament, less persevering, less self-confident. She suffers more from feelings of inferiority, and her life is less well integrated towards a definite goal. She is more sensitive, more moody, more exclusive in her friendships."

The woman who accepts herself is happier than the self-rejecting woman—not only in marital relations but in every other area of her life.

Dr. Terman learned, too, that a woman's set of values was also closely related to her feelings about herself and to her success in marital relations. An example of this is the way a woman answered the question, "If you had to spend less, what is the last thing you would economize on?" The wife who said "clothes" usually turned out to be frigid. Psychologists have often observed that an obsessive interest in clothes reflects a woman's underlying dissatisfaction with her body. Instead of identifying with it and valuing its feminine functions, she stands apart from it and exploits it for nonsexual ends.

They have observed, too, that for the frigid woman money may become a symbol of the satisfaction she misses in marital relations. No matter how much she has to spend she may complain that her husband fails to support her in the manner to which she feels entitled. When this is the case she makes insatiable demands for money, which she either squanders or hoards.

Personality traits like these are not found in all frigid women and, of course, they do not necessarily indicate frigidity. But there is one difficulty that may be universal among all women with whom failure to achieve satisfaction is a long-continuing problem. They need help in accepting their role as women.

In many cases, the fears which prevent a woman from fully accepting her feminine role linger on indefinitely under the surface of consciousness. A wife may be aware of no inhibitions whatever. She discusses sex freely and participates in it willingly, yet derives no real satisfaction or sense of fulfillment. As a matter of fact, marriage surveys reveal that among frigid wives the sexually demanding are no fewer than those who participate reluctantly. Men who are fearful of the masculine role are also apt to be either excessively passive or overly aggressive. In either case, psychiatrists find an underlying anxiety about their respective sex roles.

When a man rejects the aggressive demands of his masculine role, he is backing out of a test which he finds too burdensome. He envies woman her passivity and dependence. When a woman rejects her femininity it is because she fears being passive and dependent. Instead of looking on marital union as a way of actively *giving* herself to her loved one, she sees it as a challenge to resist the danger of *giving in.*

Frigidity is merely a defense against her own feminine nature. To think of it as "coldness" is highly misleading. As the eminent gynecologist Dr. Robert L. Dickinson once pointed out, it takes just as much passion for a woman to fight against her own deepest impulses as to express them fully. "Frigidity," he said, "is best understood as a positive quality. It cannot be translated as absence of sexual desire. There is no case where desire has not begun. Warmth is felt as resistance rather than as suffusion of joy. Sexual negation proceeds from 'I do not' to 'I cannot' to 'I will not.'"

The woman who thus denies her femininity expresses with her body many of the fears which she cannot admit to consciousness or put into words. Dr. Dickinson compares the resistance of the body to the protest of a singer who declines to join in a duet. "The body has various ways of declining to join in the marriage

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song. It protests it cannot sing; it does not like music; it has had no instruction; its voice has been overstrained; it believes music should be minimized in favor of the useful arts; it enjoys listening; it can sing only a little; it used to sing but will not now; its voice blends better with some other voice; it never sings except to itself; it sings, but not those tunes. Where among these possibilities can a woman be classified as unmusical?"

Usually when a woman fails to respond to her husband, it is not because she is stubborn or because she doesn't love him. Her resistance is not against him but against something in herself.

"The one thing that all emotionally troubled people have in common," says the University of Chicago psychologist, Dr. Carl Rogers, "is a fixed notion of the kind of people they are. They have said to themselves 'I am this kind of person. I must make my experience fit this picture of myself.'"

When a woman is unable to find sexual fufillment, her picture of herself is the key to her problem. She "just can't see herself" accepting the full feminine role in marital relations. Defenses, built up since childhood, have become second nature to her. She has defined herself, not as unwilling but as unable to respond. That is why she fights against surrender to her deepest impulses. Resistance to sex has become a way of being true to herself. She is unable to reach fulfillment for the same reason she would be unable to steal—it isn't "like" her. Her resistance has become so much a part of herself that she can only interpret her husband's attack on it as an attack against herself.

If her self-definition changes, her resistance may be overcome. How can this be done? Psychotherapy has shown that everyone has a strong compulsion to keep his various ideas of self consistent with one another. When one feature of the self-image is seen to be inconsistent with the whole, it is rejected. That's how personality changes. The same wife who will resist any attempt to overcome her sexual unresponsiveness by force will drop it when she sees for herself how inconsistent it is with the positive values in her self-image—traits like tenderness, honesty, courage and common sense. The greatest help her husband can give her is to appreciate the positive values in her self-image—and trust nature to make up for any present shortcomings. Like the eternal female with whom she is often compared, nature has a way of getting around most of the obstacles that are placed in her way.

"There is an urge, found in every organism, to express all its capacities," says Dr. Rogers. "This power may become deeply buried under layer after layer of defenses, and hidden behind elaborate façades. But it exists in everyone and awaits only the proper conditions to be released. These conditions are warm, understanding, unconditional acceptance by another human being."

If anyone can provide these conditions for the full release of a wife's feminine capacities, it is her husband. This may not be easy for him. When his wife fails to respond to him as he had hoped, he is likely to think of it as a challenge to his masculinity. His reaction to the challenge may only make it harder for his wife to respond to him.

There will be times, too, when no matter how hard a husband tries to encourage his wife's fullest appreciation of herself, her problem will be too deeply rooted for the two of them to work it out alone. For them psychotherapy can offer great help.

No doctor or marriage counselor, of course, will be able to make out a prescription and say, "Follow this and everything will be fine." But at the very beginning he can suggest a way of being together which will get the couple off to a good start in working out their own solution. Dr. Rogers describes it this way:

When hidden fears prevent a wife from achieving sexual completion, her husband's problem is to create a "safety zone" in which she feels free to experience feelings which she usually hides behind a mask—in other words to be completely herself. This means that he doesn't judge, criticize, threaten, diagnose or prescribe, or come to her with ready-made notions of the kind of person he expects her to be. Instead he values her as a separate person, permits her complete freedom of thought and feeling, and trusts some deep life-urge in her to overcome all obstacles to the expression of all her capacities—sexuality included.

Does this sound familiar? It's Dr. Rogers' way of summing up what he has found most useful in helping his clients untangle their emotional snarls. Most people would say it was also a good definition of love. ...THE END

Harry Belafonte

(Continued from Page 47)

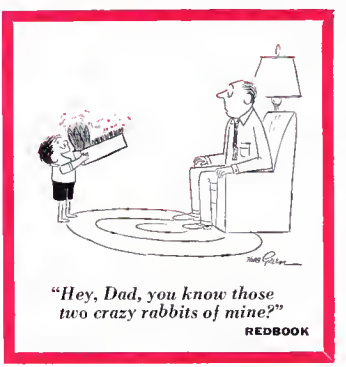
contends. "I vividly remember one teacher's making a Negro girl stand up in front of the whole class to tell why she put oil on her hair. Why, all Negro girls use oil because of dryness; my nine-year-old daughter Adrienne does."

He finally decided he could stand no more. "After one year of high school I thought, Who needs this? There's a war going on. I'll join the service and get out of here."

It took trickery to get into the Navy. As a child Harry had accidentally stabbed his right eye with a pair of scissors and his vision was badly impaired. But he easily fooled the Navy doctors. "When I got to the eye examination place, I simply held a straight pin in the palm of my hand and bored a little hole through the cardboard eye-patch. Then when my bad eye was uncovered, I could still read the chart with my good eye through the hole."

It was 1944 when, now sixteen, he arrived at the Great Lakes training center. Integration was not yet practiced by the Navy, and he was put into a Negro unit. "For the first time I was thrown in with nothing but American Negroes. For the first time I became interested in my own heritage, and proud of it. There were guys who felt passionately that this was a white man's war, that it was unfair for us to be in it. I agree with the group who said that this was better than the Nazis, but guys from the South were bitter because of the lynchings. Most of us felt that after the war there couldn't be anything but full civil rights for us. We thought we'd make a great showing; when we'd come back the land would be ours."

Although he may have formed his first Negro ideals under the auspices of the U.S. Navy, he felt no obligation to obey its regulations. He was repeatedly sentenced to the brig for resisting discipline. He says now, "Even this served a big purpose for me. While spending so much time in the brig I became a reader, for the first time. I read books about Negro life and letters, about famous Negroes like Frederick Douglass, who was probably the greatest American Negro of them all. My longest sentence was for going AWOL to New York City. My second longest was for striking a white officer. That was at Hampton Institute, the Negro college where I was sent after basic training to study storekeeping. Now, when I say he was an officer, I mean he was an ensign suddenly put over our Negro outfit. I hit him because he was a big jerk."



"Hey, Dad, you know those two crazy rabbits of mine?"

REDBOOK

It was at Hampton that he met eighteen-year-old Margurite Byrd. She was working toward college degrees in home economics, nursery-school education and psychology. Her family background was as solid as Harry's was insecure. Her father, a real estate dealer in Washington, D.C., had seen to it that all five of his children received college educations.

Margurite was fascinated by Harry's looks, charm, ability as a talker—and by his wild defiance. "He was exciting, like a juvenile delinquent," she recalls. As for Harry, on their first date he told her, "You'd better be nice to me, because some day I'm going to marry you."

But at the time marriage was out of the question. Kept from overseas duty when a new eye examination revealed his partly blind condition, he rounded out his eighteen-month stint in the Navy at an ammunition depot in New Jersey, mostly in the brig. In 1945 his bad eye earned him a medical discharge, and he went home.

His mother had remarried four years earlier, and by this time he had a half-

brother and a half-sister. He moved in with the family and took on some of his stepfather's chores as maintenance man in their apartment building. While he repaired leaky faucets, he tried to decide whether to study accounting or engineering; with only one year of high school completed, he had a long way to go. He recalls his feelings at the time: "War or no war, the opportunity was just not there for Negroes. Everyone was returning, and the white guys were getting the benefits and the jobs."

He had reached no solution when one day an actress-tenant gave him a ticket to the play in which she was appearing at the American Negro Theater. He had never seen a play before. He was intensely moved, and went backstage afterward to thank the actress. Here he found stagehands dismantling the set. When they asked for his help, he pitched in willingly—an unusual action for the rebellious young man. For the next few months, without salary, Harry spent his evenings working as a member of the technical staff of the theater, studying stagecraft, lighting, and set-designing. Eventually a casting emergency forced him into a role in Sean O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock*, and his flirtation with the theater turned into a love affair.

"As soon as I started to act the part I knew my lifework at last. I wanted to be an actor. I had to be a permanent part of the theater."

He was nineteen years old, and it was 1946; it was five more years before he found his true place in this world. The first problem was to learn how to act. He enrolled in the Drama Workshop of the New School for Social Research, and came into contact with people in art, literature and classical music. For the next three years he lived on the GI Bill and on loans. In 1947, after an argument over his determination to act, he was shut out of his home by his stepfather, and slept on park benches until a comparative stranger named Alan Greene took him into his home. Greene, a singing teacher and composer-arranger, housed Harry for almost a year while he hunted for roles in Broadway plays. But there were very few roles for Negroes.

Meanwhile, since 1946, he had been seeing Margurite Byrd again. She had come to New York to work as a group teacher at a day center for children. They were married on June 18, 1948, and moved into a small Harlem apartment. It was shortly after Margurite found herself pregnant that Harry received his first opportunity to work professionally in the entertainment world. A manager of a Broadway nightclub, the Royal Roost, who recalled hearing him sing at the Drama Workshop, offered him a two-week job singing popular songs.

"At the time, Margurite had gone to Washington to visit her family," says Alan Greene, "so Harry moved in with me again. For a solid week before his opening night I coached him eight hours a day in singing hit songs. But he was never happy singing those songs, even though they represented his first big chance. He'd say, 'I just can't do it, I can't sing a pop tune. It's false, it's a lie.' Opening night we took a taxi together to the Roost. He was very nervous, holding my hand, begging me not to leave him. He even started to cry."

Harry's nervousness was unwarranted. The Royal Roost kept him on for more than twenty weeks, boosting his weekly salary from $70 to $110. For almost a year, billed as the Cinderella Singer, he worked in nightclubs. He sang without animation, and all the time he was at the microphone his customers conversed steadily with each other. "Who could blame them for talking?" he says now. "I didn't like the work; I felt it was trading my principles for money. Finally I decided I could no longer stomach the business."

In 1950 he and two friends decided to pool their small savings and open a restaurant in the Greenwich Village section of New York. To Belafonte the idea seemed highly sensible: "I thought a restaurant would give me independence. I'd have free time in which to seek and find whatever medium would allow me to express myself as an artist—since I was not able to find work as an actor."

The three young men, all without restaurant experience, located a small unused oyster bar, remodeled it into a short-order restaurant with a counter and a few tables, serving hamburgers, eggs and coffee. "It was jammed from the night it opened with actors, writers and musicians, and a mob of people standing around holding cups of coffee," says Millard Thomas, now one of Belafonte's two guitar accompanists. "The only trouble was that the cash register was always stuffed with tabs instead of money. No legitimate cash customer could get any service. The three partners all cooked when they weren't talking or singing; occasionally friends were drafted as waiters or dishwashers when the place was swamped, and some of the customers cooked their own meals and then left. Sometimes the place was locked up for singing rehearsals."

It was in this harum-scarum atmosphere that Belafonte's style of folk singing developed. He had long enjoyed singing Negro spirituals and familiar folk ballads. He had even done some group-singing of this type in recording sessions and on local television. Now, accompanied on the guitar by Thomas, he slowly developed the idea of singing unknown folk songs, and of singing them in a dramatic manner.

One evening a married couple strolled past the restaurant and decided to drop in. Belafonte had met the wife, a singer named Jane Martin, at the Royal Roost. Her husband, thirty-three-year-old Jack Rollins, a play-reader for a Broadway producer, became so enthusiastic upon hearing Harry sing that within weeks he had become the young man's first personal manager. "Harry was my first client, too," adds Rollins.

For several months the two worked almost inseparably in preparation for Harry's debut as a folk singer. (During this period the debt-choked restaurant closed, after less than a year of existence.) They agreed that he should do only folk songs identified with no other singer. To this end, they searched music libraries for obscure folk songs, and Harry wrote "Mark Twain" and "Diamond Joe" to fill out his repertoire. They argued heatedly about everything: how Harry should phrase his

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singing, whether he should perch on a high stool while performing, what clothes he should wear. The open shirt and slacks which were to become a trademark were chosen at this time. Then Rollins persuaded the Village Vanguard, a nightclub, to give Harry a two-week tryout.

He opened at the Village Vanguard in 1951, at the age of twenty-four. Among other songs, he sang "Oh No, John," "Scarlet Ribbons," "John Henry" and "Shenandoah." It was obvious on the first night that a new talent had been found. Instead of the buzz of conversation that had accompanied his pop singing, he was received with rapt attention.

Harry himself was happier that night than he had ever been in his life, and he remained happy throughout the fourteen weeks he stayed at the Village Vanguard. "You see," he explains, "I wasn't interested in masses of people or top billing or millions of dollars. My main need was to perform, and if I got paid for it, fine. When the public came down to hear me, I knew that my success was due only to word of mouth and to my integrity as an artist. That is why now, when things are relatively easy, I can't betray my trust; I must keep finding new material and locating new talent."

He went from Greenwich Village to the upper East Side's swanky Blue Angel at $400 a week; eight months later he was singing at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles. His "Jack Rollins period" lasted about four years. During it he appeared in his first Broadway revue, *Almanac*, and in his first two Hollywood films, *Bright Road* and *Carmen Jones*, and he sang in nightclubs at salaries which rose to $4,000 a week. Throughout this period, Belafonte and Rollins traveled together, went to parties together, discussed everything. Rollins is still bitter over their parting, which came about after the singer went into psychoanalysis.

Why did he undertake analysis? "For a number of reasons," explains Harry. "I'd had total rejection by white people as a child. All my life I'd heard Negroes say, 'You can't trust white people, they'll get you every time.' I was so suspicious that if a drunk yelled an insult while I was singing, I'd immediately assume he was anti-Negro. Yet now, all of a sudden, I was accepted by millions of people who were white. They were giving me warmth, praise, popularity and lots of money. I got into a terrible inner conflict. I knew I had to re-evaluate my life; I had to understand people on a much broader level." He adds, "Besides, don't forget I was not prepared emotionally for this avalanche of popularity and what it meant. All at once I was a spokesman for my race."

It was the physical manifestation of his confusion that finally drove him to an analyst's office. "I suffered almost continual laryngitis, and with each opening night there would be retching—all of it due to emotional turmoil. I felt I didn't deserve this success. At the same time I had a tremendous drive to deliver. This combination would make my throat choke off in a terrifying manner. I was desperate for relief."

In his extremity he remembered that, years earlier, he had met an analyst named Janet Alterman Kennedy, who was married to a writer-producer, Jay Richard Kennedy. Harry had felt them to be the kind of white people he believed in—intelligent and pro-Negro. In 1955 he started treatment under Dr. Kennedy. Soon after, he replaced Jack Rollins with her husband as his personal manager. Thus started what his friends now call "the Kennedy period."

During the eighteen months that he was being analyzed by Mrs. Kennedy, simultaneously being managed by her husband, he grew to depend greatly on the pair. One friend reports: "He acted like somebody spellbound. He couldn't make the smallest decision on his own; he wanted Jay Richard Kennedy to make them all."

Throughout this period, he continued to climb in his career. In 1955 he became the first male Negro ever to entertain at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City. (Dorothy Dandridge had preceded him by two months.) He was further given the unprecedented compliment of a three-year contract by the hotel. He was the first Negro to perform at a number of top hotels throughout the country—and was treated as an honored guest wherever he stayed. He became a full-fledged Broadway star in the show *Three for Tonight*. Early in 1956 he toured in *Sing, Man, Sing;* by June he broke the 39-year attendance record at New York's Lewisohn Stadium with his first one-man concert, and a month later he drew the greatest crowds ever to attend the Greek Theater in Los Angeles.

Finally, he broke with both Kennedys. "I had a terrible father complex about Jay Kennedy, very hard to break," he says. "But I made myself do it when he touched the nerve center—when he began interfering with my art. When he started picking my songs and telling me how to sing them, I reacted and got away."

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He has never since used a personal manager, preferring to make his own business decisions. But he has not abandoned his analysis. "You don't give up having your teeth fixed because the first dentist doesn't suit you," he says.

For a number of years, the Belafonte marriage had existed as a side issue to his career—and to his wife's. In 1950, while he had spent his evenings at the restaurant, she had spent hers doing graduate work in child psychology at New York University. She has since sighed, "I made mistakes. I didn't take time to powder and paint during our marriage. I was too much with the books."

During the day, while a housekeeper cared for the baby, Margurite taught at a private school. It was her salary on which the couple counted for many years. She explains, "Even when he was doing so well with Jack Rollins, he was spending a hundred and five per cent of what he made. A lot went into long-distance telephone calls; when he was traveling, he'd call Adrienne as often as two and three times a day." During the 1952 run of *Almanac* the couple bought a house on Long Island. "Harry designed and made most of our furniture," says Margurite. "By late 1953 he insisted that I have another child and stay home from then on as a housewife and mother."

But shortly after the birth of their second daughter, Shari, in September, 1954, Harry told Margurite that he would like to try living alone for a while. This started the separation which ended in the 1957 divorce. Of the marriage he says, "I married too young, knowing too little. Besides, I had to make the continual choice between having a home or being on the road; my drive kept me on the road."

Meanwhile, on the set of *Carmen Jones* in Hollywood, he had been introduced to an exotically beautiful girl, a year younger than himself, named Julie Robinson. With her olive skin, dark eyes, and the black braids that hung to her waist, she resembled a tribal Indian princess. Actually, she was a New Yorker of Russian descent, and since her mid-teens she had been a dancer with the Katherine Dunham dance group.

In explaining their mutual attraction he says, "I can't lie and say I was struck by her beauty at first sight, although she is an extremely beautiful woman; in Hollywood you meet beautiful women twenty-four hours a day. No, what first fascinated me was her interest in anthropology, in the struggle of the Negro people, in folk dancing and folk culture. Then, too, she had a magnificent background in the theater. I felt like a biologist who has always been interested in a certain rare butterfly, and then suddenly he finds another biologist who is equally interested in the same rare species. Besides that, the loneliness of both of us met and began to express itself."

They were married secretly in Mexico, with her father and mother as witnesses. Because, like Harry, she has been consulting a psychoanalyst for the past two years, some people have concluded that she has been endeavoring to adjust herself to her interracial marriage. "Not at all," she replies in her soft voice. "I had no

anxiety whatsoever about marrying a Negro. After all, I was brought up in an interracial environment. I went to school with both Negro and white children, and when I was ten years old my best friend was a Negro girl. Then I toured for six years with the Dunham group. I have never thought of Negroes as special or different. Of course, as I grew older I became aware of pressures on various groups, plus the fact that I myself am Jewish. I am a great advocate of analysis; I have found it very helpful. But my seeing an analyst had nothing to do with my marriage to Harry."

Despite the necessity for traveling, the Belafontes regard New York as their permanent home. Their enthusiasm for Negro culture is reflected in nearly all the decorations of their comfortable apartment on the city's West Side. Dominating the living room is a gigantic portrait of Harry in profile, singing. The apartment holds three other large paintings of Negroes, one of them of the singer Mahalia Jackson. About the rooms stand a dozen wooden statues of Negroes, carved in Haiti. In the bedroom hangs a drawing by Julie, done while visiting Haiti, showing a Negro baby at its mother's breast. On the wall of bookshelves in the living room are many books on the Negro in America.

Even with a household expanded to include baby David and his nurse, Julie continues to do all the cooking for herself and Harry. Both of them prefer eating at home. Very often they are joined at dinner by his two daughters, Adrienne and Shari. "My relationship with Julie exposed me for the first time to a real stay-at-home policy," says Harry.

Julie adds, "One reason we both love being together is that we have such wonderful times creatively." They listen to music and read aloud to each other. Occasionally they both paint, and sometimes Julie dances for him.

Away from his home, Harry has lost none of his furious drive. During a four-month period in 1957 he was hospitalized twice for operations on the retina of his right eye. Immediately afterward he spent fourteen days acting in scenes for his new movie *End of the World;* sang for one month at the Waldorf-Astoria; recorded a new album of songs; took his first guitar lessons; visited his analyst five days a week; and, with gusto, readjusted his personal life to the new pattern established by the birth of his son. "David," he exclaims, "is the most magnificent, inexplicable, unbelievable, fantastic—infinitely the greatest boy alive!"

There is no doubt who bosses his four newly formed companies: HarBel (movies); Belafonte Presents Inc. (personal appearances in nightclubs and theaters); and the Clara and Shari music publishing corporations (sheet music and records). He explains: "My frustration with red tape forced me into producing my own movies and staging my own shows. This past year my payroll was around $100,000. I have eleven guys on my staff." He rides herd on them all. He is capable of giving harsh tongue-lashings although he states, somewhat pontifically, "Mistakes are tolerated when they are genuine creative mistakes." Says executive producer Phil Stein, "Everything comes back to Harry for the final decision, whether it concerns a big movie contract or the lighting to be used with a song."

A ruthless perfectionist, Harry will often rehearse for six hours after the musicians and choir have gone home. Although his fans seem to want only Calypso from him, his repertoire includes Negro folk songs, ballads and religious songs, along with the West Indian numbers. He sings in nineteen languages, ranging from Hebrew to Indonesian.

On many occasions his need for perfection has cost him money. Eighteen months ago, when he decided to add the twelve-man choir to his show, the decision meant that he would have to pay their salaries out of his own pocket. "Yet nobody asked for this choir—except Harry," Stein points out.

Harry is highly critical of popular music: "The mediocrity of the music world," he contends, "is due to the fact that very few people in it really appreciate and enjoy it. It is full of middle-men, exploiters, hangers-on who get into an area of control and dictating."

Then he adds, "But nobody dictates to me. RCA-Victor makes the recordings that *I* want to make, not what they want me to make. I tell my agents the places where *I* want to be seen—then they arrange it. The reason I sometimes haven't appeared on television for over a year is that I refuse to be on any network unless I'm on the kind of program that will show my work and talents to their best advantage. I haven't forgotten that they all resisted me in the beginning; then, when people began to like me, the big corporations hurried in to take advantage. Now they accept me on my own basis—so I work with them."

In recent years the lives of persons once close to Harry have taken on new patterns. His mother and step-family now live in a California house he gave them; his brother Dennis, after a stint in the Marine Corps, is a student in New York City. Margurite Belafonte, too, has started a fresh career. She is woman's editor of a Harlem newspaper, a commentator on a local New York City radio station, and has been making personal appearances across the nation for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. While she is openly bitter about her divorce, she adds, "But do you know, as a result of it I might enter politics? Once I thought Harry should be a Congressman or Senator. Now it's a standard joke among my friends that I'll be the first Negro woman in Congress."

Harry's own political convictions have led to friendship with such persons as Adlai Stevenson, Eleanor Roosevelt and Walter Reuther. As for his future plans, he says, "I'll be out of nightclub singing by the end of this year, except for Las Vegas. From then on, every year I expect to do one big three-month national tour, one movie and two television shows. I'd like to direct and produce, too. The rest of the time I want to travel with my wife and family. I haven't any noble ambitions. I am at this moment fulfilling my wishes: I'm acting, working, creating. I just want this to continue—the freedom to communicate and relate."

Grinning, he adds, "Oh, yes, and by ten years from now I hope to be out of analysis." . . . THE END

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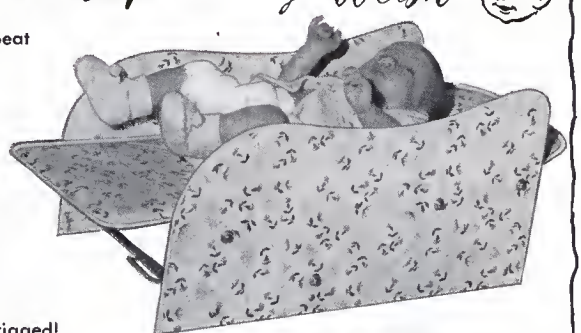

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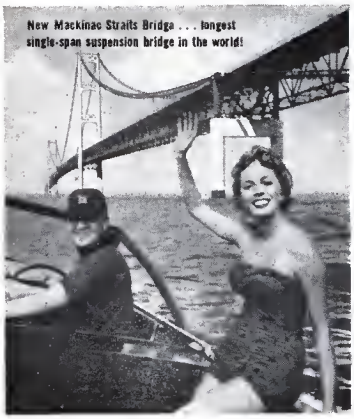

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Plain and Fancy Loafing

(Continued from Page 54)

The Bar BQ really consists of three ranches owned by two couples—Lloyd and Rowena Jones, and Paul and Anne Sievert. Main guest accommodations are on Blue Lake, which fills a valley southeast of the original Bar BQ. The lodge was once the fabulous summer home of a millionaire who had had a canal dredged to the Coeur d'Alene River, which flows into huge Lake Coeur d'Alene. His friends could come in cruisers or seaplanes and land at the float in front of the lodge.

When the car stopped at the lodge and the boys flooded out, that was almost the last we saw of them during our stay. Brett headed for the cool, shallow pool formed at the edge of the lake by log booms. We had to snag him with a line thereafter to get him out of the water even for meals—and at that we needed help from the ranch owner's two daughters, who took turns as lifeguards. Troy shot off to the corral and spent the rest of his time there making like Wyatt Earp. Before we were through, I expected to be able to take lessons from him in rolling a cigarette one-handed. And as for Corey, he was so busy digging in the sand, carrying cats around and looking at other animals that we hardly knew he was around . . . a miracle that hasn't happened since he first learned to talk.

With the most important business disposed of, Laurie and I had time to take stock of this place we'd picked . . . or rather this place that picked us—for the real ranches, where raising cattle or horses are the main business, cater only incidentally to guests, and only by invitation. (Details on how you get invited are at the end of this article.)

The Bar BQ, typical of working guest ranches, covers 25,000 acres of hilly timbered country. It has a lake, pond, streams for fishing, and a swimming and boating dock. It can accommodate about thirty guests, though some places take as few as eight people and others handle up to 125. And the "staff" is mostly family and sometimes neighbors.

In this sort of atmosphere, with everyone passing along serving dishes at a big table, it would be an aloof person indeed who didn't relax before he was through the first meal. On the other hand, familiarity doesn't go too far: it might take ten days to find that the jolly man who looked like a banker is the bishop of a very large Eastern diocese!

Rowena Jones, owner Lloyd's wife, was used to serving big crowds. She was one of seven children on a wheat ranch, five of them boys, and mealtimes usually included a crowd of their friends plus harvest crews. In fact, when she married Lloyd after a couple of years as a nurse, Rowena felt lost, "cooking in dabs."

That's how the Bar BQ turned into a guest ranch six years ago—the way most of them do, the way the first one began more than seventy-five years ago.

Lloyd guided hunting parties each fall. What with hunters coming and going, and new contacts all the time, more and more friends dropped in. You don't easily run from a cattle ranch to a corner supermarket for groceries, so when the friends stayed several days, they wanted to chip in on the expenses.

Lloyd and Rowena did some remodeling, put up an additional cabin and ordered more mattresses and bedding. "But when the first guests were due," Rowena recalls, "the bedding hadn't come and I tore around to other ranches, borrowing supplies. The morning of the big day, I slicked up the house, then sat in an old housecoat, finishing breakfast and wondering what dress to wear. That's when the guest family drove in—four hours early!"

Our first afternoon, Lloyd ran the speedboat for water skiers. Its sharp buzz on the still air brought out all the youthful guests—and one other one. Maybe they thought, "Well, he's a game old duffer," as they retrieved the skis and waited for me to come back up to the surface. I certainly hope so: that's what I thought.

As I sat in the boat with him, Lloyd told me that he'd led a trail ride for the adults that morning and would take the children for a ride before dinner. We suggested he could streamline ranch entertaining by putting water skis on the horses, giving each dude a fishpole in the saddle—and then towing the whole shebang around the lake.

Half the guests, though, were quite able to keep themselves busy . . . sort of. One man sat reading on the float in an easy chair a lot of the time. He'd vary that by fishing for bass from a boat in the lake or for trout in a stream nearby. A research doctor with the shakes from overwork slept or sunned himself between meals while his wife read or went riding. Three schoolteachers spent much of their time just sitting and chatting.

"Whatever you like to do on a vacation," Lloyd had said at lunch, "you can do it more comfortably on a dude ranch."

There was rather little ranch work when we were there. The red cattle were up in the hills, grazing on federal land. But one day they wandered down into the valley—which gave us dudes a real excuse for saddling up and chasing them back.

It was terrific—and I speak as one with a rooted conviction that horse riding is not a sport but transportation. Lloyd's brother Evan and his father Johnny said while we were at it we might as well rope and brand a few calves who'd missed the operation earlier.

So we chased strays from the brush, galloped ahead to head them out of another patch of scrub—and drove them over high ridges, whence the eye swept mountains, meadows, forest and lake.

The cattle thundered in a moving reddish-brown mass down the hillside, with us making like cowboys in the rear. We galloped through early homesteads now abandoned—making a mental note to revisit them, which we never did—startling a deer from an old orchard. We steered the animals—when I say *we* I mostly mean the working hands, but we felt we were being helpful—we steered the animals eventually into a corral.

A line of railbirds had formed along

the top of the corral fence: mostly the women and children who'd driven around the mountain in cars and station wagons.

The branding was exciting. Johnny and some of the other men wrestled each frightened 200-pound calf on to its side—while an anxious Hereford mother tried to muster courage to charge to the rescue. Before she could make up her mind, the iron had been heated, sizzled briefly against tough hide, and the calf trotted away as though nothing had happened.

Note well that roundup, branding, and cattle drives are spring and fall work as a rule; you won't usually see such goings-on in summer at working ranches. The principal summer activity is haying. When we arrived, Lloyd's crew was just through haying and putting up some 25,000 bales. I could only sigh, "Boy, did we time it . . . I mean, what a shame, we're too late!" But some dudes love it. One Oregon ranch still recalls the businessman, threatened with a nervous breakdown, who happily paid to spend three months working in the hayfields!

The rest of our time at the Bar BQ was spent less strenuously than in the corral. We went on scenic rides along the mountainsides and valleys, while one of the women at the house kept an eye on the children. Only an occasional check on whereabouts was necessary, since ranches and farms are naturals for keeping children occupied.

In a spring-fed pond stocked with trout, the children were successful fishermen. They had their turn on horses, too, and there is no wider, more pleased grin than one worn by a boy in his sheriff's outfit, astride a real cowpony.

A late-afternoon picnic at a nearby lake grew up spontaneously and the evening meal moved in baskets to the shore. Some fished and others swam. The cooking fire later turned into a campfire; and, with neighbors who had come along and a boatload that stopped to see who was singing, the crowd swelled to thirty.

Guests can always lend a hand with any ranch chores—or do nothing. They can even ignore the horses, which was Laurie's goal. Ranches include a horse in the rate because most guests expect to ride—and some grimly insist on doing so even if it kills them. Others who don't care to ride when they come finally end up sold.

That, as a matter of fact, was what happened to Laurie. I'd seen her ride back at that first ranch, years ago, and if romance flourished then it was in spite of her horsemanship! Horses seem to know immediately which riders are a soft touch, and they all took advantage of Laurie. We had even traded mounts—but steeds that pranced with anybody else aboard slowed immediately to a sleepy, grazing walk when Laurie was in the saddle. We'd given her a switch—but she'd used it just to brush flies off the horse's ears.

Laurie hadn't ridden since those days, but she got caught up in the spirit of things at the Bar BQ and went on a trail ride one day with us. And, to everyone's surprise, when the rest of us broke into a gallop—so did she.

"How come this change?" I asked, reining alongside.

"Three sons," she said, panting from the gallop. "Years of learning that if you don't stay in charge you've got anarchy."

Later, when we dismounted at a lookout point to sprawl lazily on pine needles while the horses rested, Laurie was the expert. "The best of riding," she told anybody who'd listen, "is the smell of the hayfields, especially after mowing. And the horse's feet splashing through a creek. The horse walks for you and you're free to sit high and enjoy the sun, the changing colors, the song of the birds, the sound of the wind and creaking leather.

"I don't ride for exercise—I ride to get in tune with the world."

Personally, I suspect that I ride just to work up an appetite. Food is, after all, a highlight on most vacations, but specially so on ranches—where hearty fare is a necessary tradition as much for the working hands as for the paying guests, and "farm"-sized portions of home-grown food back up the invitation: "Eat till you bust!" We found that breakfast, for instance, whether eaten in the main lodge or on a chuckwagon cook-out at the end of a morning trail ride—with the lazy birds riding out in the chuckwagon—always includes mountains of savory, steaming flapjacks in addition to all the juice, fruit, cereal, eggs, meat—or fish if someone's been out fishing early—and biscuits you can possibly stuff down.

Some of Laurie's recreation took the unusual turn of helping in the kitchen. The fun, I suppose, was twofold: in not *having* to do it, and in the conversation that went with it. She and Rowena and Anne were all three able to talk at once, and listen simultaneously. This is a talent peculiar to the sex. It's a good comfortable sound, though, when a man hears it while passing a screened kitchen door. It gives promise of a Thanksgiving-type meal coming up.

Evening entertainment at the Bar BQ and elsewhere is always informal—in the nicest way. (If you want elaborate night-club doings, you just pick another type of vacation resort.) And it varies from week to week with the composition of the guests. With all the youth around at "our" ranch, a short evening session of dancing to records was inevitable. And Ringo "Red" Agee, a ranch hand, was a popular partner for high-school girls mooning over him. But in a corner, two men were playing chess, oblivious to the music; and later, when the exhibition of energy was over, two bridge foursomes got down to serious business.

There are usually enough guitar hands around for Western-style music, so that spontaneous singing is frequent at an evening cook-out or simply on the porch. And on a Friday or Saturday there'll often be square dancing. This, incidentally, is strenuous but a lot of fun.

And that doesn't take into account the facilities of the region. The Bar BQ puts on a sort of impromptu rodeo most Sunday afternoons, enlivened by amateur talent. I discovered the hard way that being able to sit a horse doesn't automatically make one a bronc-buster. It was the stupid animal's fault: for some reason, mine kept on going down when I went up, and up when I was coming down. It had absolutely no sense of cooperation.

Town festivals and small Indian powwows with dances and racing and displays of handcrafts are among the frequent possibilities all summer long, not to mention hayrides and overnight camping on trail trips. But withal it's informal stuff.

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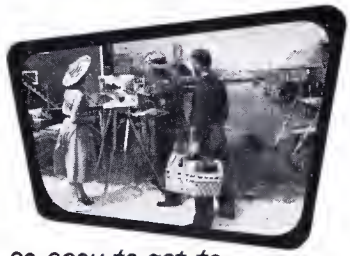

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WANT TO BE A DUDE?

Generally, although not invariably, working guest ranches are located in the Northwest. Southwestern ranches are more often straight resorts with greatest activity in winter.

To have a ranch pick you, send details on what you want, when and where, to the Dude Ranchers' Association, Box 1363, Billings, Mont., or the Colorado Dude and Guest Ranch Association, 2126 Estes St., Denver 15, Colo.

To pick a ranch yourself, write to the following for lists of dude ranches:

West—Union Pacific Railroad, Dept. DD, 1416 Dodge Street, Omaha, Nebr.

Southwest—Missouri Pacific Railroad Co., Dept. DU, 1601 Missouri Pacific Bldg., St. Louis 3, Mo.; Trans World Airlines, Dept. DR, 330 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Northwest—Northern Pacific Railway, G. W. Rodine, 407 Northern Pacific Rwy. Bldg., St. Paul 1, Minn.; Burlington Railroad, Dept. 206, 847 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6, Ill.; Great Northern Railway, 175 East 4th Street, St. Paul, Minn.; The Milwaukee Road, 710 Union Station, Chicago 6, Ill.; Northwest Airlines, Dept. DE, 1885 University Ave., St. Paul 1, Minn.; United Airlines, Dept. DR, 36 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 38, Ill.

Western Canada—Canadian Pacific Railway, Dept. RB, Windsor Station, Montreal 3, P.Q., Canada; Canadian National Railroad, Dept. RB, Sportsman's Service Div., Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

For details on other vacation activities and sights in the area of the ranch you select, get Thomas B. Lesure's "The Best in the West" (Harian Publications, Greenlawn, N.Y., $2.50). And write: Arizona State Highway Dept., Dept. RB, Phoenix; Colorado State Advertising and Publicity Dept., Dept. RB, Capitol Bldg., Denver; Idaho State Board of Publicity, Dept. RB, 443 Yates Bldg., Boise; Montana State Highway Commission, Dept. RB, Helena; Nevada Dept. of Highways, Dept. RB, Carson City; New Mexico State Tourist Bureau, Dept. RB, Santa Fe; Oklahoma Planning and Resources Board, Dept. RB, State Capitol, Oklahoma City; Oregon State Highway Commission, Dept. RB, Salem; Utah Department of Publicity, Dept. RB, 8 West 2nd South St., Salt Lake City; Washington Department of Conservation and Publicity, Dept. RB, Transportation Bldg., Olympia; Wyoming Commerce and Industry Commission, Dept. RB, Capitol Bldg., Cheyenne.

"Hey, let's . . ." from one of the guests is the usual start for some exciting new activity. Things are a little more formal and organized at the Southwestern dude ranches, which specialize in winter vacations and tend more often to be straight resorts and to charge accordingly.

In the Northwest, most of the dude ranches are also working ranches—though many are also open for guests in fall and winter for hunting and even skiing. But it's hard to say where a working ranch ends and a guest ranch begins—except in spirit. There are working dude ranches, particularly in Oregon and Washington, that never did raise cattle. They began as horse outfits, packing for the Forest Service. They operate today for people who want to spend their time in the saddle, riding high mountain country, and for hunters who are packed to a base camp and picked up later with their game.

One ranch that was started for that purpose is the Double-K, at Goose Prairie, Wash. It's unusual in that it is operated by a woman, Kay Kershaw, who grew up on a farm in the country nearby.

Long ago she picked the spot she wanted, and after serving with the Red Cross during World War II, she came home to build the lodge. She takes dudes, including Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, along the Cascade Crest Trail, through the most spectacular mountain scenery in the United States, with Mount Rainier as a backdrop.

There are some 1,200 places in the United States that call themselves dude ranches, of which maybe one in eight is of the type we've been talking about. Less than a hundred belong to the Dude Ranchers' Association of working ranches.

No doubt you can have a good time at the other seven out of eight. However, they're likely to be either resorts or cabin camps with horses available. It's often hard to tell, however, whether a village of cabins is a resort or a ranch. As one rancher observed, "Most Western ranches didn't grow, they just accumulated."

The oldest of them all, into the fourth generation, is Eaton's Ranch at Wolf, Wyoming. It's a little city by now, with accommodations for up to 125 guests. It began in 1879—though it didn't move to Wyoming until the early 1900's—when so many guests went West to see a real cattle ranch and asked to pay their way.

Paying the way at dude ranches costs from $50 a week a person without horse, to $120 a person with everything included. Most ranches fall in an all-inclusive $75 to $90 range. Rates vary at any one ranch, depending on whether you get a modern suite or a bunkhouse with a shared bathroom. Costs for children run ten to twenty percent less. With rare exceptions, the minimum charge is for a week. For long stays, many ranches give a reduction. Spring and fall rates are usually lower.

Of course, you don't simply prowl around mountains, timber and coulees until you find a likely ranch. Technically speaking, you have to be invited. If you don't have a lead through a friend who has been to a ranch, write to a ranch association (see box at left of this article) or to an individual ranch, telling something about yourself and your interests, the preferred area, the dates you have available and the size of your party. References help when possible. The association sends your letter to members—who'll get in touch with you if they have an opening. You may hear from several.

Once you've picked and been picked by a ranch, confirm your reservation at least two months in advance, with a deposit of at least ten percent of your party's first week rate—more if it's a small ranch taking only a couple of families.

If you have any difficulty in signing up for the ranch of your first choice, bear in mind that the confirmed dude usually returns to the same place, and brings his friends.

In fact, while we were prowling through Oregon on this survey, we came upon a rancher who'd been virtually taken over by his dudes. The same ones came back year after year, taking an almost proprietary interest in the ranch. Some played cattleman, poring over statistics. One businessman returned to Los Angeles; but, on consulting his records, he noticed three head of cattle were missing. He flew to the ranch and insisted on riding the range until they were found.

Another guest's hobby was looking for ranches to buy. His host obligingly helped him search, but none quite fitted the specifications. "I was getting annoyed," the rancher said, "but then I realized that dreaming about buying a ranch was his recreation. After that, I charged off our trips to entertainment."

As for clothes, you can leave the Roy Rogers outfits to the kids. Wear cowboy boots if that's part of the fun, but they're hard to fit on a wide-last foot, and they take some time to get used to. Ankle-top shoes or field boots will do. Colorful workshirts are okay. The wide-brimmed hat is for more than local color; most ranchers wear them for work. Don't forget swim suits, and warm clothes for mountain evenings.

Denim riding pants are both inexpensive and authentic, but the Western style—called "Levis," no matter what the actual brand—may puzzle a man getting into them for the first time. The answer is that they were designed by a tailor trying to make two pairs out of enough cloth for one. The legs are made like six-inch draintiles, and the manufacturer knocked off work about four inches before he got to the waist. This is supposed to prevent the pants from creeping up your legs as you ride, or from sawing away at your beltline, which is now around your hips. Furthermore, you can't help but look like an old cowhand because the tight pants pull your legs into a parenthetical bow.

It helps fool the horse, especially if the pants first are faded by several washings and then rubbed in the dust. An additional touch is a big belt buckle that looks as if you've just won a rodeo title.

Not having such a buckle when we went to the Bar BQ, I bent a large tin-can lid over my regular belt. It sparkled in the sun like gold as I walked up to meet my horse, and he couldn't read the word *Tomato* on it.

He looked me over respectfully, thinking, "Here's a veteran rider," and I never had any trouble with him. Or anyway, my sons weren't there when I did fall off, so nobody was disillusioned but the horse. . . . THE END

For more ideas on places to go, see CHECKED FOR TRAVEL on Page 23.

"We Had To Face Ourselves"

(Continued from Page 51)

"I'm Miss Neill." She smiled. "I'm to escort a patient to the Rose House—Mrs. Manning, I believe."

"Yes," I said, with immense relief. "I'm Mr. Manning."

The doctor watched the two women leave, then turned to me. After asking several questions and referring to Dr. House's report, he said: "In technical language, Mr. Manning, your wife is a chronic depressive with complications of schizophrenia. At the core of her illness is a fear of breaking down, as her mother and sister have. The fear is so deep-rooted that she is now completely cut off from her 'well self.'"

He paused for a moment to make certain I understood, then went on. "When Mrs. Manning leaves here, each day that she is happy and feels secure and wanted will strengthen that cure." He nodded at me. "But that will be your job. First, we must do ours."

From the doctor's office, I went to say good-by to Agnes. The house really was rose-colored and pretty, with cream-colored trimmings and green shrubbery around it. The patients were having lunch. Seated in straight-backed chairs along three of the four walls of the big room, they ate from trays on their laps.

Agnes's dark head was bent over.

"Cleaning it all up, hon?" I asked in a too-lively voice.

"No. It's no good. I'm not hungry."

"It looks good."

"It's no good."

"I'll be back with your clothes this evening."

"I don't need any clothes. What I'm wearing is plenty. I won't be here long anyway. They'll send me to a worse place."

"I'll bring some of your clothes over, anyhow. You'll be able to set the style for the rest of the gals."

She was silent.

"I have to run now, sweet. But I'll be seeing you tomorrow for sure." The pretty greenish eyes were expressionless and far away; a cool cheek was offered for my kiss. A nurse unlocked the heavy door. I did not look back, and the lock clicked behind me.

I sat in the rear of the trolley on the return trip to the city, and my mind returned to the days of our courtship three years before. I had known that Agnes's mother had spent the last thirty years of her life in a state mental hospital. Agnes's sister, Margaret, had had two nervous breakdowns. But these facts had seemed not to matter. I loved a girl; I wanted her for my wife. We were both young—in our early thirties—and those were the only facts that registered on me. The day Agnes and I married, I believed, an impenetrable door would slam against the past.

But as Agnes grew increasingly depressed and withdrawn, I learned that the door was far from impenetrable. One June afternoon she had come home from work, sat down in an armchair in the living room with her bag still in her lap, announced that she had received a raise in pay, and then burst into tears. "I should be pleased and happy," she had sobbed, "but I'm not, at all." A few weeks later she'd had to give up her job.

Then came mornings when she begged me not to go to work because she was "afraid to be around the house all day alone." I had to accompany her on her trips to the supermarket because of her fears of becoming confused. Our two-week vacation in Maine that summer served only to prove how sick she was. She had become convinced that she was losing her memory. Each morning, she read three newspapers from cover to cover, and minutes later she would be in tears because she had forgotten what she had just read. We had to go to restaurants during off-hours to avoid crowds. She wept for most of the train ride home. "I'm not a bit better, am I?" she kept asking, and nothing would reassure her.

Watching Agnes day after day, I began to understand what it had meant to grow up knowing that her mother had been judged incapable of taking care of her and had been taken away. Added to it were the monotony and pressure of her job as a proofreader—ferreting out other people's misplaced commas, forgotten capitals and misspellings for eight hours a day, five days a week, for ten years.

Now, after three years, I finally understood that with her past, the hopes Agnes had for our marriage were so great, the dream of what it should be was so delicate that even a little ordinary thoughtlessness on my part had been too much. I had not supplied the security she needed to make up for her fear that she might become like her mother and her sister.

I set out on my first official visit to Hillcrest the next evening. I made a wrong change in the subway and ended up taking a cab. Too many other evenings I had kept Agnes standing on street corners or sitting alone in some cocktail lounge trying to appear unconcerned while I maintained my reputation for always being late. At first she had tried to make a joke of the habit; after awhile there was no humor in it for her.

Agnes showed no emotion when she came into the reception hall where I waited. We sat side by side on a stiff sofa for an uncomfortable minute. Then she blurted out, "Do we have to stay here?"

"I guess we do, hon."

"I've got something very important to tell you, and there isn't much privacy here."

Her face was pale and tense; her eyes swept nervously over the others in the room.

A nurse stopped in front of us. "Are you folks coming over to the recreation hall for the taffy pull and square dance?"

I was about to refuse, when Agnes said quickly, "Where's my coat?"

She was up at once, hurrying across the floor. Still ill at ease about pulling

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taffy and dancing, I said to the nurse, "Perhaps it would be better if my wife and I stayed here. She said she had something important to tell me."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Manning," the nurse answered, "but that would be almost impossible. We always pretend to be offering a choice, but actually we keep the new patients intact as a unit. It's part of the treatment." She smiled. "Incidentally, it's very good for the patients if the visitors join in the activities."

Thirty of us were winding our way through the gardens in a straggling column of two's when suddenly Agnes clutched my arm and pulled me into a small rose arbor. The moon was full on her pale face, and half-whispered words tumbled from her lips.

"Tom, I've got to tell you. I don't love you. I never have loved you. The only reason I married you was so that you could help me after Father died. That makes the whole thing a big joke, and a bigger lie."

"We'll talk about it when you're well again, hon," I mumbled.

Her voice rose. "I wish you wouldn't argue with me continually, Tom. I'm upset enough as it is."

"Mrs. Manning, you're getting way behind the others," the nurse called to us.

My wife turned from me and headed up the path.

In the recreation hall, we sat in the straight-backed chairs against the wall, and I tried to accept everything as commonplace. The taffy was pulled, messily by some, fastidiously by others. Much of it ended up on sleeves and chairs. Musical Chairs was played and the participants stumbled and fell in gay determination. I had little appetite, but I took at least a token of everything offered, including the weirdly pulled taffy. A dozen times I tried to start a conversation with Agnes, but after her outburst in the garden, she was completely negative.

Suddenly, Agnes was on her feet heading for the door. "I've got to get out of here," she exclaimed, "or I'll go crazy!"

A figure in white cut swiftly across the far end of the room. When we got to the door, Mrs. Thurston, the nurse in charge, had her back to it and faced us.

"Where are you going, Mrs. Manning?" she asked with controlled interest.

"My husband's taking me home. He knows I'll go completely crazy if I stay here another night."

Behind her, I shook my head.

The nurse went on calmly, "You don't want to leave here while you feel so sick, Mrs. Manning. Why don't you make fools out of us? Stay around and show us that we can't make you feel better. We'll all be going back to the Rose House soon, so you wait and come with us."

Her desperate train of thought disrupted, Agnes started back to her chair.

"I'll be over in a few minutes and take her back alone, Mr. Manning," the nurse said. "Perhaps she isn't sick enough yet to get much benefit from this." I turned and followed Agnes, remembering that simple, wistful, "My husband's taking me home." The break between us wasn't complete. However slight and tremulous, there remained a bridge. I felt pleased and a little proud. . . .

On Saturday the bridge was gone. It couldn't withstand the terrible loneliness which is an inevitable part of mental illness. Loaded down with candy, cookies and ice cream, I arrived at the hospital five minutes before the afternoon visiting period was to begin. Agnes was sitting in a corner of the big common room. In response to my greeting, I received only a blank look. Her hair was becoming untidy and she wore her heavy plaid coat, although I felt warm in my shirt sleeves. The nurse broke our silence by suggesting that we sit in an unused room where we would be alone.

Settled in the other room, I tried to get the conversation going on a light note. "Why the coat, hon?" I asked. "Are you turning Chinese and trying to keep the heat out?"

"I'm leaving this place as soon as I can break away from you," she said. "I'm being shipped to the state hospital in Westville. I was up before the jury yesterday, and that was their decision. Boy! I told them a few things! They decided I was such a problem and so tough to handle that they'd get rid of me." (I learned later that she had been examined by the hospital staff that morning. She hadn't said a word.)

"Oh, I doubt that they'll send you away from here without notifying me first."

"I wish you wouldn't continually argue with me, Tom," she replied angrily. "I can't stand it!"

"I'm sorry, dear."

"And I wish you wouldn't look at me. I can't bear that either." She twisted in her chair and turned her face toward an empty corner of the room. She seemed completely at ease.

After a few moments, I said very softly, "I like to look at you, hon. I've been looking at you a long time, and I've always liked it."

She did not respond. I made three or four more tries at rousing her. She did not move. Finally, I rose, kissed her cheek and left.

On the way out, the nurse tried to console me: "She had her first treatment yesterday. It takes a few before you see any results."

I stopped at the office and asked if I might talk with the doctor. He was in

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conference, the girl at the switchboard reported, but added that he would speak with me over the phone.

The telephone booth was hot and cramped. I lifted the receiver and hesitated. The doctor's heavy voice reminded me of what I was doing. "Hello! Hello! Are you on, Mr. Manning?"

"Yes. Yes, Doctor. I'm here."

"You have a few questions for me?"

"Well, I'm not sure what they are. I've just come from visiting with my wife and she seemed much worse. She scarcely spoke to me."

The doctor tried to be reassuring. "The big thing is that she can take the treatments without any harmful side effects. That gives us a solid base from which to work."

"She was very bad today," I persisted.

Even over the telephone, he must have sensed my depression. "Look, Mr. Manning," he said, in a friendly tone, "why don't you take a little vacation from visiting your wife? You can keep in daily touch either with myself or with one of the other doctors. We'll let you know how she's doing. And we'll tell you at once when we think a visit might be pleasant and worthwhile for both of you. Don't you think that's a good idea, Mr. Manning?"

"Yes," I said dully. "I guess it is. I'll give it a try, Doctor."

At work in the machine shop during the following week, I made mental lists of those habits of mine which, I saw now, had robbed Agnes of the security she needed so desperately from our marriage. There could be no more coming home from work two hours late for dinner and half-drunk, and stalking off to bed with the declaration, "I guess I can survive without one meal." Gambling on the horses was out. I'd use some of the money saved to buy a car so I'd be able to take Agnes around in a little style. I'd have to train myself to appreciate the knickknacks and flowers with which she kept our apartment so bright. I could even learn to smile more often when she was around. My wife required special handling. It didn't seem an exorbitant price to pay to have her warm and loving and happy.

All that week there was a curious lack of time and hurry for me, as if nothing had ever happened or was ever going to happen. Sunday came again and was beautiful. After church, I called the hospital and talked with Dr. Prout, to whom Agnes had been assigned. She was better, he told me. She was taking more nourishment, more willingly. After four electroshock treatments she was showing a tendency to "fit in." She was beginning to talk occasionally with the others.

"May I visit her?" I asked.

"I don't see why not, Mr. Manning," the doctor replied.

I sighted Agnes as soon as I turned off the street that afternoon. She was wearing the wine-colored suit which brought out her dark loveliness so well. She was sitting in a semicircle with a dozen other patients, facing the sun.

Agnes accepted my kiss matter-of-factly. Her hair was a bit untidy, but her lips and cheeks were touched up. The important change for me was that she talked—even though it was rather wild, sly talk, whispered behind the cover of her hand. The first few nights someone had come around every half-hour to flash a light in her face. One evening she had gone to bed with her clothes on, but when the nurse checked her closet before locking it, she had made her undress. They thought they were so smart, these nurses! She had been for a ride to view the foliage, and some old woman had recited Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" from the time they started out until they got back. Everybody seemed to annoy her.

But she glowed warmly over the flowers I had brought along and asked one of the nurses to put them into water. She pretended to belittle my gift of cigarettes at first with a remark about having practically quit the habit. Soon, however, she was smoking chain-fashion unashamedly. "May as well keep one going," she said. "They won't let us have matches and I hate to ask for a light." Weeks later, I was to learn that the first break in her fearful silence had come after her fourth treatment, when she had asked one of the other girls for a smoke. From time to time, despite all the chattering and smoking, tears would run freely down her cheeks. She paid no attention to them.

The gulf of Agnes's illness separated us for another three weeks. I believed Dr. Prout when he told me it would become narrower as she improved. But I badly missed my real wife. Each Tuesday and Thursday evening and every Saturday and Sunday afternoon, I climbed the hill to the Rose House, hoping this time the Agnes I remembered from the first years of our marriage would be waiting there for me.

When the great change did come, it came all at once—like a miracle. I rang the familiar bell at the Rose House that Sunday afternoon, and the door was opened by a pretty blonde nurse. "Mr. Manning!" she exclaimed. "I'm so glad you're here. Your wife is so much better. It was as if she got well overnight. Everyone was so pleased with her this morning, and she's been just as good all day long. Right now, she's over at the hall attending a musicale. She's wonderful when she's herself."

The hall was the big, rambling main building on the top of the hill, perhaps two hundred yards from the Rose House. I ran all the way. As I hurried across the porch, I looked in through a window: a group was gathered around the record player. I tapped on the glass. Agnes turned, and her face shone. She ran for the door from the inside; I ran to meet her. We kissed joyously.

In the little office off the lobby, I signed out for her for the afternoon, and we started down the hill arm in arm. We paused again and again to hug each other and to kiss. She chattered incessantly. Before I could answer one question, she was asking another. We went into the ice cream shop at the foot of the hill. I had coffee: she had coffee and a heaping sundae. Still the questions came. How was this one and the other one? What was everybody doing? She remembered nothing of the last, tortured months she had spent at home. I tried to describe in detail the clothes and drapes and the rug she had bought during that time. The bright smile stayed on her face. "They

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tell me you've never missed a visiting day," she said half a dozen times.

Sitting at that counter, with the hot coffee steaming under our noses, Agnes and I savored a happiness that had been denied us for a long time.

Three more weeks were devoted to "fixing the cure," as Dr. Prout put it—"the way one fixes the image in developing film to keep it clear and permanent." The shocks, which had been extremely effective in her case, were discontinued gradually. She participated in the regular program of clay modeling, handicrafts and so on. Now that she was so improved, she acted as hostess at the Tuesday afternoon teas, and joined enthusiastically in the Thursday evening parties. During these last weeks, Agnes even had a nameplace for dinner. Now, more than ever, I was thankful that we had been able to afford a private hospital, with the kind and number of facilities and personnel that few state institutions can offer.

The official, final briefing that I had from Dr. Prout lasted nearly two hours. I was surprised that he kept it so general and so impersonal. The cure was successful, he said. As for my responsibilities now, he offered no elaborate list of do's and don't's. The key points seemed to be hidden behind a handful of simple, one-syllable questions. He asked me if I loved my wife, and I said that I did. He asked if I were involved with any other woman, and I said that I wasn't. He wondered if I had always demonstrated my love for Agnes sufficiently, and my answer had to be that it was difficult to measure reaction in the heart of another, but that I had learned a lot during the weeks she had been hospitalized. "Yes." He smiled. "They tell me at the office that you haven't missed a single visiting period since I gave my approval."

On the day before Thanksgiving, I left work at noon to bring Agnes home. She was herself—bubbling over with smiles, chatter and ideas. That evening she did a fashion show for me, modeling the clothes which she had forgotten she had. I couldn't keep my eyes or my touch from her.

The next morning I awoke early, and stayed in bed, just looking down happily at the dark head nested in the pillow beside mine, and dreaming of the years before us. . . . THE END

Dog in the House

(Continued from Page 56)

could speak to the kind-faced *Amerkania* lady whose red-haired boy made the happy noise in the hall . . . "When school starts," she tried to comfort herself as well as him, "you'll learn English and make many friends."

"But this dog must be hungry." Ali said tearfully. "See how thin he is?"

His ribs, Fatima saw, made ridges in his fur. And inside the apartment was so much lamb for the shish kebab. Suppose she brought a few pieces out to the hall? But if the neighbor came out, she'd think it odd that a dog was being fed in the hall. If she fed him in the kitchen—Of course the kitchen was in the house but it was three rooms away from the prayer rugs . . . "We'll feed him in the kitchen." She was astounded at her own words and so she added hastily, "Then you must take him away."

Ali started whooping with joy—whooping for the first time since they'd come to Brooklyn. In the midst of the whooping, the dog entered the Moslem apartment.

In the kitchen, she had to admit the dog was a polite guest. He didn't impatiently claw her while she ladled out the lamb; he just watched with pleading eyes. Then, when he began gulping the meat, she knew that the *Amerkani* hadn't fed him in days.

"My mother," Ali asked shyly as they watched the dog eat, "can we ask my father if we can keep him?"

Fatima was horrified at the question. "Your father," she said sternly, "uses his prayer rug five times a day, even here. Never has he broken the fast of *Ramadan*. No one follows the customs of our people more strictly than your father. You must remove the dog when he has eaten."

The idea of her husband's knowing that the dog had been in the kitchen gave her gooseflesh. She was afraid of the reserved man she'd married nine years before, when she'd been sixteen and he thirty-three. Afraid of him and, more important, afraid about him. Not afraid he'd beat her, but of something far more terrible—the easy Moslem divorce, requiring only the word of the husband.

She'd never understood why Ahmed had asked her father for her after he'd seen her walk unveiled in the streets of Aleppo. Ahmed, who could speak English and French as well as Arabic, who could bring the near-dead to life with his hands. She'd had nothing to offer him except, perhaps, her brown hair with red lights in it. And from the start, she'd had to fight shyness when he was around. Through the years of marriage, as her love for Ahmed grew and deepened, her fear of losing him grew steadily more intense, especially now that he was meeting beautiful and brilliant women through his work at the hospital. . . .

The dog finished eating, curled up and went to sleep. "I can't move him while he sleeps," Ali said practically.

And when he woke up, he and Ali chased each other around the dining-room table while the boy shrieked with laughter. How could she put the dog out when Ali was laughing for the first time since he had left his friends in Aleppo?

So now, with the clock edging toward six and Ahmed due, the dog was still around, in Ali's room. And as she started making Arabic-style rice she heard happy barks followed by the boy's ringing laughter. Then she heard Ali quieting the dog and knew that the boy's sharp ears had picked up the sound of his father's key.

She had to greet her husband. And when she saw the big man with the kind eyes and the black hair touched with gray,

she felt great fear, despite her love and respect for him.

Although he didn't embrace her, he looked at her approvingly. "Where is my son?"

Normally, she loved the way his first thought was always of the boy she'd given him, but tonight she'd have preferred some other opening question. "In his room," she had to say.

His eyes clouded. "He made no friends today?"

She blushed. "No." She hadn't lied; she was sure Ahmed meant *human* friends.

Ahmed sighed, "I would teach him English but I don't want him to learn it with my accent. It's a pretty tongue, and I'd prefer he learned it from those who speak it correctly. What is supper?"

"Shish kebab and rice, and sweets I baked."

He smiled. "You know how to please me, Fatima." His rare compliments usually nourished her heart, but she was too nervous to benefit from this one.

"I must see my son," he was saying.

"I'll call him," she told him quickly.

But he was down the hall, opening Ali's door. As she stood unhappily beside him, he looked inside the room. Ali was crouched on the bed, desperately trying to hide the dog under his small body. But he didn't make it; the brown head was evident under the boy's shoulder.

There was a silence. Then Ahmed turned to Fatima with stunned disbelief in his face. "There is a *dog* in my house?"

Before she could answer, Ali jumped off the bed with a torrent of words about the near-drowning and the clean nose of *this* dog. But Ahmed's eyes were fixed accusingly on Fatima. "How did the dog get into my house?" There was a calm-before-the-hurricane quiet in his voice.

She faced him miserably. "I let him in. To please the boy."

"I am angry with you." Ahmed's voice was frigid, a voice he'd never used on her before. It left her too broken to think of an answer. He said to Ali, "The dog leaves the house at once."

"No!" Ali cried. "He's my only friend, and I love him."

"A kitten," Ahmed said icily, "can be as good a friend. I'll get you a kitten. You must take the dog to where you found him."

"I won't," Ali yelled boldly, clinging to the dog.

Ahmed seemed to be fighting for self-control. He said in a steel-firm voice: "If you won't remove the dog, I will. I'll call Dr. McHenry and ask him what Americans do about dogs not wanted in houses. Since there are no sheep to be herded in Brooklyn, a dog is out of place here." And he went to the phone with the sobbing boy running after him, tugging at his jacket with one hand and clutching the dog with the other.

Fatima could do nothing. Her husband's anger had left her paralyzed. She helplessly watched husband and son, feeling that her world had blown up.

Ahmed was speaking English on the phone and Fatima, who understood more than she spoke, knew that the other doctor was telling him what to do with the dog. Ahmed jotted words on a paper and pocketed the paper. When he'd hung up, he said: "I shall drive the dog to an against-cruelty-to-animals place. He'll be kept there three days and if he's not adopted he'll be destroyed." Ali's sobs grew wilder when Ahmed added, "It's only humane to destroy a dog in a city in which there is no herding of sheep."

He reached for the dog but the boy ran away, fell on the floor and shielded the dog with his body. Ahmed pulled the boy off the dog, picked up the animal and, carrying him, angrily left the apartment. Ali threw himself back on the floor, and the room shook with his sobs. . . .

The next morning Fatima was too upset to cook or clean. Ahmed had acted hurt and angry since the incident; he'd scarcely spoken before he'd left that morning. But that wasn't the worst of it. The worst of it was Ali, who'd had neither supper nor breakfast. In fact, the boy was still in bed, although it was past ten.

For the twentieth time she went to his room and spoke pityingly to the small, white face staring up at the ceiling. "You know how you tease for mamoul for breakfast and I never give you any until afternoon? This morning I'll give you some."

"I don't want mamoul."

"Covered with powdered sugar and filled with pistachio nuts."

"I don't want pistachio nuts." His voice broke. "One day has almost gone. In two more they will destroy him. Maybe they will drown him as that *Amerkani* wanted to do."

She remembered the dog's sad eyes and felt an unbearable lump in her throat at the thought of his being destroyed. But she tried to speak brightly: "A Christian or a Jew might adopt him. They bring dogs into houses."

"No Christian or Jew would want him," Ali said sadly. "He is not pretty, my mother. But he is my only friend in Brooklyn."

The morning dragged and Ali still lay in bed. At noon she fixed him a tray but he wouldn't touch the food. She offered to take him to the park greenhouses, to a movie nearby where he could see men ride horses and shoot guns even if he didn't know what they were saying. But he wouldn't get out of bed; he wouldn't eat.

Around three o'clock she got the idea—simply because there was no other idea to get. It was a staggering idea, but when it came it stayed.

Suppose—but one didn't defy one's husband! She hadn't dared defy hers even about little things. When Ahmed had asked her to stuff squash the way his mother did it, hadn't she unlearned all that her own mother had taught her about squash? But how long could a small boy go without eating? Could any mother watch her boy starve himself to death?

Still, to defy her husband! A Moslem girl at home had defied hers once, about something big. Not as big as a dog in the house, but big. She'd gone from Aleppo to Damascus when her husband had forbidden her to go. He'd beaten her when she'd got back. Suppose Ahmed beat *her?* It would be hard to feel his hands she loved so—those hands he used to heal—raised against her in anger. But not so hard as to see a small boy die from not eating.

She opened Ahmed's closet door, fingered the suit he'd worn the day before. Always, when she sent his suits to be

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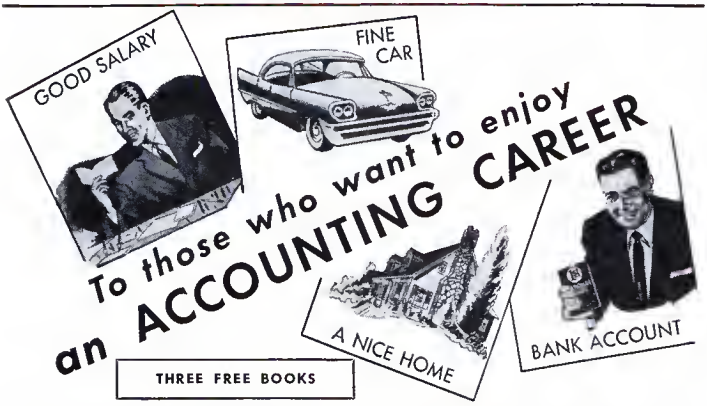

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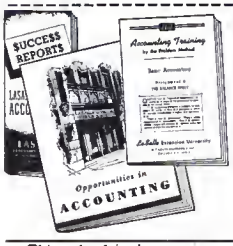

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cleaned, she'd found papers stuffed in the pockets. If that paper were still in his pocket—it was. She pulled it out and read enough of the English to know what it was. She went quickly to Ali's room, carrying the paper. She took a deep breath and said the boldest words she'd ever said in her life: "Get dressed, Ali. We're going for the dog."

It didn't seem possible that a boy weakened by lack of food could leap out of bed as fast as Ali did. He was so excited he couldn't dress himself and it was only by threatening not to take him that she got him to stand still long enough to eat bread and cheese.

In the elevator she began to realize what a big job lay ahead. Her excursions had been limited to the fringe of the park across the street, the blocks behind the building that led to Ebbets Field, and a few stores. In the stores she could ask only for lamb, rice, tomatoes, bread. Anything more complicated Ahmed had to buy.

Ali, very small beside her, said, "My mother, when we get the dog, how will we make my father let us keep him?"

That was a puzzler. In her worry over the boy's not eating, she'd forgotten that. "We'll work on that when we get the dog. Getting him will be hard enough."

Harder than she'd expected, she knew, when they were in the hustling American street. She had no idea where the against-cruelty-to-animals place was. Two women walking briskly by, chattering in English, made her feel even more helpless.

"Shall we take that bus, my mother?" Ali asked anxiously, pointing to a bus that had rounded the corner from Ebbets Field.

"We don't know where it's going. Or where we're going." She saw the yellow taxi cruising behind the bus. "The *Amerkan* call taxis and tell the drivers where to go. We'll take that taxi." As she signaled the driver, she was glad Ahmed had made her memorize her address, in English, in case she ever got lost.

Then she and the boy were in the cab and she'd handed the driver the paper. Apprehensively, she watched the cab pull away from the only familiar landmarks in America—their building, their section of park.

Ali was half out of his seat, as if urging the driver to hurry. "Do you think they'll destroy him in one day instead of three?"

"The *Amerkani* law," she chided him, "is fair." Outside, two boys were throwing a ball to a black dog and shouting with laughter when he retrieved it. It wasn't just Ali, she thought wonderingly. There was magic between all small boys and all dogs in this strange country!

The cab plunged into noisy streets with small, ugly houses and dingy stores. Fatima protectively put her arm around Ali as the sights grew stranger—broken-down buildings, a stretch of grey water. She saw tall buildings between the street and the sky as the cab was slowed by an avalanche of buses, trucks, cars and people jammed in the street. Then she knew that they must be in downtown Brooklyn, which she'd been too timid to visit, even with Ahmed. Only now she was alone in it, with Ali.

But when the cab stopped at a red brick building, her dread of downtown Brooklyn vanished in a sharp, new fear. How would she ask for the dog? What

was the English word for *kelb?* As she paid the driver and helped Ali out of the cab, she desperately went over *thank you. Good morning. I want. I am. You are. He is.* What was *kelb?*

Then she saw the word on a sign printed outside the building and relief flooded over her. It was one she'd once seen in an English textbook—*dog.* Knowing the word gave her such courage that she led Ali into the building and to an office.

A man sat there. "Can I help you?" he asked, in English.

She brought out haltingly, in English. "I want—dog."

She expected confusing questions, but the man beckoned to another man bending over papers. "Lady wants to adopt a dog. Show them to her."

As they followed the man, Ali's hand was shaking in hers and his face was white. She felt as jittery as he looked, but for his sake she tried to keep calm.

She'd expected to be shown a few dogs, and that one of them would be *the* dog. But they were led to a dimly lit room filled with cages of dogs—dogs of all sizes growling and barking.

Ali ran from cage to cage while she watched helplessly, thinking up words to say in the heartbreaking moment when he'd give up. It was a long while before he walked slowly back to her. "They drowned him after one day," he wept. "I can't find him."

She took him in her arms. "My little heart, he may be here. If we could describe him, in English, to this man. . . ." But she couldn't. There was nothing she could do but take Ali home.

That was when she was first conscious of the sound—of the *different* barking in the cage at the end. It had been going on all the while they were in the room, she knew vaguely, but there'd been so much noise she hadn't noticed it.

She led Ali to the last cage. Low in the cage, the small brown body was repeatedly jumping against the wire. They hadn't been able to find him, but he'd found Ali and clamored for attention!

"My mother," Ali shouted, "it's my dog, and he knows me!" And she had all she could do to keep Ali from climbing into the cage.

"That one?" the attendant asked casually.

Fatima nodded, too tearful to speak.

In a few moments the brown tornado was out and had flung himself on Ali. The dog was all over the boy, licking his face and hands, and Fatima didn't say a word about street filth.

"Three dollars, please," the man said, "for a license."

Fatima didn't know what a license was but she happily gave the man the money and accepted the small packet. Then she, the boy and the dog were in the street.

When the boy and dog had calmed down, they all boarded a cab. There, the dog curled up on Ali's knees and placed his head on Fatima's skirt and gazed at her with adoring gratitude. She couldn't help remembering certain cats who'd accepted her food and then walked off disdainfully, to reappear only for the next feeding. Her hand moved down on the silky ears, now proudly upright, as if he now knew where he belonged.

Ali was watching her closely. "Now that we have him, how are we going to keep him?"

She noticed that he'd used the plural pronoun, *we.* "I don't know," she had to admit worriedly.

Just before six o'clock she had Ali take the dog to his room again. She decided to face Ahmed alone. As she tensely waited, she remembered how, only last week, she'd felt shy about asking him for extra money for shoes for Ali. When she imagined herself telling him what she'd just done, her hands shook so she could scarcely cook. She was almost relieved when she heard Ali quieting the dog and knew that at least the tension would end.

When she saw Ahmed, she knew the ordeal would be worse than she'd expected, because he was still angry over the night before. His greeting was cool, and he picked up the Arabic-American newspaper, *The Caravan,* and sat down to read without even asking for Ali.

She said in a low voice, "The dog is back."

He put down the paper slowly. The coolness in his eyes was replaced by incredulity.

"The boy wouldn't eat. I couldn't bear it, so I took him to the place and we got the dog back." It sounded as if she were putting all the blame on Ali and she wanted to be fair. "It wasn't only the boy. I—I like the dog myself."

"*You* got him back?" In his eyes was not only horror at the dog's being there but something harder to bear. Disappointment in her.

"He's back, and he's going to stay. We can't make Ali suffer any more." This couldn't be Fatima—the shiest girl in her father's house, talking to her husband.

She was surprised at the pain in his eyes. She hadn't thought anything she could do would distress him so. "You defied me," he said slowly.

"What will you do about it?" She steeled herself to hear him say he'd beat her.

But he didn't seem able to say anything: he just stared out at the Brooklyn street. The hurt was deep in his voice when he did speak: "In this country, where women stand shoulder to shoulder with men, it begins to seem strange to send a wife home because of something she has done. I never thought I could send you home for any reason. But no wife in my family has ever defied her husband over such a big thing as a dog in the house." His voice shook. "The only thing I can honorably do, Fatima," he said, "is return you to your father."

Send her back to her father? He couldn't. Not over this. Over a woman, perhaps—a brilliant woman, or a beautiful one. Not over a dog in the house. Then she knew dully that he'd be more likely to do it over a dog in the house than over a woman. For, most of all, her husband was a man of honor. It would end her life to leave him. And Ali! Ali was his son, so of course he would keep Ali. At that thought the room was spinning so much that she had to sit down.

Yet there was nothing she could do about it. She would have to accept kismet, her fate. "Very well," she said tonelessly.

(Continued on Page 120)

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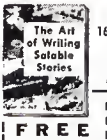

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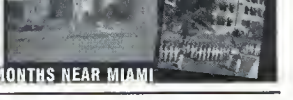

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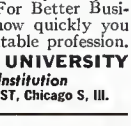

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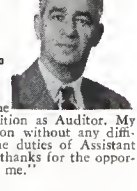

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(Continued from Page 115)
Then she added weakly, "But who will care for the boy?"

For a minute he didn't answer. Then he said heavily: "An old Arabic lady came to me for treatment the other day. Said she wanted work with children. I can have her come here."

Fatima went to the kitchen, fell into a chair and buried her face in her shaking hands. How much more of life would she have? Only the time remaining until Ahmed booked her passage home. Then she thought of the dog.

She went back to Ahmed. "What about the dog?"

He seemed surprised at the question. "He must go, of course."

"Ahmed," she spoke bravely; she had no more to lose. "I'll go home when you arrange it. But you owe me something for having borne you a son. I'm going to ask you one favor."

His eyes softened, as if he were remembering the frightful time she'd had when Ali was born. "What is the favor?"

"Let Ali keep the dog until you come home tomorrow."

He looked away from her and finally said: "The dog has already defiled the house. One more day won't make much difference."

She had twenty-four hours to think of some way for Ali to keep the dog.

At supper, she couldn't bear to tell Ali she was leaving him, and that unless she could work a miracle the dog would go the next day. Ali had left the dog in his room that evening as if to keep the animal out of his father's way. He watched his father anxiously throughout the meal, as if looking for Ahmed's reaction.

After dinner Fatima left the apartment and went next door. Yesterday she'd thought she'd never have the nerve to use her English on the neighbor, but now she had to try. She knocked . . . .

The next evening, she let Ahmed in. As she expected, amazement spread over his face and his eyes asked why there was such deafening noise in the apartment. Such banging and screaming and shouting.

"I have something to show you," she said, and led him to the source of the noise, Ali's room.

The room swarmed with small boys. *Amerkan,* judging by the freckled faces, light eyes and screamed English. They were on the bed, the floor, bouncing a ball against the wall and at the same time devouring mamoul as delightedly as little Arabs. In the center of them all was the dog. Barking excitedly, he ran from boy to boy, wagging his tail violently each time he was petted.

Ali was sitting on the bed, his eyes shining wonderingly, as if he couldn't believe he was really host to all these magnificent, English-speaking boys. And, glory of glories, the red-haired son of the neighbor was sitting beside Ali, saying patiently, above the din: "Don't call him a *kelb,* Ali. Say *dog.*"

"Dog?" Ali repeated. "Dog?"

Fatima closed the door. She said to Ahmed: "I made the lady next door understand we had a dog. I asked if her boy would like to play with him and Ali. I have learned there is something magical, in this country, between small boys and dogs. Soon our apartment was filled with these boys . . ."

Ahmed was standing erect, his shoulders back proudly. "Did you hear the way he said dog?"

"A dog," Fatima said quietly, "may be useful for more than the herding of sheep. May he keep the dog?"

Ahmed looked at her with his just eyes. "We are living in a strange world. There are different customs here. But Allah is all-compassionate, all-good. Surely he must be pleased with something that can bring such happiness to a small boy."

He'd agreed to the dog and she knew he would keep his word. "Then I'll go home when you send me."

His eyes grew almost shy. He looked away from her and murmured haltingly, "Fatima—I never could have sent you home. I am—too used to your ways. Your—shish kebab. Your softness with the boy." He added gruffly, "I need you."

Her voice trembled only a little as she answered, "Then let's have supper. I've prepared stuffed grape leaves."

As she went into the kitchen, she thought her heart would explode with wild, new joy. For the first time in all the years, in his fashion, her husband had told her he loved her. . . . THE END

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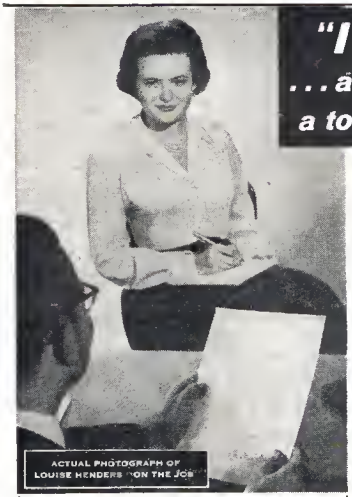

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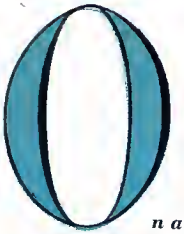
THE FAITHLESS

BY JOHN D. MacDONALD

A thoughtful novel of marriage: of a decent man who impulsively betrayed all he held dear, and of his wife, who sorrowfully understood his shame —and his retribution



n a rainy Tuesday morning in August, Carl Garrett carried his small suitcase and his wife's overnight bag into the carport and put them in the station wagon. He looked at the low gray sky and knew they would probably have rain all the way to Battle Creek. It seemed to him almost too contrived a setting for this trip —a gray rain, suitable for heartbreak.

Joan opened the kitchen door and said, "Are you all through in the house?"

"Yes."

"It's all locked," she said and pulled the door shut.

After they were in the car he said, without looking at her. "You know you don't have to come with me."

"We've been over that," she said tonelessly.

"It can turn out to be—messy."

"It's already messy, Carl."

"In the sense you mean, yes. It is already messy. And I'm the one to blame. We both understand that. I mean that if I have to testify, this could be spread all over the papers, and if you come along you're more likely to be dragged into it."

"I think we'd better start, Carl. I'm coming with you."

When he was on the turnpike he turned west. She sat far from him, near the door on her side. Since Sunday, when she had learned the whole tawdry story, there had been a heaviness between them, a dulled awkwardness. They found it difficult to look directly at each other. They rode in silence, and he knew there was nothing in the world he could say to her to ease her pain. Or his own.

After they had driven many miles she said suddenly, in anguish and helpless anger, "Why did this have to happen to us?"

"Do you want me to try to answer that?"

He sensed rather than heard her sigh. "No."

"I don't know why it happened. I know I have to make this trip; do what I can. Maybe it's a kind of retribution. Self-punishment. I don't know. The same sort of impulse that made me tell you the whole story."

"Just please don't tell yourself that everything has gone sour because you told me. What would we have had left, even if I never found out?"

"I don't know what we have left, Joan."

"Neither do I, Carl," she said wearily. "Neither do I."

He glanced over at her. She was looking out the side window at the rain. He drove with mechanical precision. He shut his jaw so tightly his teeth ached, and he wished with all his heart that he could be given one small fragment of all his life to live over again. Just one small part. A little less than a month. . . .

On Sunday, the fourteenth day of July, Carl Garrett had taken his wife, Joan, to the new County Memorial Hospital for surgery. Back in April, Dr. Bernie Madden, family doctor and family friend, had confirmed the presence of ovarian tumors large enough to require removal just as soon as it could be conveniently arranged. "No great rush," he had said, "but let's get it done this summer."

And they had known this summer would not be like the others. On the first of July they had driven the kids sixty miles into the hills, depositing thirteen-year-old Kip at Camp Way-na-ko on the north shore of Lake Muriel for his second summer there, and leaving twelve-year-old

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Nancy at Sar-ay-na for her first summer away from home.

Both children had been worried about the impending operation and had required many reassurances that it was, after all, a very routine sort of thing, and that they would be advised just as soon as it was over.

After the kids were in camp, the two first weeks in July seemed to pass too quickly. It was a strange time for them, the first time they had been alone since before Kip was born. Joan, filled with the nervous energies born of apprehension, brought the house up to a state of glossy perfection.

They had bought the Crescent Ridge house in 1952, the year after the Ballinger Corporation had transferred Carl from the plant in Camden to the Hillton Metal Products Division. Their first year had been spent in an ugly and inconvenient rented house down in the city of Hillton.

They were one of the first families to move into Crescent Ridge. When Joan had found the house, Carl knew it was more house than he could legitimately afford at the time, but they had told each other how much better it would be for the kids. He had never regretted the decision. It was a three-bedroom ranch-type house, barn-red with white trim, set on a one-acre plot on the highest point on Barrow Lane.

On Sunday, July fourteenth, when he drove away with Joan in their red-and-white station wagon, her bag all packed for the hospital, she looked back and said. "Good-by, house."

"Just think of how it will look when you get home next week. Every dish dirty. Cans and bottles in the front yard."

"Well, Marie is coming Thursday to clean. How many times have I told you that? I keep saying the same things over and over." She laughed in a rather tense way.

She was due at the hospital at four, and he drove nine miles down into Hillton, passing the hospital on the way, and took her to dinner at Steuben's, the best restaurant in the city.

At dinner their conversation had a strange tempo. At times they would each make an extra effort to be light and gay and amusing, and then she would begin to give him earnest instructions about household trivia. And then would come a silence that would begin to be uncomfortable.

"Darling, please don't try to come see me during afternoon visiting hours tomorrow. They're just going to do tests and things. Tomorrow evening will be soon enough. Seven to eight-thirty."

"Not very long visiting hours, are they?"

"To sit and look at somebody in bed? They're long enough. You don't have to be there the whole time. You'd go out of your mind."

The food was delicious, but neither of them was able to finish dinner. And the minutes went by too quickly. As they were having coffee Carl looked across the room and saw their reflections in a mirrored wall. He tried to look at the two of them as a stranger might. After fifteen years of marriage it was difficult to be objective. He decided it would have to be a very inquisitive stranger to waste more than a single glance. This was obviously a married couple. A tall, spare man in his late thirties, dark and somewhat solemn-looking. The wife a year or two younger, an attractive woman, slightly plump but slim of waist, a woman with brown hair worn curly and short with coppery glints where the light touched it—a woman with an open face, an honest and merry and uncomplicated face, gray-green eyes set wide.

The inquisitive stranger, he thought, would look longer at the woman. There was a certain sauciness about her, a look of emotional competence, as though she felt at home and alive in her skin. She did, indeed, look a great deal more vivid than the dark and withdrawn man who sat with her.

Nothing startling about this pair. Perhaps a detectable flavor of contentment, an aura of a good marriage that would last.

Carl looked at his watch again. "Time to saddle up."

Joan found his hand under the table and squeezed it very hard. "I guess I've got a right to be a little scared," she said.

"I would be completely terrified. So go ahead. Be scared a little."

She smiled. "And now I'm okay." As he followed her out, he was thinking: You look at your woman from the time she is twenty-one until she is thirty-six and somewhere along the line you stop being able to really see her. You see the face that is dear to you and the body you love, and you don't know how she looks to anyone else. You know that her legs are very, very good indeed. In the beginning it was all so magical, full of electric excitements. Now it is all warmth and custom and habit and contentment. And I think of the scalpel and the wound they will make—and I feel a horror and a sickness as though it were my own flesh that will be cut.

They parked the car in the big hospital lot just as the afternoon visitors were leaving. At the admissions office he gave the required information and turned over his hospitalization policy. He carried her suitcase as a nurse led them up to her room, Room 314, a semiprivate room with two beds. The curtains were drawn around the other bed.

"Well . . . now I guess I just go to bed," Joan said.

"And I get out before I get thrown out."

He kissed her. She seemed distracted, as though already she had moved a little way apart from him. He told her not to worry about anything, to enjoy the rest. He said good-by and left her. There was a lingering sick-sweet smell of anesthetic in the elevator as he rode down to the ground floor.

As he walked toward the main exit, sensing the silent, hurrying, impersonal efficiency around him, wondering what else he could have done for Joan, Bernie Madden stopped him. "Just bring her in, Carl?"

"A few minutes ago. She's—sort of scared, I guess."

Bernie grinned at him. He was a small man with wide shoulders, cropped black hair, thick glasses with black frames, a look of vitality and energy and confidence. "They're all scared. It's perfectly natural. And so are you scared. And that's natural too. You're looking at me, wondering if I really know my trade. Relax, Carl. I know what I'm doing. I've got her scheduled for ten o'clock Tuesday morning. She'll have a spinal."

Carl frowned. "You mean she'll be conscious?"

"Listen, she'll be so full of drugs she won't mind a thing. They should all be as easy as this is going to be. Joanie is a sturdy, healthy woman." Bernie punched him lightly on the shoulder. "You run along and stop worrying."

Carl drove back to the house. It was five o'clock when he let himself into the kitchen. He bounced the keys on the palm of his hand and then stood and listened to the silence. "Welcome home, old Carl," he said aloud.

His voice was hollow in the house, and his footsteps were loud. When he walked he heard creakings he had never noticed before. In less than two hours he could head back to the hospital and he would see her again tomorrow evening . . . and then there would be the longest wait of all, until he could talk to Bernie after the operation.

He was ten minutes early at the hospital that night and had to wait at the entrance desk until seven, when visiting hours began, to go upstairs.

Joan's bed was cranked up at the head and she was wearing a bed jacket with small blue flowers embroidered on it. She kissed him warmly, but she looked pallid under

her summer tan and rather weary. Carl sat on the foot of her bed and said, "What are they doing to you?"

She made a face. "Castor oil is what they're doing to me, friend!"

"Poor baby." He looked at the other bed, rumpled and empty. "Who's your roommate?"

"Oh, she's a nice little thing. Her name is Rosa Meyers. She's been in here for weeks and weeks. A car hit her and broke her hip and her leg. She's almost ready to leave now. Darling, what was it like being home alone?"

"Empty. A little creepy."

He saw Joan look beyond him toward the room door and smile. He turned and saw Cindy Cable walk in.

Bucky and Cindy Cable lived next door to the Garretts on Barrow Lane. Bucky, christened Gilbert, was an energetic and successful salesman of industrial abrasives and solvents, covering five states with the help of a private Beechcraft airplane which he kept at the Hillton Municipal Airport. Cindy, christened Cynthia, was a tall girl of about twenty-six with long, dark-blonde hair that she wore in a variety of styles—pony tail, bun, piled high. Her cheekbones were high, cheeks delicately and interestingly hollow, gray-blue eyes wide-set, mouth soft and rather wide, with a hint of petulant heaviness that was not unattractive. She moved slowly and held herself well. They had two small children, Bobby, who was four, and Bitsy, who was two.

The Cables had come to Crescent Ridge just over two years ago, and had fitted easily and well into the social life of the group to which the Garretts belonged. The new couple was quickly assessed by the suburban community: Bucky Cable is a nice guy. You know right where you stand. But Cindy is kind of a character, don't you think? I mean, she's either not saying a word, just sort of sitting and watching, or she's talking your ear off. And when she does talk she's got a kind of screwball way of looking at things. I mean the things she *says* sometimes! But she sure is a dish. All in all, they're an asset to the community, I'd say.

There was not a significant enough age difference between the Garretts and the Cables to prevent a close and warm friendship from developing between them. It was one of those rare and pleasant situations where everybody in the foursome liked everybody else and enjoyed being with them. Joan and Cindy were forever wandering in and out of each other's houses during the day. Bucky and Carl joined their tentative skills in various do-it-yourself projects, insulting each other liberally and with gusto.

Carl had quickly sensed why the four of them got along so well. Bucky was basically very like Joan in temperament, disposition, and quality of mind—cheerful optimists, unfailingly energetic. They were at home in their world, with but little appetite for philosophical conjecture or unnamed yearnings.

Cindy, in mind and temperament, was more like Carl—more subtle, more oblique, more aware of the paradoxes and grotesqueries of life.

This difference was often expressed by a superficial cleverness or vivid imagery. Carl remembered the time when the four of them had listened to one of Stevenson's speeches on television during his second Presidential campaign. After it was over, Bucky said Stevenson was a nice bright guy but he was running scared and pressing too hard. Joan said he really didn't look at all well. Carl said that it had sounded to him as though Stevenson spoke with the pained irritation of a man whose feet hurt. Cindy, after a pause, said that she didn't know why, but the whole performance made her think of an old lady learning the side stroke in a very cold pool.

Then Bucky looked at Joan and shrugged and sighed and said, "There they go again." It was said, perhaps, out of a slight hurt at being left out, and out of a tingle of jealousy—but also with a certain pride in loving and being married to such a peculiarly intricate creature.

There was a certain mercilessness about Cindy. She seemed to save some of her sharpest edges for Carl. She was gentler with Joan. He remembered her saying one time, to him, "Carl, you have a romantic delusion about yourself. You want to suffer nobly in your trap. You bleed inwardly about the far islands, but if you couldn't lay your hands on your toothbrush every morning, your world would crumble."

He sensed that she could cruelly expose him to himself because she had the same emotional factors that, in him, had prevented his achieving the success in the business world that he suspected he might otherwise have obtained. A skepticism, a reluctance to conform, an awareness of the ludicrous, had kept him from being sold on the necessity for unthinking devotion to the mighty Ballinger Corporation. He was the maverick, the man passed over so that more malleable, less skeptical and less able men could be promoted.

Yet, as assistant to the plant manager of the Hillton Metal Products Division of Ballinger, he drew eighteen thousand five hundred, before deductions—a salary that enabled them to live in comfort. He was in charge of factory cost accounting, answerable both to the resident plant manager and directly to the comptroller of the corporation in the New York office.

Ballinger had a quietly paternalistic attitude toward the corporate executives on all levels, and Carl suspected it most likely that he would be left in Hillton until he reached the optional retirement age. Unless he should suddenly become hopelessly inadequate in his job, there was little chance of his being released. The work was just demanding enough, the way he had arranged it, so that it kept his interest at a decent level. So it was a good life.

Yet he could not help wondering how it would be for him had he committed himself completely to the destinies of Ballinger. When such thoughts made him feel wistful he told himself that he was having a very good life, that he was well out of that decision-making area where flourish the ulcer and the massive coronary—and that, in the long view of history, it mattered very little whether his split second of eternity ended with him as chairman of the board of Ballinger or as a sweeper in C Building.

But it was not amusing to be summoned to New York to be called "Garrett" by some florid and flint-eyed man whose manner was imposing, whose income was fabulous, and whose thinking was appallingly fuzzy. It was not enchanting to be summoned like a clever child and be asked to present complex reports for the approval of men who could not have composed them.

When he tried to express such self-doubts to Joan she would become irritated with him. "Dear, you have a wonderful job and you've been getting raises and you know they think a lot of you. I don't see why you have to talk yourself down. I just don't follow you when you talk about things like 'personal commitment' and 'total involvement.'"

He knew what total commitment would involve. Longer hours at the office and long evenings with the packed briefcase. More frequent business trips. Careful political maneuvering to make himself look better and the other fellow look not quite so sharp. The ability to cut himself slices of other people's projects without appearing to grab. Restricting his entertaining to that which could do him the most good. It was a price he did not care to pay.

Yet Cindy understood what he meant. And once she had told him that she, too, had the same feeling of being unused. "Or wrongly used, Carl. Like the winged horse pulling the milk wagon. Or am I sounding too precious? Golly, I've tried to write and paint and sculpt. I've got a sort of nasty little facility in all of them, but no talent.

I used to think that somehow, someday. I was going to go around a corner and be totally involved in life, doing completely and well whatever mysterious thing I was designed for. But it hasn't happened. And now I know it won't."

And now Cindy came into the hospital room, slow smile tilted toward them, hair in a pony tail, wearing a white tailored shirt with the sleeves rolled up, gray Bermuda shorts and red sandals. She kissed Joan and then seated herself on the gray metal chair beside the bed. "This," she announced, "is my first day of being a total slob."

"Oh, did the kids get away?" Joan asked.

"What's this about the kids?" Carl said.

"Bucky's parents drove over from Battle Creek yesterday and picked them up. I'm quite certain they're convinced I'm an unnatural parent and all that. I'm that strange girl their Bucky married. It took some devious staff work to get the children off my hands."

"For how long?" Joan asked.

"Until the very last day of August—when they will be returned—spoiled rotten, I expect. The Cables are doting grandparents and they have a lovely place in the country not far from Fort Custer. They raised five kids of their own, and they have a full-time maid, so I don't feel the least bit guilty. I love my little animals dearly, but I've had too much time in the sole company of infants."

"They can be an awful chore," Joan said, but Carl, looking at Joan, knew how impossible it would have been for her to have sent Kip and Nancy away for so long when they were little.

"I just had to have a break," Cindy said. "I'm going to dirty every last dish in the house. I'm going to read and loaf and toast myself in the sun and let the dust pile up. Bucky and I plan to take his three-week vacation in August and end it up at the farm to pick up the kids."

"They excited about it?" Carl asked.

"Very. Bobby took along that little microscope thing you two gave him. I asked him why and he said it was essential. You can't argue with a word like that. Old Bitsy the butterball was a gem. She cooed and danced and admired her new blue jeans. She is convinced from her extensive reading that all the animals will talk. She will be terribly bitter about it when she finds they can't."

"They grow so fast," Joan said wistfully.

"I wish they'd hurry up and become as nice as your two. And as big."

"It's nice of you to say that," Joan said.

"When does Bucky get back?" Carl asked.

"Oh, he's on what he calls his Big Swing. He called last night to make sure the children got off all right. He's had the best trip ever so far and, on Friday, instead of coming home, he swings down to Memphis to some kind of a convention. He made the usual plea for permission to fly at night. And got the usual hearty no." She stood up. "You kids need some of this visiting time on your own. When do they excavate, Joanie?"

"Tuesday morning."

"Well, I'll see you again before then," she said, and walked toward the door.

"Cindy, you keep an eye on our house and make sure Carl doesn't stay up until all hours. He gets his nose in a book and forgets what time it is. If you see the lights on late, call him up and give him hell for me."

"I'll hurl stones through his windows. Be good, now." She smiled and waved from the hall and was gone.

They talked for a while longer, and Rosa Meyers came hobbling in and Joan introduced them. Soon the hall speakers announced the end of visiting hours.

Carl went to a drive-in and had a hamburger and milkshake while he listened to a ball game on the car radio. He felt restlessly alone in the world. He had gone away many times. He had gone to war, and he had gone on business trips and once on a hunting trip to Canada. But Joan had never gone away before. Not in their fifteen years of marriage, except when she had been in the hospital with Kip and then Nancy. But that wasn't like this. He had been scared, but not scared this way.

He drove home, knowing how empty the house would be, and how empty her bed would be. Sunday evening had always been a quiet and pleasant time for them.

When he turned off the turnpike he looked west and saw the nightglow of the city. There was summer lightning in the hills a dozen miles beyond the Silver River. It would be hot down in the city tonight, and they would sleep on the roofs and fire escapes and in the parks and they would hope for rain.

And quite suddenly a very self-evident fact struck him with unwarranted force. There were hundreds of thousands of them down there under that city glow. Sweating and loving and hating. And each one of them was entirely engrossed in his or her own special problems. They did not give a damn for the present existence or future fate of Carl Garrett or Joan Garrett. Through the years the hot summer nights would go on and on, with or without him—with or without anyone he had ever known.

It made him feel very much more alone.

CHAPTER 2

As soon as he was home and had taken off his tie and jacket and rolled up his sleeves, he turned on a great many more lights than he needed, and opened windows to let a frail west breeze through the house. He checked the five available channels and found nothing he cared to look at on television. He looked through two current magazines. It was nearly ten, and he knew he could get a good night's sleep and knew it would be a sensible thing to do, but he was not sleepy.

He pushed open a screen door and wandered out onto the patio, feeling, as always, a faint stir of pride in having designed and built the patio, in having removed the big picture window and replaced it with sliding glass doors opening onto the patio. He sat on the low wide wall and felt the night wind against his face. It was beginning to turn slightly gusty. He looked into the lighted living room and decided that when Joan was well again, they should go through the room and mark some items as surplus. The room was beginning to look cluttered.

He got up and stretched and stepped over the low wall and strolled to the west boundary of his land. The Cable house was set about five feet lower than his. Barrow Lane sloped down from his corner lot at what they had told him was a seven-percent grade. He walked to a red maple he had planted close to the property line, hooked his arm over a low limb and looked at Cindy Cable.

Her kitchen window was about thirty feet away, and five feet below him. The fluorescent lights made the kitchen glaringly bright. She sat in the breakfast booth on the far side of the kitchen, elbows on the table, a book open in front of her. Her cigarettes and lighter were beside her. It made him feel guilty to look in on her. Due to the screen of plantings you could not look from one house into the other, but from this special place he could see into the kitchen perfectly. She had pulled a strand of her dark-blonde hair forward and wound it around and

around her finger as she read. He watched her light a cigarette, finish it, stub it out. It gave him guilty pleasure to watch her unobserved. There was a curious flavor of dramatic tension about the scene. As though he watched a stage setting, waiting for somebody to enter from the wings.

But nothing would happen. She would read her book and she would become sleepy and she would go to bed.

He went back to his own kitchen. He suddenly decided that iced coffee would taste very good indeed. He put powdered coffee in the bottom of a tall glass, filled it with ice cubes, brought water to a boil, poured it over the ice. He hesitated and then took another tall glass and repeated the simple ritual. Why not? Nothing more than a neighborly gesture. He walked carefully across the back yard, carrying the two glasses. He paused by the maple. She was still there. He sensed an accelerated thump of his heart and was both dismayed and amused at himself. He walked down the abrupt slope and across their back yard to the kitchen door and called out, through the screen, "There's a man here with coffee, lady."

She came to the door, peered out at him. "Hey, you! You startled me." She held the door open for him. "Come on in."

They sat in the breakfast booth. She pushed her book aside and sipped the coffee.

"What are you reading?"

"Oh, a kind of gummy modern-type novel. Full of hangovers, affairs and remorses. It's supposed to be a classie-tragic thing, sort of an 'Appointment in Samarra,' but I'm not sold. I like my tragedies on the classic side."

"What do you mean?"

"I can't really care what happens to these people, Carl. There wasn't much to them before they started to get all messed up—by the author. Now they're running around bleating and I say so what."

"It's a tragedy to them, no?"

"I suppose. And tragic things happen to everybody. Look at any newspaper. But for me to read about it and be enthralled, there has to be a greatness—well, a grandeur—about tragedy. Whoever falls has to be way up in the air and take a long time falling and make a terrible noise when he hits bottom. And the author of this book never let his people get off the ground."

"Hmm," he said. "Maybe."

She grinned at him. "Okay. Here we go again. We've been arguing ever since we met, Carl. State the opposition."

"I think you sound arrogant. As if you're looking down on all us poor little worms because we have no grandeur. Suppose something happened to one of my kids. I'm just one of the little guys. You don't permit that to be classified as a tragedy. You leave me with just a little sniveling grief."

"I am *not* being arrogant or patronizing. I'm talking about tragedy in the dramatic sense. I couldn't participate either. Carl, you are a good and gentle and sensitive man. And you would be horribly hurt should anything happen to anyone you love. But that doesn't make it legitimately dramatic. . . . Take good old Crescent Ridge, Carl—this sterling experiment in planned community living. Make me a tragedy in this locale, sir. There are a lot of mealy little people living around us and they make loud hurt noises and they do damn-fool things and they get all involved in shoddy little triangles. Like this book that's been boring me."

"We're too close to Crescent Ridge."

"And maybe I'm just too darn close in my own personal life to one of the trite little situations in this book."

He stared at her. "What do you mean by that?"

"Skip it, Carl. I shouldn't have said it."

The silence was awkward. She looked somberly down at the table top and drew a wet line with her finger in the moist ring her glass had left. Her arms were smooth and brown, and the diamond in her engagement ring winked with a cold purple light under the fluorescence.

"Maybe I'll talk, just a little, Carl. Because you are a nice guy, and most patient, and I haven't talked to anybody else. I don't want to put you in the position of being a marriage clinic or anything like that. If I talk I can see things more clearly myself."

"Bad troubles?"

"Now try to tell me you didn't know," she said, lifting her eyes to his, looking at him with a certain defiance.

"I'll admit to a little suspicion, Cindy. I've sensed a sort of strain between you and Bucky. I don't know whether Joan has had the same impression. We haven't discussed it."

"I'm really surprised we've hidden it so well. You get the feeling it shows. Like a split seam at a party. It's the main reason I had to get the kids out of here this summer. So I could do some heavy thinking. I've got to make up my mind once and for all—to accept the situation and make the best of it, or get out while the kids are young enough so it won't mark them too badly."

"I'm sorry it's that bad, Cindy."

"I know you mean that. Thanks. But, as I was saying before, it's no grand tragedy. I guess it happens all the time. But somehow I didn't expect it to happen to me. To us. I guess I've fallen out of love, and I say that knowing full well how sort of sappy it sounds. Like soap operas. I didn't expect marriage to be a magical thing forever. But on the other hand, I didn't think it would . . . Darn it, it makes me feel all disloyal and creepy to talk about it to—a third party."

"Sometimes you have to talk."

She got up in her slow and graceful way and took their glasses over to the counter by the sink. As she began to fix more iced coffee she said, "Background department. I was twenty-one when I met Bucky. And I'd had a bad year. I'd gotten myself very messed up, emotionally, by a very erratic and selfish and demanding guy. After him, Bucky was like the April sun. He was like a rest camp for a tired Camille. He had that nice All-American grin and lovely shoulders and—it was just so nice and peaceful to be with somebody who didn't feel obligated to create emotional storms and tantrums."

"A rebound situation?"

"I guess so. But I didn't think so at the time. I kept thinking that Bucky was what I wanted, and I didn't give enough thought to whether *I* was what *he* wanted. Carl, I don't know if I can explain this. Bucky wants things nice and orderly and predictable and not too complicated. I am supposed to be the little woman, offering adoration and respect, binding up his wounds of commercial battle, keeping his house and clothing and children and meals in perfect order. With part of me I can do that, and I want to do all that, but it doesn't use up enough of me. Do you understand?"

"I think so."

"He bitterly resents the other part of me. He doesn't want me to have any intellectual interests. He is personally affronted by any opinion I have that differs with his. In subjective areas, Carl, I'm more intelligent and aware than he is. And I'm not smart enough to be able to hide that. I get impatient with his very ordinary and tiresome opinions, and I stick pins in him by making nasty little wise-guy cracks that I am immediately ashamed of because they hurt him. They hurt his confidence in himself."

"Bucky is more vulnerable than he pretends to be."

"I know. His only defense is to convince himself that he has his feet on the ground, and I'm the neurotic, petulant, impossible dreamer. I'm still growing, Carl. Intellectually and emotionally. Bucky is in a kind of stasis. His work is hard and demanding. When he isn't working he wants his feet up, a drink at his elbow—and he wants

to be comforted by reading the columnists who write just what he wants to hear, and he wants the little woman close by to tell him how profound and wonderful he is."

"He isn't a very complicated human being."

"Lord, no! I keep thinking that if he says the same trite thing one more time I'll go out of my mind. And then I'm ashamed of myself. Because he is a good person. Without malice. He can't help his limitations."

"And this—restlessness is enough to make you want to think of breaking it up?"

"No, Carl. I would endure. I'd find some outlet, and try to—fulfill all terms of my contract with him. But something else has been going on, for about a year. I don't blame him too much. I guess he wasn't getting enough respect, enough blind adoration from me. But there has been unfaithfulness on his part. He doesn't suspect that I know. It's either one affair, or a succession of lesser affairs. It isn't my imagination. There have been too many clues. He's not really devious enough to be a good conspirator. But whether or not it's been indirectly my fault, it makes me feel soiled."

She had brought the glasses of iced coffee back to the table. She sat down and frowned at her glass. "It's all a sorry and sour mess, Carl. I'm sorry to inflict it on you. I've got until the end of the first week in August to make up my mind. Then either I terminate the arrangement, or we go off together for three weeks on what Bucky insists on referring to as a 'second honeymoon.'" She tried to smile at him and said, "So you see it's just a messy little marriage between people of no particular importance or interest to the reading public at large."

He knew how badly she was hurt and had been hurt, and how close she was to tears, and he repressed a startlingly strong impulse to reach over and lay his hand on hers. He knew he should say something, but he did not know what to say.

"Everybody has to make adjustments," he said finally. "And I know how inane and ordinary that sounds. Joan and I have made adjustments. I feel disloyal saying this, but you must certainly know that Joan isn't the most intellectually stimulating person in the county. At times I feel impatient with her. She accepts a lot of little social goals that I think are not worth the effort. She is warm and sweet and open and honest. Sometimes I envy her because it makes life so damn simple."

"But that isn't the *same!*" Cindy said plaintively.

"How not?"

"Joan accepts you. She *wants* you just as you are. When she doesn't understand you she just says that's the way you are and lets it go at that. But Bucky doesn't accept me the way I am. He's so certain he's right about everything in the world that he thinks it's his mission to correct my wrong thinking. I'm the weird one who has to 'come to her senses.' Bucky loves his mental image of the way he'd like me to be more than he loves me as a person. He loves a symbol. Sometimes I feel as if I'm trying to live with a second wife in the house—the girl Bucky wants me to be. And I find her fearfully dull, I'm afraid."

"But don't you see, Cindy, you don't accept Bucky, either. I accept Joan. I know there are patches of jungle in the back of my mind where she can't wander. But there are a lot more areas we share, and gladly."

"We're making a silly parallel of this, Carl. You and Joan have a good marriage. And I have a shaky one. And I've got to make a decision. I can make my marriage work—on a limited basis. But do I want to spend all the rest of my life in that special trap? Maybe I'm just a neurotic and Bucky is right. Maybe I've romanticized marriage too much. Maybe this is all there is. But I doubt it. I doubt it very much. And right now I'm trying to keep from resenting you because you've watched me sort the laundry."

"A normal reaction," he said, grinning at her.

"I'm glad there's *something* normal about me!" She glanced at her watch. "Hey, it's nearly one. And Joan charged me with seeing that you get your sleep."

She rinsed the glasses and gave them to him. "You have been a patient guy tonight, Carl." She held out her hand. "So thanks."

He took her hand. It was a long hand, with pads that held a velvety warmth. "I'll listen any time."

He walked outside, climbed the abrupt slope and then, on sudden impulse, turned back to the red maple and stood there. The thunder was closer now, and the wind rattled the leaves close to his ear. He watched Cindy in the kitchen, watched her move her book and wipe off the table top. Her face, when he could see it, was quite still and thoughtful, the warm and weighted lips set in a level and contemplative line. Then she picked up her book and moved out of sight, and the kitchen lights went out abruptly. He saw another light come on and shine onto the leaves outside the window of the room he knew was the bedroom. Just as he reached his back door the first raindrops began to fall.

After he was finally in bed the rain moved on, but the lightning continued, so that in its flashes he could see the sterile flatness of Joan's bed. He thought of how it would be at night in the hospital, the quick hushed steps in the corridors, the starchy rustlings, the sighs and night groans. He did not want to think of Cindy and her problems, but only of Joan.

So, consciously, he turned his mind back into memory.

He had graduated at twenty-one in the class of '41 from the Wharton School of Finance at the University of Pennsylvania. The four years had been rough, financially, and would have been almost impossible had it not been for a partial scholarship. Carl's father, Bill Garrett, was a building contractor in Youngstown. He was honest, energetic, likable—and about as provident as a grasshopper. He had gone into business for himself in 1924, gone thoroughly bankrupt in 1932, and gone back to working for other men. The house was lost, and Bill and Betty Garrett moved back into a flat no better than the one in which their only child had been born back in 1920.

In 1940, while Carl was in the second semester of his junior year, Bill Garrett had risked going back into business for himself, in a very small way. By the time Carl graduated, Bill and Betty Garrett were able to drive to Philadelphia for the ceremony, in a car not too elderly, in clothing entirely new.

The night after Carl's graduation, Bill Garrett lighted a cigar and said, "Carl, this business is going to roll. I can feel it. There are only about half enough houses in this country. Now you've got the book learning. I want you to come in with me."

Carl had anticipated and dreaded that moment, hoping it wouldn't happen, yet knowing it would. He felt that he had seen enough of the tension and worry of a small business. He wanted to go into a big corporation. He had planned how he would explain to his father that he wanted the security and protection that only a large corporation could offer.

And suddenly he knew it was too late to try to explain. Carl went to work for his father right after the fourth of July of 1941.

And, on Monday, December eighth, he enlisted in the Army, feeling guilty that his patriotism should be bolstered by relief at getting out of the small firm of Garrett and Son, Builders. It was, for Carl, a most opportune war thus far.

After basic training he was assigned to a light tank battalion in training near Watertown, New York. He became close friends with another Pfc. named Rod Browning, whose father was a doctor in Watertown. Whenever they could arrange to get away from camp, Carl and Rod would go into Watertown to Rod's home. The doctor was a

widower. There was an older son who was a career officer in the Navy, and a daughter named Joan, aged twenty, who was attending Syracuse University.

About the sixth time Carl went home with Rod, Joan was home on a school vacation. Carl had seen pictures of her around the house and thought her a rather pretty girl, but he was not at all prepared for the vivid impact of Joan Browning in person. She made him feel grotesquely awkward, dry-mouthed and speechless. The crisp brown-red glints of her hair, the merry and provocative and flirtatious eyes, gray-green and wide-set, the fluid lines of her perfect legs, the perfumed quickness of the way she moved, all conspired to smite him and render him helpless. When she laughed it was a hearty guffaw, without coyness.

They went on a double date. Joan and Carl, and Rod and one of his local girl friends. Joan and Carl wandered away from the others. They sat in a small park and talked until suddenly and rudely it was dawn and he had to sneak her back to her home, and sneak back into camp with his obsolete pass. The next time he could wrangle a pass he drove down to Syracuse in a borrowed car, and that time they spoke hundreds of thousands of words to each other, and kissed themselves into a dizzied breathlessness and knew they were in love in a way so intense it had obviously never happened to anyone else before, nor ever would again.

Bill and Betty Garrett came up to Watertown for the wedding. Bill turned over a present of money which Carl knew was just about twice what he could afford. His parents seemed suitably satisfied with the bride. By dint of an eloquence of which he had not thought himself capable, Carl had talked a very callous captain out of a ten-day honeymoon leave.

They spent their honeymoon in July of 1942 in a rented cabin on the shore of Piseco Lake, in Hamilton County, in the Adirondacks. They had ten days and nights to learn each other, to learn the strange terrains and tempos and needs of the beloved. They made much solemn talk, investigating such grown-up treatises as whether or not this was valid marriage or merely a terribly strong physical compulsion. And they quarrelled quite seriously once, he forbidding her to do any more modeling in the Syracuse department store, she in the end capitulating. They had water fights and pillow fights, and once she wept over a botched attempt at fancy cooking. And when they drove back through the mountains to Watertown in the borrowed car, she sat close beside him, hip and shoulder touching him, hand resting on his thigh, humming small songs, her eyes with a look of sleep and of love—and if all that was any index of the efficacy of their honeymoon, then it had been a fine one indeed.

Now Carl thought of that honeymoon girl, and he compared her with the woman in the hospital on this night, fifteen years later. She had remained very much the same person, a girl who reacted to herself and to others in the same way that the honeymoon girl had. Her figure was more mature, but she still had that flavor of vibrant aliveness, of healthy, animal completeness. The hair was crisp, the coppery glints slightly darker, but still visible.

If she too was awake now, she would be looking into the darkness and being afraid. But it was a fear she would not express. Because of that special staunchness.

If Joan had changed very little, the world had changed a great deal for the others.

It had changed for Bill and Betty Garrett. After Carl got out of the service, he talked to his father about the job offer he had received from his colonel, to go to work for the Ballinger Corporation. Bill did not seem put out. His business had grown enormously, and was very successful but, curiously, Bill did not seem to take as much pleasure in it as when it was tiny and insecure. In 1954 he had sold out for a figure that, after capital gains, would enable him and Betty to live in Sarasota, Florida, in comfort for the rest of their lives. The latest photo Betty had sent showed the two of them on their small dock, brown and grinning and healthy.

Joan's father, Dr. Browning, had diagnosed his own case of cancer in 1942, a few months after Joan's wedding. He had died in early 1943. Rod Browning was commissioned in the field in 1943, was wounded and decorated in Italy in 1944, and was killed in action a month later. Will Browning, Joan's elder brother, had survived the war, and was now a captain in the Navy, a brilliant forty-two-year-old staff officer with a wife and two children, currently assigned in Washington.

So, after Joan's operation, there would be just two long-distance calls to make, aside from calling the kids: one to Washington and one to Sarasota. . . .

He sat up restlessly and thumped the pillow into a new shape and lay back. Two-thirty by the luminous dial of the bedroom clock. Too late to take a sleeping pill. It would make him too dopey in the morning.

With uncomfortable honesty he realized he had been thinking of old times and old places in a contrived effort to keep from thinking about Cindy Cable. Yet what harm could there be in thinking of Cindy? The poor gal was in a mess. And so was Bucky.

Maybe Cindy can't sleep either. Lying over there tossing and turning. About—seventy feet away. An easy chip to the green. Use the wedge. Maybe I can sleep if I start replaying golf holes. . . .

Wonder what Cindy wears to bed. Joan sleeps raw. Joan sleeps mostly on her left side with her left hand under the pillow and her right hand resting near her stomach, closed into a slack fist. Wonder what position Cindy sleeps in. . . .

So why not keep thinking of Cindy? No crime, is it? And it's going to put me to sleep. . . .

CHAPTER 3

Carl Garrett had been transferred from Camden to Hillton in June of 1951 when the new plant was opened. His primary function was as exact as the planning that went into the new plant. It took the fifteen people on his staff and a hundred thousand dollars' worth of accounting and tabulating equipment to keep track of factory unit costs down to the last penny, and maintain a cost-control system. His full title was Special Assistant to the Plant Manager in Charge of Factory Cost Accounting.

At a few minutes of eleven on Monday morning, Carl sat with his desk chair swiveled around so that he could look out the window at the white span of the Governor Carson Bridge three miles away. His secretary, Mrs. Brisbie, came in and coughed politely to get his attention. She was a muscular woman of middle height and middle years, addicted to gray suits, white blouses and a blue tint for her white hair.

"Yes, Mrs. Brisbie?"

"Eleven in Mr. Hardy's office, Mr. Garrett."

He looked at his watch. "Then I better take off right now."

As he walked down the corridor toward Hardy's office he found himself wishing that he had a secretary who was more lighthearted. And younger. Brisbie was so—sol-

emnly and authoritatively efficient. She hadn't missed a day in the six years she had worked for him, and probably never would. She would be around to admire the luggage they would give him when he retired. The mental image amused him.

"I like people who walk in smiling." Jim Hardy said. "What's so funny?"

"Just thinking about Brisbie. Jim. She's always quivering on the edge of a snappy salute. Penalty for having been a WAC once upon a time."

"How's Joan? They operate yet?"

"Tomorrow morning. Tuesday. I'll take some time off tomorrow. If it's okay."

"You know it's okay. I guess we can get going. Everybody here? Tim, Ray, Arnold . . ."

Carl took his regular seat at the small conference table in the end of Jim Hardy's big office. It was the normal Monday meeting of heads of departments and sections. Jim Hardy, the plant manager, was a big man in his middle fifties with gray hair, strong features, an amiable manner. He liked to talk about team play. He used what Carl thought to be a discouraging number of sports analogies.

"Tim, you run the first play. Let's have the line-up on that extrusion problem you've been working on."

Tim Haley cleared his throat, adjusted his glasses and began to read from a summary of engineering tests. Carl noted that Ray Walsh was listening very intently. Carl began to doodle on the fresh yellow pad in front of him. He drew his retirement luggage, complete with initials.

Carl left the office on Monday at twenty after five. He drove into the city, planning to eat at Herman's Rathskellar on Grant Avenue. But when he stopped for a drink at the bar he ran into Gil Sullivan, a man he had lived near and known well when they had first moved to Hillton. He hadn't seen Gil in over a year. So they talked and had some drinks together. And after a while he realized he wouldn't have time to eat until after visiting hours.

When he drove out to the hospital he realized ruefully that he was slightly tight. He drove with extra caution, and it was a little after seven when he got to Room 314. Rosa Meyers, Joan's roommate, was reading. She gave Carl a shy nod. Joan's bed was cranked flat and her eyes were closed.

She opened them and smiled and said, "Hi. honey. Crank me up, please. Under the knees too. That's fine. Thanks."

He sat down beside the bed. "How are you? You look a little bushed."

"I'm exhausted and I'm famished. I could eat horses, but they won't let me. You, my friend, smell like a still and look a little glassy."

"I was going to eat at Herman's but I ran into Gil Sullivan at the bar. One drink led to another, so I'll eat after I leave here."

"Anything in the mail?"

"I haven't been home yet."

"I was hoping there'd be something from the kids. Say. look at my red roses. Molly brought them this afternoon."

"Who else came?"

"Cindy and Jane Cardamo."

"How is Jane?"

"Just fine. She's only been out of here three weeks, you know. Cindy stayed about fifteen minutes. You know, she didn't look well to me, and I thought she acted a little odd."

"Did she?" he said. He saw his opportunity to tell Joan what Cindy had told him about her marriage. Cindy had not told him not to tell Joan. But though he was not accustomed to keeping secrets from her he decided he would not mention it. This was no time for Joan to be worrying about Cindy's marriage. And she would worry. So he talked of other things. Visitors came. It was quite gay in Room 314. When he left at eight-thirty he said, "It's still set for ten tomorrow?"

"That's what Bernie told me again today."

He bent over the bed and kissed her and squeezed her arm. "I'll be around, baby. I'll get here by nine-thirty. Don't be scared."

She swallowed and said, "I'm not all enthusiastic about this spinal thing."

"They'll have you all doped up." He kissed her again and cranked the bed down for her, and walked down the hall to the elevators. His eyes were suddenly filled with tears that stung. She looked so damn helpless. They were going to cut her and she was scared. He knew that the drinks were making him more emotional than usual. And he suspected that he had stopped counting his drinks because he was scared, too.

He ate again at the drive-in and went back to the empty house. The mail was dull. Nothing from the kids. The effects of the drinks had worn off, leaving him with a slight headache. He went across the back yard and was surprised at the sharpness of his disappointment when he found the Cable house completely dark, the carport empty. After a few moments he was able to be wryly amused at himself for being so annoyed with Cindy for not being home. He decided he would read for a little while and go to bed early.

It was twenty-five to eleven by the bedroom clock when he thought he heard Cindy drive in. As he walked through the darkness of the house to a west window he heard a car door slam. Then a light came on in the Cable house.

He stood there for a little time and then went back to his book. He found he could not pick up the thread of what he had been reading. He slapped the book shut. Poor kid is probably still upset, he thought. And she's a good friend. Probably just as lonesome as I am. That's when you need your friends, isn't it?

So he got up and put on fresh slacks and moccasins and a blue golf shirt and opened a can of beer and walked to the red maple. The kitchen lights were on but she was not in the kitchen. He hesitated and then went down the slope and over to the screen door. As he raised his hand to rap. he recognized the sound he heard, the hushed roar of the hard shower she was taking. And in that instant he visualized her so clearly and perfectly that he might have been staring into the shower stall itself rather than into that particular corner of his mind. In the very instant of this visualization he felt a savage twist of desire. The violence of it shocked him. and yet, quite suddenly he knew that this desire was nothing new. It had been with him for a long time, and he had carefully concealed it from himself. sublimating it into careful friendship.

A supposedly forgotten incident came vividly into his mind—last New Year's Eve at the country club. At midnight, having ritualistically kissed every other wife in his group. Carl had come upon Cindy in the small hallway beyond the bar. He had taken her by the hand, grinned at her and said, "Old Cindy. A fine new year to Old Cindy." And laid his mouth on hers, on the heat and fragrance of the heavy level lips. and felt a strong and alarming awareness of her. He had released her quickly and avoided her level and knowing eyes and gone unsteadily back to Joan. Cindy had not said a word to him.

He wondered at the way this incident had gone completely out of his memory, and had not come back until this special moment. As he stood there he heard the shower stop. The best thing to do would be go home. Fast. But what good would it do to run away? Hell, a man would be abnormal if he didn't feel a little yen for Cindy Cable.

Just because I feel this way doesn't mean I'm about to start making passes. She has enough on her mind without clumsy passes from her neighbor. The smart thing to do—the really smart thing is to go right ahead and knock the way I was going to, and prove to myself that I can talk to her without drooling, prove to myself this isn't anything I can't handle.

He knocked and called out to her. "Cindy!"

Her voice was far away. "Is that you, Carl?"

"Yes."

"Hi. Come on in. I just finished a shower. The door isn't hooked. I'll be out in a minute."

He went in and stood by the sink with the can of beer in his hand. There was a cup in the sink with her shade of lipstick on the rim. He looked at the red smear and wondered why he should feel touched, why such a mark should look helpless and pathetic and young, why it should make him feel tender toward her.

"Hello, neighbor," she said, coming into the kitchen.

He turned and said, "You've had some sun, lady."

"I got it, didn't I? I put my suit in the car when I went to see Joan. So I went from there to Pond Lake and didn't leave until the sun did."

"Too much, I think."

"Not for me. I've got rhino hide. Tonight it's red and tomorrow it's tan. Beer looks good. I've got some. You ready for more?" She opened two cans. They took them to the booth and sat as on the evening before.

They talked about Joan and her operation. Cindy acted ill at ease. Finally she said, "I talked too much last night. It's made me uncomfortable all day, remembering."

"I don't think you did."

"All I can say for myself is I didn't exaggerate. In either direction. I do apologize to you for talking you to death. And I owe it to you to tell you what I decided. Maybe not completely decided. But it's what I think my final answer will be."

"What is that?"

"The second honeymoon. And I'll be honest with him and force him to be completely honest with me. Maybe I can get through to him. I have to try."

"Makes sense."

"Then if I can't make it work, his dear mother can start referring to me as 'that impossible girl our Bucky was once married to.' I can just hear her saying it, Carl. And the funny thing is, if anybody is to blame in this, Sarah Cable is."

"How?"

"She's never wanted her baby to grow up. She's done her darnedest to fix the world for him so he wouldn't ever have to. The first time we stayed there after our marriage I felt like a wanton. She couldn't believe that a girl had any right to be in Bucky's room along with all his airplane models and gilt cups and football pictures. Bucky is her little boy. He can do no wrong. All his opinions are significant and important. She taught him that the world is a place where other people will look after his clothes, feed him, clean up after him and tell him he's superb. His job is a toy and that airplane is a toy and I'm supposed to be another toy, but I won't play fair. I won't stay quietly in the toy box."

"But you'll be able to make it work, Cindy."

She fanned herself with her hand. "Maybe it's my sunburn, but I'm dying in here. Let's take some emergency beer rations out into the back yard."

They went out and sat on two aluminum chaise longues placed side by side. When he looked at her he could see the pallor of her blouse, the glow of red against her face when she drew on her cigarette. They looked at the light of Hillton against the night sky and talked easily and comfortably of friends and neighbors, of school and parties, of friends and scandals. It was effortless, yet he could not cease being aware of her physical presence.

"Now," she said at last, "I do my good deed and shoo you off to bed."

They got up and she gathered up the cans and her cigarettes and he walked with her toward her back door. Ten feet away from where they had sat, she tripped, fought for balance and fell hard. He grabbed for her, but not in time. She made a thin sound of pain.

He knelt beside her and said, "Are you hurt?"

She pushed herself into a sitting position. "Graceful old Cindy. Full of coordination."

"What happened?"

"That stupid sprinkler head. We can't just use a hose like other people. Bucky has to bury pipe in the yard so we can have little booby traps sticking up all over."

He took her by the hand and helped her up. She took a half step and winced and nearly went down again. "Ow, ow. Turned the ankle, I guess." She laughed, a sound of helpless annoyance.

He went around to her right side, put his arm around her waist and said, "Put your arm across my shoulders."

"I can manage in a minute."

"Come on. We'll get you into the kitchen and look you over."

He walked slowly with her, his hand on her supple and narrow waist. She took a dozen limping steps to the back door. He knew he would release her there. But he had the feeling all this had happened before, just as it was going to happen now. At the door he turned her into his arms and kissed her.

She stood rigid and shocked and uncooperative in his arms, not fighting him, but murmuring, "Please, no, please, no," against his lips. As he was about to release her, wondering how he could apologize to her, she gave a prolonged shuddering sigh, then turned a bit to meet his mouth more firmly with hers, turned just enough in a fluid and practiced way so that their prior awkwardness of knees that bumped and elbows that were in the way was now gone and they fitted sweetly and tightly, with her right arm around his neck, her left arm around his waist, her palm and fingers strong against the muscles of his back, her mouth hard against his. Because she was younger he had somehow anticipated a girlishness about her, possibly a demureness. But this was a mature woman, of humid and silky tautness, perfectly frank and healthy, without restraints or fears or ignorances. He found himself taken aback, possibly somewhat alarmed—a petty thief who opens the drawer and is appalled by the rich heavy stack of currency—but then all such was lost in his new response to her, and the night wheeled around them, tilted and breathless. When at last he staggered slightly, she whirled away from him, took three limping steps and leaned against the side of the house.

He sat down on the step in front of the kitchen door. He could hear the gallop of his heart. She was breathing so deeply he could hear her. He could see her in silhouette, feet braced, arms folded across her breasts.

"God," she said softly, giving it more a cadence of prayer than of curse. He lighted two cigarettes, held one out toward her. She reached and took it from his fingers without touching him.

"My fault," he said.

"Let's not play that kind of a game, Carl. It's so barren. Your fault, my fault. I wanted you to. For some time, I guess. So you got the message. Now—how do we undo it?"

"I don't know."

"It's so ordinary, Carl. So cheap."

"So let's forget it. That's the standard line, isn't it? If we can forget it."

"That isn't helping much. I wish that I wasn't cursed with this passion of mine for complete honesty and complete frankness. Plus an unhealthy amount of curiosity. Maybe we can talk it to death."

"Back to the beginning. It started last New Year's Eve."

"I know. I didn't know you even remembered that."

"I didn't, until tonight."

"Carl, it's the fiendish timing of the thing that trapped us. Bucky away. Joan in the hospital. Marriage trouble. And that darned sprinkler head. Carl, I want you to believe I'm a good person. Not—mischievous or destructive or flirtatious or experimental. And I'm not going to make a big fat drama out of one kiss, just because I'm restless. And a little bored. I wouldn't use you as . . ."

"Don't bother to explain that."

She snapped the cigarette out into the yard. "I'm just emotionally vulnerable right now. If I weren't, a kiss couldn't make the whole world tilt. And part of it is liking you, I suppose. Because I do."

"As a friend."

"Of course."

"Likewise," he said.

She laughed. "We really scintillate, don't we?"

He stood up. "That's because talking does no good. I don't want a mess. You don't want a mess. So we'll drop it right here. And it won't be because we have good character. It will be because we have emotional logic."

"All right, Carl. I'd better go in now. And when we expose this to daylight, it won't seem so enormous and dramatic, will it? By tomorrow it will be small and beery and—manageable, won't it?"

"Yes."

"It's got to be. For lots of reasons."

"I know that. Good night, Cindy."

He knew he could not risk getting too close to her. He stepped back and she went in without word or gesture, her shoulders at a weary angle. He paused beside the red maple, saw her go out into the yard and take in the cans she had dropped. He saw her go back and sit in the booth and lower her head to her outstretched arms. He knew that she wept.

His own house looked strange to him. As if he had been away for a very long time. In the bathroom mirror he saw the mark of her lipstick on the corner of his mouth. He rubbed it off carefully and looked at the smear on the piece of Kleenex. It seemed to him a symbol of all infidelity.

CHAPTER 4

Two weeks after his honeymoon, his battalion had been moved west to Needles, California. There the outfit was broken up and he and Joan's brother Rod were assigned to a medium tank outfit being equipped with the new M3A1. By early 1943 they knew they were due for overseas shipment, and soon. But Sergeant Carl Garrett didn't get to go. Not after a jeep skidded on gravel and threw him thirty feet onto a roadside pile of rock. It gave him a fractured skull, two cracked vertebrae, a cracked pelvis and a badly broken leg.

Rod Browning came often to see him in the hospital. By then Joan had come out to be near him. When Rod came the last time to see Carl before he was shipped out, he brought Clarise along and introduced her as the girl he would marry as soon as the war ended. She was dark and very quiet and extremely lovely, a script girl in one of the smaller studios.

One Sunday afternoon, after Carl had been classified as ambulatory, he went with Joan to visit Clarise. She lived in one of a string of attached bungalows. Carl, still clumsy on his crutches, waited in the cab while Joan went to see if she was in. When Joan returned she was pale with anger and outrage. Clarise had been in, and not alone, and too drunk to make any attempt to conceal her faithlessness. Later they talked of writing Rod, but decided to wait. And so, as it turned out, there was no need to tell him.

The medical-board decision was that Carl could be returned to limited duty. He was assigned to a weather station in Alaska. Joan went to Youngstown and Kip was born there in 1944. Carl was reassigned to Camp Shanks in late 1944 and found a place for Joan and the baby in Orangeburg. At Shanks he so impressed Colonel Gowdy—who in civilian life was an executive of the Ballinger Corporation—that the contact led directly to his employment by Ballinger after the war. Nancy was born in 1945, a month before Carl's separation from the service, six weeks before he joined the Ballinger training program.

Now, as he balled the soiled Kleenex in his hand, he remembered once again how Joan had reacted to the evidence of Clarise's faithlessness. She had been angered and sick. Infidelity was not pretty. It could never be made romantic or dashing or be considered high adventure. It could only be something rather dirty.

After he was in bed he tried to dispose of the Cindy problem with great coldness and logic. After all, what was the problem? A kiss? It might be considered disturbing in the Victorian era, but not today. Was the special awareness a problem? Nothing that could not be handled. They were adults. But the sensory areas of the rebel mind kept shifting stubbornly back to the taste of her mouth, the lithe back muscles under his hands, and it seemed that the fragrance of her was in the room, making his palms sweaty, his heart faster.

At three-thirty he took a pill, and when he awakened abruptly it was twenty-five after nine and the alarm had run down without his hearing it. He arrived at the hospital at ten minutes of ten. They checked at the front desk and found that Mrs. Carl Garrett had already been taken to Operating Room 3 on the fourth floor. He took the elevator up, and a nurse at a corridor desk showed him the small room where he could wait. She said that after the operation Mrs. Garrett would be taken to the Recovery Room, and probably would not be returned to her room until sometime during the afternoon. She said that Dr. Madden had other operations scheduled, but that if he kept an eye on the corridor, Dr. Madden would be going by the small waiting room when he was finished.

He sat in the waiting room. It was quarter after ten. Suppose it was not as routine as Bernie had indicated. Suppose when they opened her up they found . . . He imagined the scene:

"Carl, sit down. I hate to have to tell you this."

"Do you mean . . ."

The fantasy assumed the vividness of reality in his mind. He knew just how it would be, how their friends and neighbors would react, how the people at the plant would react. Suddenly they would be tragic figures, the woman doomed, the man stern and heartbroken and brave, determined to make the little time left to her as happy as possible, but always aware of the great emptiness he would face after she was gone. Telling the kids would be a special horror. . . .

And quite suddenly he was sickened by the selfish bathos of his fantasy, realizing that he was getting a certain amount of twisted satisfaction out of thinking of himself as a tragic figure. He wondered what kind of man

this could be who could indulge himself in this shallow game at Joan's expense.

It was a good marriage. It had been and it would continue to be good. The world was a cruel and sardonic place, and disasters struck in a disconcertingly casual manner, and if you could find one other human being who was irrevocably committed to you, then you were far ahead of the game. Then you had achieved a rare contentment.

The minutes passed with a terrible slowness. He paced the small room, went out to look up and down the hall, looked out the window, tightened up whenever he heard a footstep in the hall.

It was not until twenty after twelve that he heard approaching footsteps and went to the doorway and saw Bernie Madden coming down the hall. As Carl hurried toward him he could not help seeing how sick and gray Bernie looked. And Carl felt as if he could not catch his breath. Madden looked at him as though he had never seen him before. Then he nodded and said, "Hello."

"How's Joan?"

"Joan? Oh, Joan is fine. No problems." He leaned against the door frame and got his cigarettes out from under the pale green operating gown. "I just lost a kid in there. Eleven years old."

"That's—too bad, Bernie."

"You don't want to lose anybody, but especially you don't want to lose kids. Your Joan is fine, Carl."

"What did you do?"

"Just like I said. Found fibroids, removed same. We'll have the lab reports day after tomorrow, but they'll be classified benign."

"Can I see her?"

"Not until they take her back to her room. Say around two. She's fine. Go get some lunch. She'll be groggy when you see her. I've ordered special nurses around the clock for a couple of days, and we'll keep her on Demerol until she's more comfortable. The nurses okay with you?"

"Of course. Thanks, Bernie. Thanks a lot."

Bernie nodded absently and walked slowly down the corridor, looking small and stocky and defeated.

Carl ate a huge lunch and kept catching himself grinning broadly. He felt as if he'd come up into the sun after a very deep dive. He hadn't known the full extent of his worry until it had been lifted from him.

At two o'clock they let him go up to see her. One of the specials, a Miss Calhoun, was on duty. She introduced herself, and said, "She's doing very well, Mr. Garrett."

The curtain was drawn between the beds. Joan lay flat. Her face had a moist, waxy look. Her eyes were huge and staring, and her smile was the wrong shape.

"Hello, darling," she said.

He kissed her on the forehead and said, "How does the other guy look?"

"I could feel them cutting and tugging, but it didn't hurt at all and it wasn't even scary." She shifted slightly in the bed and grimaced with pain.

"Should you try to move?"

"I'm supposed to move. But I feel as if—everything would fall out."

"Bernie says you're fine."

"Did they—do anything else to me?"

"Just the tumors. That's all they did."

"Are you sure, honey? Are you real sure?"

"I'm positive. Cross my heart."

She shifted again, wincing, her lips whitening. Nurse Calhoun looked down at her. "Time for another shot. She's a stubborn patient, Mr. Garrett. She won't tell me when she needs a shot. I have to guess."

"Tell the nurse when you hurt, darling. That's an order."

"Okay," she said. He kissed her and told her he would be back in a little while. Out in the corridor Nurse Calhoun told him that after this shot she would probably sleep quite heavily, and it might be best if he came back at about seven. She told him that he was the only visitor who would be permitted to see her. He went back into the room. She found his hand and squeezed it tightly.

"I'm glad it's over so I can stop thinking about it."

"She'll bring a shot and then you'll have a good long sleep."

"She's a special nurse, darling. Aren't they terribly expensive?"

"The insurance takes care of everything," he lied.

"Oh. That's good." When the nurse came with the hypo, he kissed Joan and left. The afternoon sunshine had a bright and joyous look. It was, he decided, an excellent Tuesday. One of the better ones. It was too late to go back to the office. He drove home and went into the quiet house and made the promised phone calls, Kip and Nancy first, then Joan's brother, and finally his parents.

He was just finishing his conversation with his mother, talking over the living-room phone when he heard the rap on the screen door. He looked over his shoulder and saw Cindy standing, smiling in through the screen at him. He motioned to her to come in.

By the time he had finished his call, Cindy had collected a stack of ashtrays and was heading for the kitchen with them. "I overheard the good news, Carl. I'm so glad." He followed her into the kitchen. "How's her morale?"

"Pretty good, I think. She's all doped up."

"I phoned the hospital but they gave me the usual double talk. When I looked out a little while ago and saw your car I came right over. How did you manage to dirty every ashtray in the house?"

"I never said I was neat."

"You talked to the kids?"

"Called them first. Want a beer?"

"Yes, please. I've been baking myself in the back yard this morning. I'm dehydrated." When he started to get a glass she took the opened can out of his hand and said. "We don't have to get fancy about it." She smiled and looked away a little too quickly to achieve the casual manner she was trying to maintain. He sensed that she had come over with every intention of being so casual, so impersonal, that the incident of last night would be buried under a layer of polite, neighborly conversation. He knew it was a good idea.

They went into the living room. He sat on the couch and Cindy redistributed the ashtrays. Then, hesitating visibly, she came and sat at the other end of the couch and put her beer can on the coffee table. He knew why she hesitated, and was touched by it. She had to select the proper distance from him, neither so near nor so far as to be obvious.

"Well, it must be a great weight off your mind, Carl."

"I didn't know just how much until it was over."

She leaned back and stretched long legs and crossed her ankles and scowled toward the fireplace and said, "I wasn't going to mention last night at all, darn it. But you ought to know how different it looks to me in daylight. Just foolish and unimportant."

"Same with me. How's the ankle?"

"I soaked it last night. It's a little puffy and there's a little twinge when I step down, but no interesting limp. Anyway, about last night I'm determined not to feel sneaky, Carl. I know I'm never going to go in for suburban intrigue. If I ever cheat, it's going to be all the way, all out, with divorce and remarriage and all the rest of it."

"That lets me out!"

"I know that."

"You get pretty vehement about it."

She took a long drink from the can and set it down, and sighed. "I suppose so. And I guess it's just another of my little acts, the stupid little attitudes I strike. I'm

always hearing myself sounding off and then getting the horrible feeling I'm impersonating somebody. Maybe there isn't any real Cindy."

"I thought I was the only one with that disease."

"You too?" she said, looking at him sharply. "Then maybe I can tell you this, too. All morning I let the sun beat down on me and I kept telling myself I'm in love with you, and telling myself there's not a damn thing we can do about it, and feeling very tragic about the whole thing, and then wondering if I was sort of dramatizing myself. How do you react to that, Mr. Garrett?"

"I—I guess I'm flattered. A very vital and handsome and interesting gal, a nice tall leggy blonde getting interested in a sedentary office worker who's getting thin on top, and who has kids nearly old enough to—"

"Stop that this minute!"

He looked at her. "All right. And we'd better stop this whole thing. We're going to stay out of trouble through an exercise of will, Cindy. And it doesn't make it any easier for either of us to kick the subject around in general discussion. We can say we're talking good sense, but on another level we're getting ourselves heated up again. Last night you said something about talking it to death. You can talk things into life, too, I think."

She stared at him and blushed. "Carl, I wouldn't want you to think that I. . . ." As she spoke she reached for the beer, not looking at it. She reached beyond it and her wrist hit it, knocking it off the coffee table so that it fell to the floor between them. They reached for it simultaneously, both bending over quickly to rescue it before all the beer ran out onto the rug. As she grasped it, her hair brushed his cheek, and, as they straightened up he reached across her and grasped her upper arm and slowly, powerfully, turned her toward him so that she would face him. She sat very still, head lowered, being slowly turned, yet resisting the pressure. She did not make a sound.

When she was facing him she raised her head and looked into his eyes, inches from hers. Her eyes went wider and her mouth twisted in a grimace that was almost ugly just before she responded fiercely, heavily, clingingly to his kiss. The endless kiss endured, and they were breathing quickly and harshly, their breath mingling. There was a hand that was his hand and yet did not belong to him, moving as it did with its own blind purpose, finding the tiny zipper tab at the side of her slacks. He heard the tiny glinting sound of the zipper teeth.

Then suddenly she put both hands against his chest and pushed him away with a violence so sudden and shocking it was as though she had the strength of the mentally deranged. He fell back and toppled the coffee table over and thudded heavily against the rug. She looked at him with pain and anger and something else he could not define and said in a whisper that was like a shout. "Not *here*, Carl! Certainly not here!" And she began to weep, her face in the pillow.

He stood up and looked around the room, breathing as though he had run a long way. It was like awakening from a strange sleep. Not here, of course. Not in this house. That would be a special and unforgivable wickedness. And slowly he turned and looked at her. Her hair was rumpled. Her eyes were very wide, her face pale. She looked young and scared, and yet she met his long look with a certain defiance.

And in those long seconds the words were as clear between them as if they had been spoken aloud: *Not here.* But . . . where?

When she left to go back to her own house forty minutes later, he felt emotionally exhausted. There had been arguments, recriminations, a long turbulent scene. They had created pretty rationalizations to justify an infidelity, and destroyed the rationalizations in the next breath.

Now that she was gone, he was left with the bare and ugly facts of the arrangement they had made: Tomorrow, after work, he would drive thirty miles east on the turnpike to an area of new motels, and he would rent a motel room for them. They would use both cars and go there that night and be together there. They would steal this fragment of time out of all the days of their lives and use it selfishly and wickedly. Neither one of them would shoulder the blame. It had been mutually decided.

And then he had watched her from the door as she went across the front lawn, long legs swinging, pony tail bouncing, her body balanced so surely and gracefully. The moment she was out of sight he could not believe that it could have happened this way. But it had.

A new nurse had come on at four o'clock, a Mrs. Pierce, who gave him grudging permission to talk to Joan. Joan was still flat, but her color had improved. Her eyes still had the staring look. She held his hand tightly and said, smiling, "Were you really here before? Honestly?"

"Right after they brought you down. And I told you what Bernie said, and you didn't want to believe me."

"You better tell me again, darling. It's as if I dreamed you were here."

He sat beside her and she kept tight hold of his hand while he went over it again. He was with her over a half-hour. When he was with her he felt that Cindy was the unreality. When he was with Cindy, Joan seemed remote, like someone he had once known. He had an insane impulse to smile brightly and say, "Guess what Cindy and I are going to do tomorrow night, dear."

And then he began to wonder if she could read it in his face. He had never been able to lie to her successfully.

He told her what the kids had said, and what her sister-in-law had said, and what his mother had said. He read her the letter from Nancy and the post card from Kip and left them in the drawer of her night stand. He told her to sleep well and he kissed her, and nodded at the nurse and left the hospital, feeling both guilty and relieved, and filled with a tremorous anticipation of Cindy that made his belly hollow and his head light, and made the backs of his hands prickle.

CHAPTER 5

On Wednesday morning just before lunch he phoned Jim Hardy from his office and said that unless Jim needed him for something special, he planned to work through until two-thirty and then go out to the hospital.

As he drove toward the hospital he was well aware of his own hypocrisy. He had not planned to visit Joan during afternoon visiting hours, yet if he used her as an excuse to leave he stood a better chance of getting out on the turnpike in time to find a vacancy in a good motel before all the units were taken by the summer tourists.

The realization of this duplicity gave him a sour look at himself and clouded, momentarily, his anticipations of Cindy. He wished he could turn off that part of his mind which made bitter little appraisals of the ethics and motives of Carl A. Garrett.

Nobody is going to find out anyway, he told himself. This is neither crucial nor unique. And, please, stop all this thinking. Think only of Cindy, who happens to have long golden legs and gray-blue eyes and an expressive mouth, and dark-blonde hair—and a practically miraculous

degree of availability. Think only of your own marvelous, unbelievable luck.

Nurse Calhoun was on duty again. Joan was cranked up, her hair fixed, lipstick on, her eyes better but not quite normal.

"I told you not to bother to come out in the afternoon, darling, but I'm glad you did anyhow. You know what? A little while ago they had me sit up with my legs dangling over the side of the bed. They make you dangle the day afterward. Honestly, it's incredible. The day before yesterday I was trotting up and down the halls, and right now I couldn't stand up if my life depended on it."

"Tomorrow you will," the nurse said.

"How do you really feel?" Carl asked.

"Well . . . I still feel as if I were about to pop open and have everything fall out. I hurt a little, but they give me things when I do." Nurse Calhoun excused herself and went out, and Joan asked, "Honey, are you going back to work?"

"No, I'm going to goof off. I'm using you as an excuse."

"It looks like such a nice day out there. Why don't you play golf? That would be good for you."

"The lawn is getting shaggy. If I feel the need of exercise, I'll break out the mower. Who sent the yellow flowers?"

"The garden club. Aren't they lovely?"

Nurse Calhoun came back in and looked at Joan and decided she needed a nap. And so, at ten minutes of three, he was on the turnpike, heading east at sixty-five miles an hour.

One of the most impressive motels in the strip of new motels was called The Traveler. It had an imposing façade, startling roof angles, a large pool. There were chairs on the green lawn, and children in the pool.

The man behind the registration counter had a sour face and a gruff manner. He put the card in front of Carl. "Getting off the road early?"

"No. I want this for later. A double, please."

"Every one of our units has two double beds. Want to see one?"

"That's not necessary." Carl realized he had written *Carl A. Garr* . . . He hesitated and wrote *Garroway* and forced a laugh and said, "No relation to Dave." He picked a street name and number in Hillton.

"Got to have your license number." Carl wrote it down. "Local plate?"

"Yes," he said evenly. "A local plate and a local address. My wife and I want the room for one night. I came out early because I thought you might be full."

"Here's your key," the man said. "Number Twenty, and that'll be twelve dollars even."

"We might bring both cars. Where'll I put the extra one?"

The man stepped to the door, pointed. "You're halfway down there on the right. Pull it all the way down to the end and around the corner of the building."

Carl walked down and looked at Number 20. It was a big room. There was a central air-conditioning system, and a soft sound came from a wall grid, like an endless sigh. The Venetian blinds were partially closed. The draperies and spreads were a dark wine-red, the wall-to-wall carpeting a deep, soft blue-green. The furniture was squatty and pale and modern. On the table between the double beds was a double gooseneck lamp with spun aluminum shades. The television set was angled into a corner, staring with its huge blind eye. It was all clean and hushed and impersonal. When he flipped the silent switch in the bathroom a circular fluorescent fixture went on over the sink. Combination tub and shower stall, with sliding plastic doors. Two bath towels, two hand towels, two paper bath mats. For two people.

He went back into the bedroom. It could not happen. She would not come here. He could not visualize her here. He felt no anticipation, because he knew it would not happen.

At five o'clock he went down the terrace into her yard. Cindy, in a white sunsuit, her body greased with sun lotion, her book and sun glasses beside her, lay prone on a rubberized beach mattress. She heard him and sat up quickly and stared at him. "What are you doing here? What's wrong?"

He sat on his heels beside her. "I left the office early and drove out the pike."

"And there aren't any vacancies. I knew it."

He took the key out of his pocket and gave it to her. "You can't miss the place. You can go on out. I'll join you there." He explained about where she could put her car.

"It isn't really going to happen, is it? I've sensed that all day. When you plan something—so coldly—it doesn't happen. Something goes wrong."

"Number Twenty. It's on the right."

"We're so cold-blooded about it."

"Shall we skip it?"

"Please don't be cross and cruel. We're both nervous. Let's not snap at each other."

"This horrible grimace is supposed to be an encouraging smile."

"That's better, darling. When will you be there?"

"Nine, or a little later."

"Drive carefully. Please drive carefully. I'm horribly superstitious. Don't kiss me. A neighbor could be looking. Just go away, and I'll see you when you get there. In Room Twenty. Kiss me then. And, please, very tenderly. I'm scared."

After he left her he drove to the shopping center and picked up two bottles of good champagne and put them in the freezer. After his long shower he shaved, dressed carefully, packed his toilet articles in a small kit, put the champagne along with the ice from two trays into a portable cooler, and put both items in the car.

He walked into Room 314 at exactly seven o'clock. Mrs. Pierce left him alone with Joan. She looked more tired than she had during the afternoon. She said she had sat up again, and that Bernie had stopped by and said she was doing fine.

She smiled at him and said, "And you are certainly looking like a man around town. Got some big deal lined up?"

"I got dressed up to see you."

"Come on, now."

"Well, after I leave here I may decide to go on into town. Jim Hardy is entertaining some of the New York people at Steuben's. He thinks I ought to join them."

"If he thinks so, then you should, dear. And why don't you run along right now? You don't have to hang around here."

"I'll stay here until I'm thrown out."

"Did you play golf or mow the lawn?"

"Neither. I didn't do a darn thing."

"How is Cindy coming with her project?"

"Project?"

"You know, dear. Her plan to do absolutely nothing."

"I guess she's working at it. She was in her back yard this afternoon, sunning herself. I went over and talked for a little while. She says give you her best."

"Please tell her I'll be back on the visiting list tomorrow. And Bernie says I can let the night nurse go after tomorrow night, and then the next day just keep Miss Calhoun for help with my bath and learning to walk again. And I can come home maybe Monday. That's only four more days, darling!"

"You're mending fast."

"Did Molly get hold of you yet? They want you to have dinner over there."

"Not yet."

"Are you reading until all hours? You look sort of tense and drawn."

"Probably the result of worrying about you."

"Would you put stamps on these, dear, and mail them please? They're to the kids." He put them in his jacket pocket. "And really, you don't have to come and see me tomorrow afternoon. You shouldn't miss so much time from work. Look at the cards I got today, dear. Some of them are really funny."

He looked at the cards. The minutes went by slowly, heavily, in solemn procession. Ninety minutes. Visiting hours ended. He kissed her, walked to the elevators and went down and handed in his visiting card and walked out into the last of the twilight.

Some light escaped around the blinds in the front windows of Number Twenty. He parked in the marked diagonal place in front of the door. He felt squeamish about carrying in the toilet kit and the champagne, decided to come back out and get them.

He knocked and she opened the door a crack and then opened it wider. The light was behind her. She was wearing something dark, and her long hair was fastened into a flat bun at the back of her head, and there was a scent of musky perfume about her. "Hello," she said in a small voice.

"Hello."

"Could—could we drive around a little? I've got the key."

"Sure." She came out. He pulled the door shut, tested it, then held the car door open for her, went around and got behind the wheel. He went out onto the turnpike and headed east.

"It was—sort of too quick," she said.

"I know." Traffic was not heavy. She stayed far over on her side of the seat. He glanced at her in the light of oncoming headlights. Her face was grave and still.

"It's so strange," she said. "Bucky and I went to Mexico City for our honeymoon. We had a suite at the Reforma. And we found a place to eat that we loved. He ate buckets of paella and we drank Spanish wine. The name of the place was El Parador. Do you know what that means?"

"No, I don't."

"It means The Traveler."

"Does that hex everything?"

"No. No. I didn't mean that. It's just—odd. And it was a good honeymoon, Carl. Really." She suddenly slid over and sat close beside him, so that he felt the warmth of her thigh. "That's enough of Bucky for tonight. Enough of Bucky and Joan. And we're not Carl and Cindy. No labels. Just a couple."

"Mr. and Mrs. Garroway. That's the way we're registered."

"I think I like that. It has such a nice implausible sound."

He dropped his right hand to her lap. She held his hand tightly in both of hers. Her fingers were chill. They were quiet until he had made the cloverleaf turn and they were headed back.

"Carl, I've got a dismal case of stage fright. I guess because this is all so sneaky. It's something I knew I'd never, never do."

"Do you feel cheap?"

"Somehow, no. But I think that will come later. Now I feel scared hollow. Darling, do I talk too much? I'm a lousy-type fallen woman. I should be silent and mysterious. And I go yak, yak, yak, yak."

Finally they saw the sign ahead against the night sky. He drove through the arch. The pool was lighted. A man and woman were swimming side by side, their slow strokes in perfect rhythm. He took the key and unlocked the door for her and then went back and got the portable cooler and his toilet kit.

She had left one light on, a bureau lamp with a pierced black metal shade. He saw her small suitcase on a luggage rack. He closed the door, set the cooler down, put the toilet kit on the bureau. She stood facing him. She wore a tailored black suit, a white blouse with a severe collar, pumps with high heels, small gold hoop earrings. Her make-up was careful.

"Well—here we are," she said with a forced smile.

He kissed her. She was awkward in his arms and turned away from him. "Did I wear the right things?"

"You are very imposing. Sophisticated and very lovely."

She sat ratherly stiffly on the end of the nearest bed and said, "I had a grim idea of a sort of a cabin with a naked light bulb and trucks roaring by just outside the door. This is so darn formal." She got up and took off her black jacket and, as she hung it in the closet, noticed the cooler. "What have we here?"

"I guess it's a little corny. Champagne."

When the loosened cork popped from the first bottle it struck the ceiling and hit her shoulder as it fell. "That's supposed to mean luck," he said.

They sat on the beds, facing each other, and solemnly drank the champagne from water tumblers, and they made awkward and meaningless conversation. Finally she said, "Why—why don't you go out and look at the pool or the sky or something for a little while, darling?"

He went out to the pool. It was no longer lighted. He sat on a lawn chair damp with dew. The faraway stars were reflected in the still water. In the next million years there would be no perceptible change in the stars. Under their pale, unending light anything he did or did not do lost meaning and significance.

After fifteen minutes he went back in and locked the door behind him. She was in bed. The only light came from one half of the double lamp between the beds. She had turned and twisted it down so that the cone of soft radiance was aimed directly at the floor. In the reflected glow he could see her shadowy face, her hair spread and tousled on the pillow, and a glinting highlight in her eyes as she looked toward him.

When he awakened, morning was in the room, and Cindy was kneeling on the floor beside the bed, her face close to his, saying, "Ding, ding, ding, ding. Good morning, my honey. I am an alarm clock!"

He pulled her close and kissed her. She sat back on her heels, her eyes bright, and said, "Now I am a turned-off alarm clock." She wore red denim shorts, sandals and a crisp white blouse.

"What happened to the sophisticate I brung here?" he asked.

"That crow in black? She took off. She sent me in to sub, explaining that you are very dull, but sort of sweet."

"What time is it?"

"It is now ten beyond seven. People have been chunking car doors like mad for the last hour. It is time for you to go be an executive."

When he came out of the bathroom, showered and shaved and dressed, she was standing by the bureau. She cocked her head to the side and studied him and said, with a smile that was slightly tremulous, "I've been trying to tell myself that nobody will ever know and nobody will ever guess. We've been so sneaky and careful . . . and I love you."

"But?"

"Exactly. *But.* That horrible word. Nobody will ever

know, I hope. But *we* know. I expected an attack of the remorses later on. But not so quickly, darling. I have the horrible consciousness of having done something wrong." She turned away from him and sat on the arm of the upholstered chair, her shoulders slumped.

He went to her and put his hands on her shoulders. "I know," he said gently.

"You, too? A fine pair we are, my friend. I guess they have rules because there are some darn good reasons for having rules. When I was a little kid I used to break the rules just because—they were there. And then fall into a black depression because I'd been naughty. This isn't that easy, is it?"

"Listen to me, Cindy. It's done. It can't be undone. It was wrong. We shouldn't have done it. So let's start from there. I suspect that remorse is healthy. I don't think I'd want us to react any other way, really."

"But don't you see? We're changed. We're not the same two people we were yesterday. I don't think I like myself very well, and I don't like the feeling of not liking myself. Or you. Right now I don't like either of us. Carl. Even though I do love you. We're both sort of—little. And sort of cheap."

He could not leave until she was in better spirits. It took quite some time to make her smile again. She said that she didn't want to go home so soon, that she thought she would be able to think it all out if she could stay at the motel all day.

So after he said good-by to her, he stopped at the office and paid for another night.

It was a little after eight-thirty when he arrived at his home. Marie, the cleaning woman, was sitting on the low terrace wall waiting to be let in. She was as sullen and cheerless as usual. He explained that he had gone out for breakfast. He smuggled the toilet kit into the house, left the cooler in the car. He went quickly to the bedroom and was glad to see that he had forgotten to make his bed from the night before. He paid Marie and left for the office.

As he drove west on the turnpike toward Hillton, he thought of how depressed Cindy had become when he was ready to leave the motel. He had felt much the same way, but had been determined not to let her see it. He had entered into a deliberate and premeditated arrangement to commit adultery. He had not thought himself capable of that brand of deceit. It had happened. And Cindy was right when she said that it had changed them. It was not something you could forget. Or ignore. Or feel smug and guiltless about.

Yet in spite of his uneasiness and the gnawings of conscience, his mind was filled with all the sensual and textural memories of Cindy. It dizzied him to think of her, and she stayed with him through the long day, blurring his concentration.

At four in the afternoon Molly Raedek phoned him and said, "If you aren't the hardest man to locate! I called you a dozen times last night and I guess I just missed you this morning. Ted and I want you to come to dinner tonight. I've just come from seeing Joan, and this is an order, not an invitation."

"Molly, that's sweet of you, but . . ."

"No buts."

"But this is Thursday, and aren't I supposed to come to some kind of a party at your place tomorrow night?"

"Oh, that will be one of those big rat races. This is different. You come here from the hospital, and we'll expect you at quarter to nine. I'll meet you at the door with a drink."

She hung up. He glared at the phone and banged it down on the cradle. He wanted to call her back and tell her he couldn't make it. And he knew why. He and Cindy had agreed that they would have just one night together. Yet the room had been paid for for another night. It was theirs. He knew that he had been thinking of seeing her, talking her into a second night out there.

Yet, this was the better solution. This made it impossible. The decision was out of his hands, and it was very probably for the best. It was now time to pull himself together and start thinking of the episode with Cindy as something that had happened in the past. It was all over.

When he left the plant a little after five the sky was gray and a slow rain was falling. He hoped it had not started so early as to spoil Cindy's day. It had been an endlessly dull day for him. His attention had wandered so badly in a conference that Hardy had kidded him about it, but in such a heavy-handed way that Carl knew he had been annoyed.

When he reached home his feeling of depression lifted. Cindy's car was not there. He showered and put on slacks and a sports shirt. He drove down to the shopping center and bought a book and an orchid for Joan, ate a sandwich at a counter, and arrived at the hospital at a quarter after seven.

Joan had been cranked almost straight up. She was bright-eyed and full of news. Molly had come with Jane Cardamo to visit her that afternoon. And she had walked around the bed once, leaning heavily on Nurse Calhoun. She gasped over the orchid and said she had wanted to read the novel. She showed him the two letters from the kids. Nancy had enclosed a snapshot of herself atop a large white horse.

"Did Molly get hold of you finally?"

"At the office."

"And you're going there tonight?"

"Yes, for dinner. But it will be a late dinner and you know how Ted's drinks are, so I had a sandwich before I came here."

"That was smart. Dear, shouldn't you be a little more dressed up? That's really a very tired sports shirt for a visit."

"It's just family. You know you look pretty good?"

"Oh, I feel so much better. I can almost believe I will be out of here Monday."

"What time of day?"

"Bernie hasn't said yet. I'd guess in the afternoon. Did Marie come?"

"Full of sour looks and dark mumblings. I wish you'd find somebody cheerful."

"She's a wonderful worker, though. Dear, how was your party last night?"

"What? Oh, it was all right."

"Molly said she called you at eleven-thirty and you weren't home yet. It must have been a late night. You look tired, dear."

"It wasn't so very late."

"Who was there from New York? Anybody I've met?"

"I don't think so. These were production people."

"I wonder if Marie did the windows. Probably. It *always* rains right after she does the windows. Darling, did you tell Cindy I could have visitors today?"

"I haven't seen her."

"When you do, tell her she can come see me."

She smiled at him and he smiled back at her. He wondered why it didn't show. He felt as if he had Cindy's name written across his forehead in crimson. He felt as if Joan would be able to detect Cindy's perfume on him. He felt as if his smile were a telltale grimace of guilt. Sitting here, with Joan, he could not understand how he had come to do such a thing to her, to their marriage. And he was glad that the deceit was over, that there had been just the one night.

It was easier to explain just one night to yourself.

CHAPTER 6

Molly and Ted Raedek lived two streets away, on Governor's Lane. There were cars in the drive. One was Molly's, but the other was Paul Cardamo's. Molly had seen his car turn into the drive and she met him at the door and handed him a fresh bourbon on the rocks and said, "See? As promised. Glad you could make it, Carl. The party has grown a mite." Molly was a big-boned, big-bosomed blonde with a strident and infectious laugh and a generous heart.

"I recognized Paul's car."

"They asked us over for a drink so we asked them over here instead," she said, taking him through toward the small screened porch off the west wing of the house. Heavy plantings shielded it from the road and from the neighbors.

Carl stopped in the doorway, feeling as if he had been hit under the heart with a sledge hammer. Cindy sat on a low couch, talking to Jane Cardamo.

Dark, pretty little Jane Cardamo smiled and said, "Hi, Carlos."

Cindy gave him exactly the same sort of casual friendly smile and said, "Hello again."

He was certain that his consternation had showed on his face. He pulled himself together and walked toward the couch and said, "Hi, gals. By the way, Cindy, Joan said to tell you she can have visitors."

"I know. Jane was telling me she and Molly saw her this afternoon. I didn't think it would be until tomorrow. I would have gone today if I'd known. How did she feel this evening?"

"Chipper."

"Drink that thing down and catch up!" Ted Raedek bellowed. Ted—vast, earthy and swarthy—was standing by the portable bar with Paul Cardamo.

Carl went over and shook hands with them and said, "Don't rush me, Ted." He stood and talked with them. Over Paul's shoulder he could see the three women talking. He could see the animation on Cindy's face. She looked entirely at ease. He marveled at the adaptability of women, their talent for survival.

It was Jane Cardamo, at dinner, who explained how Cindy happened to be at the Raedeks'. "I walked over to borrow a book from Cindy a little after six and brought her back with me for a drink, and then phoned Molly to come over, but you know what happens when you phone Molly. You end up right here!"

"So I'm the guest of a guest," Cindy said. "And you're the guest of honor, Carl. Will you make a speech?"

"I am indeed very happy to be here. Thank you."

When they left the dining room to go back to the porch Cindy found a chance to say to Carl in a low tone, "I have to talk to you. I'll ask you to drive me home."

"Okay," he said.

At eleven-thirty, after a somewhat obvious yawn, Carl announced his intention of going home. He thanked Molly and Ted.

"Got room for your next-door neighbor?" Cindy asked.

"We brang you," Paul Cardamo said, "and we can get you home."

"It's out of your way, Paul," Carl said. "And no trouble for me."

As he turned down the street, Cindy said, "Don't head for home. Go somewhere where we can talk, darling."

"Hill Park Road?"

"Anywhere."

"Funny thing, you turning up at the Raedeks'."

"I'm obviously chasing you. Actually, it is a funny thing. But I'd better tell you what happened."

"Something bad?"

"Sort of." He pulled off near the public picnic tables on the Hill Park Road. Two other cars were parked there, lights out. She turned in the seat to face him.

"I got home around six tonight. Just as I got out of the shower the phone started ringing. It was Bucky, calling from St. Louis. Shouting. 'Where the hell were you last night?' 'Right here, dear,' I said. 'Oh no you weren't. I started calling at nine and I called until two in the morning. And I called again at six this morning and again at nine.' So I said as coldly and firmly as I could, 'I was right here all the time. The phone must have been out of order.' 'Phone, hell,' he said. 'At two o'clock I had the operator try the Garretts and there was no answer there, so I had her try the Stocklands. Bill Stockland got up and went over while I waited. No car and no answer when he pounded on the door.' By then, darling, you can imagine how my knees were shaking. But I managed to say, 'So that's what that was!' He asked me what I meant. I said I certainly wasn't going to get up in the night and see who was thumping on the door and ringing the bell. I told him the car wasn't there because it was in the repair garage overnight. I think I quieted him down a little, but he was still suspicious. He gets very jealous."

"This is just dandy," Carl said. "This is fine."

"Don't fret about it. It's my problem. I won't involve you, darling."

"Suppose he's calling right now?"

"I couldn't care less."

"What will the Stocklands think? Eunice will have you pegged as a loose woman."

"Has it occurred to you, darling, that perhaps I am?"

"That's bad luck, about Bucky."

"Now I wish I hadn't even told you. Let's have nothing more to say about Bucky. Promise."

"All right. Now—I'll take you home."

"I've always heard people come here to get themselves kissed. At least that's the rumor." She moved into his arms. When at last he released her, she was breathing audibly. He stroked her hair and said, "Have a good day being Mrs. Garroway?"

"A luscious day. I was so sorry when it ended, and I had to come back to being Cindy Cable."

"I'm glad you're Cindy Cable."

"Didn't you care for Mrs. Garroway?"

"I love you both."

"Kiss this one, please."

It was a long time before he released her. She moved over to the car door and said, in a small voice, "I am also brazen. I have something for you, dearest."

He heard her open her purse. A few moments later she took his hand and turned it palm upward and placed an object on his palm. When he closed his fingers over it he knew precisely what it was: a shiny brass key affixed to a maroon plastic tab on which was printed *The Traveler*. His heart missed one beat and began to pound strongly and rapidly.

"I wasn't going to do that," she whispered.

"It isn't smart."

"I know."

"It isn't what we agreed."

"I know that too. Drive very fast, darling. Drive as fast as you dare. . . ."

A crack of thunder awakened him. Cindy was not beside him. She stood by the window near the bathroom door in the gray light, looking out at the heavy rain. He took his watch from the bedside table and looked at it. Ten after six. "Cindy," he said.

She turned, startled. "Oh. I didn't know you were awake. I was looking at the rain."

She came away from the window into the shadowed room and took her clothing from the chair where he had put it, started toward the bathroom. "Are you going to get dressed?" he asked.

"Yes."

She shut the door. In a little while he heard the sound of the shower. He got up and found his cigarettes and lighter, went back to bed and sat, propped up on two pillows, smoking. Perhaps it had been foolish. Maybe Bucky had called again. But it had been done.

The rain had nearly stopped when she came out of the bathroom. The thunder was far away, but there was still very little light in the room. She sat on the end of the bed, facing him.

"Good morning," she said. "May I have a cigarette, please?"

"Good morning to you," he said, lit one and handed it to her.

"I guess I want to make a speech, sort of. I've been awake a long time, thinking. Carl, this is all too perfect to let go of."

"Hey, wait a minute."

"Please let me say all of it. My marriage is a farce. I know that now, more than I did before. I love you and I want to be married to you." She looked at him with a terrifying sincerity. "Let me say all of it, Carl. I am not trying to rationalize a situation that could look awfully messy to an outsider. Thy neighbor's wife, and all that sort of thing. I don't feel so messy about it that I have to build up this marriage thing. My conscience is tender, but nothing like I thought it would be. You see, I can't just bear to think that this is all over. And now I know it isn't all just sex. That part is good, but there's more. There's just wanting to be with you. This is rare, Carl. It's such a rare and wonderful thing we'd be fools to let it slip out of our fingers. I know it's going to be hell for a while. Scenes and accusations and recriminations and how-could-you-do-this-to-me and so on. But your kids are old enough to adjust and mine are so little it won't matter. I know you can say no and that's the end of it, but I actually don't see how I could survive that. I really don't. So don't answer me too quickly, darling. Think first of what our life could be."

"Cindy. I don't . . ."

"At least take your shower first."

As he stood in the shower stall, thinking of what she had said, he could make it seem almost possible. A new marriage. A young bride. An escape from the established routines. He remembered being awake in the night while she slept, his head pillowed on sweet resilient flesh, and he could hear, commingled, the steady trudge of her sleeping heart, the depth of her breathing, the whispery hush of the air conditioning. This would be a chance to live a second life, rare and vivid.

But, in the beginning, the magic of Joan had been even more heady than the present magic of Cindy. And what could endure when founded so precariously on deceit, on remorse and regret?

This new compulsion of Cindy's was alarming. Yet he felt he knew why it was necessary to her. There was a basic decency about her. They had been led into this by accident, proximity, genuine liking and strong physical desires. Now she could not accept the factual picture of herself as a suburban adulteress. She could not reconcile her own conceits about herself with a motel affair. And so, despite her protests, this was a very necessary rationalization. If she began to play for keeps, it not only wiped out the stain of cheapness, it made it all so much more dramatic.

Yet understanding her motives did not produce any solution to the problem.

She had left the comb from her purse for him on the shelf over the lavatory. He combed his hair and looked at the long somber face and the dark patches under his eyes. He dressed and went out into the other room. She had moved a chair over to the window. He went and got a cigarette and came back and stood facing her, leaning against the wall, ankles crossed, arms folded. "Can I talk now?" he said.

"Please."

"All I can say is this. I don't want to change anything. I want the marriage I've got. I can't explain how we got into this. It just—seemed to happen. Now you make me feel as if somehow I've been put in a bad light, by not wanting to go along with—this marriage idea. But that wasn't the deal. I mean, I didn't count on it turning into anything else."

"Be more explicit," she said in a cool voice. "You mean the original idea was merely to climb into the hay. And we had a perfect opportunity. No regrets, no recriminations, no sticky emotional mess. So we did, and now we forget it."

"I wouldn't put it so bluntly, but that's it, isn't it?"

"Oh, I can be more blunt. A tired, tawdry, ordinary, sneaky little bout of adultery."

"Hasn't it been—a little more than that?"

"Has it? Not according to you."

"You're telling me how I think?"

She got up abruptly and began to pace. "All right. Statement from Cindy. I try, so help me, to be honest with myself. I told myself this marriage idea is window dressing, to obscure the basic point that I've been round-heeled."

"I had that idea," he confessed.

"I expected you would. But that idea didn't work. So I had to take a longer, colder look at the emotional facts. Your Joan is a warm, sweet, lovable, pretty, loyal little woman. Neither of us wants to hurt her. But you get just about as much intellectual stimulation from her as you'd get from an amiable Airedale."

"Now, wait . . ."

"Let me finish. Let's take a look at what Joan has done to you. You've darn near become a vegetable. You've slid into a TV-and-do-it-yourself pattern. You avoid having any ideas because ideas are uncomfortable. You float around in a little warm puddle of security with your eyes closed and a big smile on your happy mouth. If I want to give up, my marriage will do just the same thing to me, eventually. Love shouldn't be like that. Love should include awareness of risk, some danger, some stimulation. People should keep each other stirred up. Marriage shouldn't be some kind of a tranquilizer. Darling, I'd keep you alive. And think that would be worth—the unholy mess of getting the divorces."

"End of speech?" he asked.

"Your turn."

He knew he was angry, and knew that the anger was caused partly by a certain element of truth in what she had said. "That's a fine speech. And a very young speech. We're supposed to join our hot hands and go buckety-buckety off into adventure, leaving behind us four kids and two adults who'd never know exactly what hit them. We're supposed to strike brave sparks off each other and live gallantly and furiously. It's a very young idea. It's the kind of thinking that fills all the quaint little bistros of the art centers of the world with young things in black sweaters and bangs.

"Damn it, my Joan is not an intellectual genius, nor do I expect her to be. Sure. I often have a sense of being

wasted, of being in a comfortable rut. Who doesn't? I titillate myself with that precious little sorrow every so often. It's one of the bittersweet pleasures of any man to say to himself, Boy, what I *could* have done! But in my more adult and rational moments I look at the price tag they put on making a complete expenditure of yourself. I might be very rich. And I might have an ulcerous hole in my gut and a stumbling heart muscle."

"Carl . . ."

"Let me finish. You people have surrounded the word compromise with a sickly stink. You've made it sound dishonorable. It isn't a compromise. Cindy, it's an equation. I know my point of diminishing returns. At this point in my life I receive the maximum gratifications and the maximum leisure for the minimum output. I take a deep and very strong pride in my wife and my home and my kids. I'm going around my track at a pace I find suitable. It so happens that right now I am not taking much pride in myself or my habits."

"If that's what you think of me, then why all this?"

He sat beside her and took her right hand in both of his. Her hand was cool and without response. "I can't give you a happy answer. I can try to give you an honest one. I love Joan and I wanted you. I wanted what you represent. An eager, available, beautiful woman. Lately I've had a sort of restless itch, a sense of the years moving by too fast and, maybe, a disenchantment with the predictability of my future. Even so, I wouldn't have deliberately tried to set up this situation. It just sort of happened to us."

Her lax hand closed into a fist and she sobbed aloud, her head lowered.

"We're both in our own ways going to regret this happening, Cindy. Maybe there'll be some little ways where we'll be glad it happened. I'm glad for just one thing so far. I had to answer you. I was too cruel, I know, but it helped crystallize my own feelings. I've never been unfaithful to her before. This is the first time and, I'm certain, the last. I don't want her to know about it. I don't want her to be hurt in that way. And, in a selfish way, I don't want our marriage to be less than it has been in the past. And if she finds out, it *will* be less."

"I'll never tell anyone," Cindy whispered.

"I hope everything works out for you."

"It won't. It never will. Not with anyone but you."

"I wish you wouldn't say that. It isn't true, you know."

"But it is true."

"But do you accept the way I feel?"

She nodded with jerky abruptness, not looking at him. He felt intense relief. She had destroyed his horrible mental picture of Cindy going to Joan and asking her to release him.

"Now—take me home," she said.

They were ready to leave in a few moments. He looked around and said, "We don't want to walk off with the key."

"I'm taking it."

"Why?"

"I'm going to come back here. I've got to be alone, to think of what I'm going to do. I don't want to go back to that house to stay. Not ever. Don't you come back here. Please."

"I don't intend to."

"It's all over now. For good."

"I know. Come on."

They did not speak once during the ride back to Crescent Ridge. He drove the car into his carport. She got out and came with him into the kitchen and went out the back door to cut across the back lawn to her house.

"Got your keys?"

"In my purse." She looked up at him and forced a smile. "And thanks, Carl. For everything."

CHAPTER 7

He did not have time to have breakfast before he went to the office. At ten-thirty he had a chance to send Mrs. Brisbie out for a cheeseburger, coffee and a large vanilla milkshake. He was working and eating at his desk when Ray Walsh came in with the draft of an idea he was "hird dogging," in his term for it. It involved a substitution of materials on one of the basic products. He had gotten an okay from Production, Design, Engineering and Purchasing, and needed Carl's approval of the cost picture. Ray pulled a chair over beside Carl's and they went over the plan. The changeover would cause an increased unit cost in the beginning, but it would mean an eventual saving. After Carl initialed his approval, Ray Walsh leaned back and grinned at him. Ray was a man in his middle thirties with prematurely gray hair, an open friendly manner, small shrewd eyes. It was the general opinion that Ray would do very well for himself, and it would be healthy to keep your guard up, because once Ray climbed over your head he would have a long memory. So he was treated with caution because of the extent of his ambition, and with respect because of his abilities.

"Well, well," he said. "Black circles under the eyes. Big energy-building milkshakes in the middle of the morning. I'm happy to see you're making the most of your golden opportunity these nights!"

Carl felt a dull anger which he was careful not to show. He smiled and said, "Just haven't been sleeping too well."

Ray winked and banged Carl in the ribs with his elbow. Carl despised being nudged and prodded and slapped. Ray stood up and said, "I know all about you steady types. Now, if you'd like a very special phone number . . ."

Carl heard himself say in a direct and gritty voice, "What I do or don't do is none of your business, Walsh."

The friendly Walsh smile turned to stone and faded quickly away. He picked up his draft copy of the proposal and turned and headed toward the corridor door.

"Ray! Hold it a minute." Walsh turned and waited, expressionless. Carl said, "I apologize, Ray. My nerves are on edge."

"That's right. Your nerves are on edge, Garrett. You know, you're the odd-ball in this organization. Full of cute remarks. Well, you'd better wake up and take a good look around. Maybe your amusement value isn't lasting well, Garrett."

"What are you trying to say?"

"This isn't a very rough outfit to work for, but a lot of us are trying to pull more than our weight. And there are a lot of people who think it's damn funny that you're supposed to be the big costs boy, but you never come up with anything constructive. You've got a specialty. You sit around and make hilarious comments. Don't you believe in what the hell you're doing?"

"Don't you?"

"That's another one of your odd-ball answers. You were half-right before. What you do *is* none of my business. What you *don't* do is something else. I've seen your type before. You are dead weight the rest of us carry."

"You better knock it off."

"Gladly," he said and shut the door quietly as he left. Carl knew that he had not made an enemy by his irritable response. He had merely brought existing resentment and enmity out into the open. And it shocked him to see how virulent it was. Ray would now feel entitled to carry the big knife openly. But the most uncomfortable part of it was that Ray was right, up to a point. Carl had contented himself with the functions of measuring and reporting and investigating. And though it had never been explicitly stated, he was also expected to come up with cost-cutting ideas and follow them through.

He ordered Miss Brisbie to have Finch, Goldlaw and Sherban come in for a staff conference, and he realized guiltily how long it had been since he had called such a conference. It lasted forty minutes. After they left he was faced with yet another sour self-appraisal. They let it be known that they felt he had a private policy against any constructive suggestions affecting operations outside the department. Too many of their memos to him had died in the files. Carl sensed a resentment in them, the resentment of ambitious men whose ideas are being stilled by a bureaucrat.

He had taken the only immediate action he could think of, to assure them that all such memos would be given specific and immediate attention. He felt that he had begun to erect a defensive wall against Ray Walsh, but as yet it was a rather frail one. And, for the first time in several years, he felt the nervous flutter of job insecurity. He tried to brush the fear aside. His New York contacts were good. Ballinger seldom released an executive except at his own request.

But maybe it was time to take a more aggressive attitude. Not, exactly, to try to convince himself that the Hillton Metal Products Division of the Ballinger Corporation was the most important thing in creation. But, perhaps, to commit a little more of himself, to more carefully conceal his skepticism. To—pull more weight. And he wondered if he might not find it more satisfying.

Throughout what was left of the morning, and into the afternoon, he was able to keep Cindy compartmentalized, keep her stowed in a locked cupboard in the back of his mind.

But in the late afternoon she broke out and from then on she moved through his thoughts, slowly, head tilted slightly, gray-blue eyes wide and touched with desire, tousled hair falling to fragrant shoulders, making him feel breathless and guilty.

When he got home at five-thirty he went to bed, setting the alarm for seven-fifteen. When it awakened him he felt drugged and sullen and sticky, with a furry taste in his mouth. A quick shower did little to throw off his feeling of depression. He did not get to the hospital until eight o'clock.

When he saw Cindy sitting beside Joan's bed he had an insane impulse to turn and run. Joan saw him first and smiled at him as he came through the door. He noted that her smile was warm and genuine. Cindy turned and smiled also. But it was an apologetic, tremulous and slightly frightened smile.

He went woodenly around the bed and bent over Joan and kissed her, conscious of Cindy's eyes on him. It seemed incredible to Carl that the current between him and Cindy was invisible to Joan, that she could be unaware of their new relationship.

"And where have *you* been?" Joan said chidingly.

He sat on the foot of the bed. "I took a nap."

"I should have known. It always makes you look so puffy and grim."

"Has your roommate been discharged?"

"Yes, and I'm waiting in terror to see who they'll put in her bed."

Cindy stood up and said, "Well, people, I must be running. It's good to see you looking chipper again, Joan."

"Thanks for stopping by."

"And thank you for—listening to my woes." She smiled at both of them and left. Carl walked back around the bed and sat where Cindy had been sitting.

"What's with her?"

"Well, I don't understand too much of it. But it seems she's very unhappy and is thinking seriously of leaving Bucky."

"Why does she have to come in here and bother you with that?"

"She had to talk to somebody, dear. I certainly don't mind. But I think it would be very foolish of her."

"You do?"

"Of course. She's a good person, Carl. And she loves Bucky. But she has this restlessness. And she has such a need to dramatize herself. She's got those two children, but she isn't grown up yet. That's all it is. She's the sort of person that when she doesn't have problems, she has to create them. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes, of course," he said, and marveled at Joan's wise perception of the situation, her clear evaluation of Cindy.

"You look gloomy, dear."

"I am, a little. Had a run-in with Ray Walsh finally." He told her about it. Then she asked about dinner at the Raedeks', and he told her about that, telling her that the Cardamos and Cindy had been there too, and that he had driven Cindy home.

"When I get home," she said, "I know I'm going to feel as if I've been away for a year."

"It feels that way to me too, honey." The truth of his own statement surprised him.

"You are going to Molly and Ted's party from here?"

"I guess so. Molly said it's going to be a big brawl."

"Is Cindy going?"

"I don't know."

"Don't stay too late, dear, and get a lot of sleep. You look tired. You can sleep late in the morning."

"I'll see you tomorrow afternoon. On time. I goofed off tonight."

"You know I don't mind, darling."

He kissed her and left. The evening visitors were leaving, moving out through the main doors to the parking lot in the July dusk. The last of the sunset was vivid over the hills beyond the city and the river. As he walked toward his car he saw Cindy standing beside it, tall and quiet, waiting for him.

He did not speak until he stood close to her. "Why did you do that?"

"I don't know. She might think it odd if I never visited her in the evening."

"What about Bucky?"

"I don't know anything about him. When I was getting some things ready to take back out there, the phone started ringing. I didn't answer it. I'm going to stay out there for a little while, I think."

"That doesn't make much sense."

"I'm not trying to be particularly logical."

"You don't seem to be."

"I sat up there with Joan and wondered if it would be possible to tell her. I think it would be."

"What are you trying to say?"

"Maybe I won't fight fair, Carl. In spite of what I said. Maybe this is too important."

"I told you how I feel."

"Maybe you don't know how you really feel."

"Damn it, Cindy, don't rationalize yourself into thinking you have some God-given right to do some crazy thing. We had this all out this morning. It's over. This is no time to spoil it."

She gave him a slow sad smile. "Poor Carl. So upset. Maybe I won't do anything at all." And she turned

and walked away from him. He saw her get into her car, back it deftly out of the parking place, drive by him without glance or wave.

The big party was in full gallop when Carl arrived. He parked halfway down the block and walked back past the parked cars to the house, and he could hear the confusing sound of it all in the night, music and the laughter of women, and twenty loud conversations going on at once. He went in through the house. The party had spread itself all over the house and out across the slope of the back lawn. Louie, from the country club, worked at an improvised bar on the rear terrace. Two maids in uniform made endless circuits with trays of hors d'oeuvres. This was the fourth year of the Raedeks' big summer party. This was Crescent Ridge at play on a Friday night.

Molly greeted him warmly and led him over to the bar. "So sorry Joanie can't be here, Carl. This is the first one of these binges she's missed. I think."

"Yes, it is."

"Sometimes I wonder why we do this to ourselves."

"How is it going?"

"As always. Lolly Durmond is going to maintain her record of being the first to pass out. Grif is off the wagon." She excused herself to hurry to greet another late arrival. Louie handed Carl a generous bourbon on the rocks. Carl thanked him and sauntered off with his drink, nodding and speaking to friends and acquaintances. They asked him about Joan and he said the same things over and over.

He found Jane Cardamo standing alone with a great tall drink in her hand. "What's that thing?" he said.

"A Planter's Punch, and I'm going to make it last indefinitely, believe me. I'm five-foot-two and I weigh a hundred and five, and so it doesn't take much. Just listen to the babble. It has that crazy delirious sound, like going under ether."

"It certainly does."

"Carl. I've had just enough of this thing to make a decision of sorts. I want to talk to you. As a friend."

"Of course, Jane."

"Come on over here." He followed her to one of the picnic tables. She sat on the table, at the end, legs swinging.

He stood beside her, one foot up on the bench. She was a small and very lovely woman, and one of Joan's best friends. He had never had anything but the most casual conversations with her.

She looked down into her glass and took a small sip and said, "Carl, what's with Cindy?"

"What do you mean?"

"I had a little call from Eunice Stockland. I can't stand that woman. She wasted no time getting around to Cindy. Some big deal about Bucky phoning them in the middle of the night on Wednesday, and Bill going over and finding the house empty. Eunice made all the standard insinuations. Also, Cindy has sent her kids away for the summer. Also, last night, she was trying so hard to be at ease here, but she was under some sort of horrible strain. I could tell."

"I don't know," he said carefully. "Maybe she and Bucky are having some trouble."

"I'm not a gossip, Carl. I'm a pretty stable gal with a good marriage. I don't like to stick my nose into other people's affairs. So I give you permission to slap me down if I'm out of line. When I brought up Cindy, you got very defensive. Last night you were acting as strange as she was. Molly noticed it too. Eunice had some other morsels. When Bill couldn't rouse Cindy he noticed your car wasn't at your house either. And Eunice just *happened* to see you drive in very early this morning. She got the impression there was someone with you. And I have one little fact of my own. After we got home last night I phoned Cindy. I tried twice. No answer. You were going to take her right home."

"Is this an inquisition?"

"I won't let you make me angry. I don't want to be angry. Cindy is an enormously attractive girl, Carl. And this is a very small community, with a Eunice Stockland crouched behind every bush. I'm not making any moral judgments, Carl. I don't want to fence with you and I certainly don't want to hear any defensive explanations. I just want to say something. I don't want Joan to be hurt. I don't think you do either. Even if it has all been entirely innocent, something has been started that could get back to Joan and hurt her. And if it isn't entirely innocent, you've got mixed up with a girl who is a nice person, but she's a neurotic, junior grade, and she does a lot of dramatizing, and I'm perfectly certain that up until now she's been a faithful wife, and so no matter what you think about it, she might want to play for keeps."

"Jane, I don't know what . . ."

She slid off the table and put her hand out, rested it lightly on his wrist and smiled up at him. "I'm not going to put you to the trouble of lying or anything, Carl. And I won't say a word about this to anybody. I hope I'm dead wrong. If so, you can, in a typical male way, be flattered, I suppose." Her smile went away. "But if there is anything, I tell you this—as a friend of yours as well as a friend of Joanie's—please get out of it as quickly and cleanly as you can. Please."

And she walked away from him, tiny and lovely, walking toward the lights and the people.

Carl stayed in the shadows. He felt distressed. For the first time he had seen it all from the point of view of an outsider. She made the episode with Cindy come to life with a dreadful dimensionality. He had been drugged by the limitations of his own vision, and now he could stand off and look at Carl and Cindy as though he too were an outsider. No longer could the incident in her back yard, the episode in his living room, the interludes at the motel he viewed in retrospect with any flavoring of grace or magic. They had become the awkward fumblings and avid, sweaty maneuverings that, through the gilding of delusion and rationalization, had for a time seemed unique, sensitive and necessary.

He took his empty glass to the bar. It might take three drinks, or nine, to blunt the painful edge of awareness of what had been done.

He left the party at midnight. He had talked to many people and was not entirely clear on what had been said. He had eaten steak and wilted salad, and had gone back to the bar after dinner. More than half the cars were gone when he left. The survivors were still in the yard, in full swing—one group in close harmony, another playing games. It had been a big and successful party.

He drove home very carefully. He looked at himself in the bathroom mirror and smiled at himself with confidence. He decided that he looked like a man who, though slightly tight, was entirely capable of handling a delicate emotional situation. Cindy should be dealt with firmly. She should be told that she could not continue with this nonsense of trying to make a big deal out of it. He would speak to her quietly and persuasively. And it was certainly necessary that she should be informed as quickly as possible of Eunice Stockland's mischief. A man should handle himself with confidence, move quickly.

He went back out and got into the car. He admired the way he was able to handle the car on the turnpike, keeping it as steady as a locomotive between the yellow lines, the speedometer needle precisely on fifty. Cindy would listen obediently to such a controlled and decisive man. He would send her scampering back to Bucky, contrite, aware of her responsibilities, able to understand that it had all been a mistake.

At the motel the dark cars sat patiently in moonlight,

in orderly formation while their owners slept. Cindy's car was in the numbered space in front of Number Twenty. He went on and parked around the corner of the building and walked back. He knocked and waited, feeling firm and controlled and confident. He knocked again. Then he heard the sound of the latch and the door swung open, and she was there.

"Cindy," he said, too loudly. She caught at him and drew him into the room. And then she was in his arms, and she was kissing him quickly, breathlessly, whispering, "Darling, darling, darling."

The door closed behind him. "Cindy," he said.

"I knew you'd come back," she said.

And then it was too difficult to try to explain to her why he had come back. He could tell her later, explain everything to her and then everything would be all right.

Cindy was up first on Saturday morning. She was disturbingly and infuriatingly contented, giving him warm looks and smiles and little pats of affection. When he tried to talk seriously to her, she paid absolutely no attention. She acted as though a special battle had been won, that his return to the motel had been an act of submission to her wishes. She hummed to herself happily as she dressed. She plaited her hair back into a severe rosette, and made up her face with great care as he watched her gloomily. He had a dull headache, a feeling that events were running away with him.

"Cindy, I've got to talk to you."

She didn't turn from the mirror. "We'll have lots of time to talk. You'd better take your shower, darling. It's after nine."

He was in the shower and had rinsed away the soap and was standing braced against the cold stinging spray, hoping it would renew him, when she came into the bathroom and said, "Carl! Carl!" She rapped against the sliding shower partition.

He turned off the shower, pushed the partition partway back and stared out at her. Her eyes were wide, mouth trembling, and she looked green under her tan.

"What's the matter?"

"Bucky. Bucky is—out there. Out by the pool. Just sitting there."

"Have you lost your mind?"

"He is! He is, really! I swear it!" She put a hand against the sink to steady herself. "I looked out the window and I saw him. It's—like a dream. He's still there. Oh God, what are we going to do?"

He knotted a bath towel around his waist and walked, dripping, to the front windows. He looked out through a crack between slats of the Venetian blinds and saw Bucky Cable sitting in a chrome-and-green chair near the pool, with the chair turned so that he faced the door of Number Twenty, faced his own car parked directly outside the door. He was sixty feet away, motionless, expressionless. He looked as though he had been sitting there for a very long time.

"What will we do?" she whispered, close beside him, as Carl stepped back from the window.

He didn't answer her. He dried himself, combed his hair back with his fingers, dressed quickly. When he came out of the bathroom Cindy turned away from the window and said, "He just sits there. He just sits there and looks."

He lighted two cigarettes and put one in her shaking hand. "I don't know how he found this place, but he must know we're both in here. We can assume he's seen my car. He'd recognize it. And we can assume he's waiting for us to come out."

"He sits there as if he wanted us to see him."

"Steady, Cindy. Don't get hysterical."

"But what do we *do?*"

"Just give me a chance to think." He went and looked at the rear windows. They were steel casement windows, and sealed because of the air-conditioning. Below the windows the drop was steep. Even if he broke a window open, she would not be able to make it. And it could not help anything to run out on her.

Carl took a deep breath. "I'll go out and see what I can do, see what his attitude is. You watch out the window. If he plans to be—violent, I'll signal to you and you stay inside and keep the door locked."

She nodded. "Be careful, please."

He paused with his hand on the knob, and then forced himself to walk out into the morning sun. There were only three or four cars left at the motel. He walked toward Bucky. It seemed a long walk. Bucky did not move.

When Carl was close Bucky said, "Good morning," and smiled. For a moment Carl took assurance from the feeling that this was the same old amiable Bucky Cable, the diligent, likable and uncomplicated young sales executive. But Bucky's smile was not quite the same. And Carl had never realized how curiously flat Bucky's pale-gray eyes were. They seemed to reflect no light. His shoulders were heavy under his tan suit jacket. His face was florid, with a square jaw and the beginnings of slackness under the chin. The harsh blond hair had begun to recede. One thick hand rested on his thigh, sturdy fingers yellowed with nicotine, sunlight bright on the pale curled hair on the back of his hand. Carl looked over and saw that from where Bucky was sitting, the rear end of his station wagon was plainly visible around the corner of the building.

"Good morning. Have you—been here long?" He was conscious of the inanity of the question.

"Got here a little after six. She still in the room?"

"Yes."

Bucky stood up slowly. "Let's go talk to her."

"You want me there?"

"She's your playmate, friend."

Bucky seemed quiet and prepared to be reasonable. Carl made no signal. They walked from the poolside to Number Twenty. The door was locked. When Carl knocked Cindy unlocked it and whirled and retreated to the far side of the room. There was a curiously awkward moment as Carl tried to step aside to let Bucky enter first and Bucky made the same maneuver. Carl went in first, and was distressed at the look of the one rumpled bed, the one untouched one.

Bucky shut the door. He did not appear to look toward Cindy. He walked around with the casual curiosity of a man inspecting a possible rental. "Nice place. Pretty new, I guess. And just about the right distance from town. Nice picking." He sat in the armchair and took out his cigarettes and looked at Carl with polite inquiry. "How did you get her lined up? Was it hard?"

"Bucky," Cindy said in a small voice.

"I'm talking to Carl. Was it difficult, Carl? Did you have to talk fast? Or was it her idea?"

"It isn't that easy to explain," Carl said.

"This kind of a thing doesn't need much explaining, I guess," Bucky said. He lighted a cigarette. "I flew home last night. Got in at one in the morning. I couldn't have left earlier without gumming up a pretty big deal for

myself. I woke up the Stocklands. Eunice simpered around a while and then she filled me in. Neither of you two sleep at home any more. So I took the house apart." He had book matches in his hand. He held them between two fingers and snapped them at Carl. They struck his chest and fell to the floor. Carl looked down at them and saw the name on the folder. *The Traveler. A Luxury Motel.*

"Found those at five o'clock this morning, right in plain sight on the breakfast table. So I took a cab out. After I spotted the car, I sent the cab back. A little later I spotted your car. Man came out and asked what I was hanging around for. I said I was waiting to see the party in Number Twenty. He said Mr. and Mrs. Garroway. And I said yes, and how long had they been staying here, please. And he said this was the third night and he asked me if there was any kind of trouble and I told him no and he went away. You must have been a real clown when you registered, Carl. Real suave."

"Bucky, couldn't we . . ."

"I always figured you for a guy who doesn't do this kind of thing. But maybe I was wrong. You did pretty good though, if you're an amateur."

Cindy had sat on the edge of the far bed, her face in her hands. She began crying audibly.

"Is this necessary, Bucky?" Carl asked.

"I just want a little briefing. Hell, I've gotten tired of being patronized by you two egg-heads. You wouldn't last a week at my job, and it looks like Cindy is no good at her job of being a wife."

"What do you want me to say, Bucky?"

"I should have seen it coming. She must have been real ready."

"You're talking nonsense."

"I'm a crazy man. Don't you know? I even fly at night now. Cindy didn't want something dreadful to happen to Bucky-Wucky. Or maybe she wanted to know where I was. How long has this been going on? A year? Two years? It must have been going on a long time for you two to get so careless. . . ."

"It hasn't been going on a long time," Carl said in a low strained tone. "It started two nights ago."

"That," Bucky said softly, "is somehow a long time. Carl, why did you do it? For God's sake, why? And so damn clumsy. Book matches. Cars in plain sight. Stupid lies. And all you had to do was use your house or mine."

"We couldn't," Cindy said brokenly.

"Shut up, you. Sneaking cheap little tramp."

"It isn't the way you think it was," Carl said hopelessly. "I—I guess we were in love."

Bucky stared at him and for the first time there was more than oddness about his eyes. There was a wild and glaring look. "You're going to call it love? Your big wonderful brains were in tune or something? This is love? This is a motel, man, and she's my wife and I'm her husband. How come this gets to be called love?" He stood up and Carl stood his ground and then moved back as Bucky came toward him.

"Now take it easy."

Carl saw the hard shoulder shift and saw a flash of motion, but before he had time to duck, Bucky's thick right fist smashed against the left side of his face. He fell across the unmade bed with such force that his legs swung up and he toppled onto the floor on the other side and lay with his cheek against the nap of the rug, a sick-sweet flooding in his mouth, feeling all at once stricken, shocked, faint, outraged.

He pushed himself up from the floor until he was on one knee, his forearm on the bed, head sagging. He had not known one blow could so sicken him. He stood up and turned. Bucky stood there with a wide wild grin. "Love," Bucky said, "sweet undying love."

And again there was the flare of motion, and this time a great force caved in his right side as, almost simultaneously, he was hit on the left side of his face and mouth again. He fell back against the wall and night stand and rebounded forward onto his hands and knees and balanced there precariously, looking dully down at the heavy red drops that fell from his mouth to the rug. He sat back on his heels and felt behind him for the night stand and slowly pried himself up.

"Speak to me of love," Bucky said, and his voice came from a cave far away. Carl tugged the flimsy strings of the puppet that was his body and pulled his arms up and took a wooden step and swung a drifting paper fist at Bucky's indistinct smile. And was hammered back against the wall and tried to come out again, tried to aim the slow white paper fists at a red face that looked wide as a wash tub. And was trundled back against the wall and somehow held there while in a faraway, drifting and unimportant world, painless blows broke his body and rang in his head, and a woman screamed and screamed, and there was a hammering at an unknown door, and then he toppled down through a thousand circus hoops, the fabric gray at first when he was falling slowly, but deepening as his speed increased until all the fabric was black and he was falling so rapidly it was a roaring in his head. . . .

When he came out of it, it took long stuporous moments for him to realize that he was on a bed, and that three men were looking down at him. Two of them wore the uniform of state policemen. The third was the proprietor and he was saying with a whine of complaint: "The other guy came busting out and shoved me out of the way. He was dragging the blonde by the wrist and she was trying to get loose and get back in here and she was crying and yelling. They got into the car in front and took off. So I get left with a busted lamp and blood on the floor. I try to run a good place here. You boys know that. I never have any trouble."

Carl realized his left eye wouldn't open. "What's the date?" one of the patrolmen asked him.

"It's—Saturday. Twentieth of July." His mouth felt as if had been torn out and replaced upside down. His voice was gritty and cracked.

"Name?"

"Carl A. Garrett."

"He registered in here as Garroway. I knew right off there was something funny and I should have . . ."

"Hold it a minute. That your car, the red-and-white wagon?"

"Yes."

"Driver's license and registration, please."

Carl sat up with an effort, swung his legs over the side of the bed, shut his eyes against the momentary dizziness. He took his wallet out, took out the papers and handed them to the highway patrolman. They were studied and returned to him.

"You want to swear out a complaint for assault, Mr. Garrett?"

"No. It was just—an argument."

"You prepared to pay for damage to the furnishings?"

"If I can give this man a check."

"How much would you say, Charlie?" the patrolman asked.

"Well, there's the lamp, and that's a total loss. And getting the rug cleaned, and the blood on the sheet there. I'd say fifty dollars."

Carl carried blank checks in his wallet. He made one out and handed it to the proprietor, received a surly grunt in response.

"Can I go now?" Carl asked.

The patrolman looked at him. "You took a real good pounding, friend. You ought to get checked over."

The other one said, "Suppose he rides with you,

Larry, and I'll drive his wagon and we can drop him off with Doc Kacharian in Aldermon. He shouldn't drive until the doc checks him out."

On the way to the patrol sedan Carl swayed and the one called Larry caught his arm quickly and strongly. When the swarming black dots went away, Carl said, "I'm okay now." He got into the front seat. They were followed by the other man in the station wagon.

"The guy who beat up on you, he was her husband?"

"Yes."

"You fool around, and that's a chance you got to take. Sometimes you end up with a hole in the head."

"I guess so."

"This Kacharian is a good doc. He'll fix you up."

They drove three miles further east on the turnpike, then turned north and drove another two miles to the village of Aldermon. Carl had been through it before and remembered it as a pleasant town. They turned into the drive of a white colonial house set well back from the road with big elms shading the front yard. The small white sign on the lawn said Dr. Omar Kacharian. Office hours 10-12 and 2-5.

Carl was taken in by Larry. Kacharian was just finishing with a boy of about eleven. Kacharian was young, with an olive face, a bold and unkempt black mustache, a crisp white jacket. "Good morning, Larry. Come on in, please."

"Doc, there's no charge on this deal. I mean no paperwork. You charge what you can get. We didn't want this Mr. Garrett trying to drive his car until he got checked over. He got caught over in the Traveler by a blonde's husband and he got worked over real good."

"I can see that," the doctor said. Carl thanked the patrolman. The man said that was okay, glad to do it, and handed him his car keys and went out, whistling.

Kacharian made a careful examination of the eye and the broken mouth. Then he took Carl into the treatment room and had him take off his bloody clothing and lie down on the table, with a folded sheet across his loins. A chunky redheaded nurse appeared. X rays were taken of the rib area. Kacharian injected him with a local anesthetic and, when the lower half of his face was numbed, sewed the worst gashes inside his mouth with a curved needle and packed his left cheek with gauze. There was an unpleasant grating as the broken nose was gently shifted back into place. With quick and gentle fingers Kacharian fixed it there with tape. He gently pried the puffed and blackened flesh of the lids of the left eye apart and shone a light into the eye and gave a grunt of satisfaction.

"You're not as bad as you looked. Now relax while I go take a look at the wet plates."

He could not estimate how long Kacharian was gone, how long he lay listening to the dull throbbing of various aches and pains. He could not bring himself to think of the implications and the eventual complications of what had happened to him. He was content to lie like an injured animal, conscious only of immediate misery.

Kacharian came back and announced two cracked ribs on the right side. He probed with questing fingers and Carl could not restrain a gasp of pain. The nurse unrolled strips of wide tape and tore them from the reel and handed them one by one to the doctor as he taped the ribs firmly.

"How do you feel?"

"Tired, and a little nauseated."

"Try to control the nausea. I don't want you to rip the stitches. Mr. Garrett, I could release you and I suppose you could get back to Hillton all right, but I'd rather not. You've had a bad shock; a physical beating takes a lot out of a man. I would like to have you rest here. I'd like to give you something that would knock you out for a few hours."

"What time is it?"

"A little after eleven."

"Would I be able to leave by six?" Carl asked.

"Of course."

"Could I make a phone call?"

"Certainly. Bonny, would you please get a robe?"

He called County Memorial Hospital. After a long delay he was able to talk to Nurse Calhoun. "This is Carl Garrett speaking. Mrs. Garrett is expecting me at two, you know. Would you please tell her that something has come up and I won't be in until seven? Tell her it's nothing to worry about and I'll explain when I see her." He tried to speak firmly and crisply, but it was hard to form the words with his numbed mouth. Nurse Calhoun said she would do as he asked.

He was given a pill which he swallowed with difficulty. He was led to a smaller room which contained a hospital bed. The nurse closed the blinds of the single window and closed the door quietly when she left. Within minutes he felt himself drifting into blackness once more.

He came awake a little at a time, reluctantly, taking a long time to identify the small room and the man with the mustache who was awakening him.

"Feel better?"

"Much. Except my mouth."

"Open up. Let me get that gauze." When the gauze was gone from his mouth it felt as if it was still there.

"What time is it?"

"Five. Any headache?"

"No."

"Take a deep breath and tell me how that right side feels."

He winced. "I get a sharp twinge."

"No feeling of anything rubbing?"

"No."

"You can clean yourself up in the washroom, right through that door. I put your clothes there on the chair. My wife got the worst stains out for you."

"I'm very grateful, Doctor."

When he had shut himself into the washroom, Carl leaned on the sink and looked at his face in the mirror. The socket of the closed left eye was swollen fat with purple-black flesh. The tape across his nose was gleaming white. His lips were puffed and irregular. He had a dark shadow of beard, and tousled hair. He would not have recognized himself. After he had washed gingerly and combed his hair and dressed he looked very little better. The swollen lips and puffed face gave him an unexpected look of brutishness and stupidity. His expression seemed to be a somewhat sinister sneer, but he could not alter it.

Carl paid the doctor by check, thanked him and left.

The drive back to Crescent Ridge seemed uncomfortably short. He found it difficult to judge distances with his left eye puffed shut. His tongue kept returning to the stitches inside his mouth. He could not think of what he could tell Joan, how he could explain. He knew that he would lie, but he could not think of a suitable lie to tell her. He drove in the outside lane at a sedate fifty. Fast Saturday traffic plunged by him. There was a very simple solution to all difficulties. Just one hard twist of the wheel. Bring the speed up first, and then merely put the right hand so, at the top of the wheel, and make a quick yank downward. The car would plunge across the shoulder and down the slope and into the heavy trees. Insurance in order. A Ballinger pension for the widow. College for the kids. And no sickly lies to invent.

A fast-moving car cut in on him carelessly, forcing his right wheels onto the gravel shoulder. He fought back onto the road and cursed the fool in the other car and knew then that he might indulge himself with dramatic thoughts of self-imposed death, but could never make that final commitment.

He stopped at the drugstore at the shopping center and, trying to pay no attention to curious stares, bought the biggest and blackest pair of sunglasses he could find,

and a roll of flesh-colored adhesive tape. He arrived home at six-thirty. He shaved with tender care, covered the white tape with the flesh-colored tape. He put on fresh clothing and the sunglasses and studied himself in the mirror. It was an improvement, but he still looked as though he had been hit by a threshing machine.

He parked in the hospital lot at seven. He had decided that it would have to have been a fall. He sat in the car and thought of likely places where he could have fallen. And suddenly he remembered a place that might do very well indeed. It even fitted the geographical situation. Had he fallen in that place, he might very well have gone to Kacharian. And phoned from his office. Three years ago, driving back from the hunting trip with Gil Sullivan, they had stopped at the little roadside park just north of Aldermon. Gil's car had been overheating. They had got water from the stream. He remembered the flimsy footbridge.

When he walked into Room 314 he had the feeling that he was crouched, hiding behind the swollen ruin of his face.

Joan sat bolt upright and cried. "Darling! What happened?" Then she clapped a hand over her mouth and glanced toward the curtains drawn around the other bed.

He pulled a chair close and sat down and said, "It's a silly story. You got my message?"

"Just that you couldn't come," she said in a low voice. "I didn't know what in the world could have—I thought it was some unexpected business thing."

"Frankly, I got a little bit drunk last night."

"And got into a fight? I can't imagine you getting into a fight."

"I didn't. I got up late this morning. I felt terrible, and restless. I went for a ride all by myself. I drove out the pike and turned off at Aldermon. You remember that place."

"Yes. Did you have an accident, darling?"

"Not with the car. I stopped at a little roadside park. There's a bridge across a little ravine. The railing was rotten. So I fell off the damn bridge and very cleverly landed on my face on the rocks."

"Oh, you poor darling! Oh, how that must have hurt."

"When I could move—and I guess it knocked me out for a little while—I climbed out and drove back to Aldermon and found a young doctor named Kacharian. He sewed up my mouth and set my nose and taped some cracked ribs. I was a mess. He wanted me to rest. So I phoned Nurse Calhoun so you wouldn't worry and he gave me a pill and I slept until five. When you can go for rides. I'll take you out and show you the place. I've never felt so foolish in my life."

"But you could have been killed! Wasn't there anybody around to help you?"

"Not a soul."

"Are you sure he was thorough?"

"He took X rays. Yes."

"You'll feel horrible for days. Take the glasses off, dear. Oh, your poor eye! It's odd the rocks didn't break the skin. I'd think you'd be split wide open."

"More lumps of hard dirt than rocks, and I think I broke the fall a little."

"There's no need of your hanging around here. You should be home in bed."

"I'll go in a little while."

"Was it a good party last night?"

"A big party. I don't know how good it was. Have you seen Bernie?"

"Yes, and he says I can leave at eleven o'clock on Monday morning. Darling, you look so awful. They're going to make horrible fun of you at the office."

"I won't go in Monday. I'll phone in the morning and tell Jim they're letting you out. Maybe by Tuesday I won't look so bad. Have any visitors today?"

"Al and Jen Washburn, and they stayed quite a long time. And Jane Cardamo. She said she and Paul left the party early because Paul had another migraine. And that Eunice Stockland was here. She didn't really want to see me. She just wanted to bring up some sort of dirty gossip about Cindy staying out all night or something and Bucky trying to get hold of her. I wouldn't give her a chance to tell me as much as she wanted to and she was really furious with me. She's really creepy. I can't stand her. Darling, you really should run along." She held his hand. "It isn't like you to get tight, and it isn't like you to go around falling off bridges."

"When you're away, I get into trouble."

"Don't come to see me tomorrow if you don't feel like it."

"I'll feel better tomorrow. Good night, honey."

CHAPTER 9

The strain of being with Joan had exhausted him. He sat behind the wheel of the car for several minutes, too drained to go through the motions of starting the car. The lie had been accepted, but it would only be a temporary relief. Too many other things would add up. Eunice Stockland would add them up in a manner shrill enough to be heard by all of Crescent Ridge. But it seemed important that Joan should not know at least for a while, at least until she was stronger, more capable of enduring this new kind of agony.

It was still light when he drove into the carport. The phone was ringing as he entered the house. He hurried to it, but caught it just as the caller hung up. He stood in the dark house with the phone at his ear and felt more lost and alone than ever before in his life.

He knew that he had to force himself to do one more difficult thing. He had to make Bucky understand that nothing would be gained by letting Joan know all about this too quickly. Not in her condition. No matter what Bucky might feel toward him, he perhaps might still retain enough of his affection for Joan.

He dialed the Cable number. Cindy answered in the middle of the third ring. "This is Carl."

"I've been so worried. I phoned The Traveler but the man hung up on me when he figured out who I was."

"Is Bucky there?"

"You want to talk to him?"

"Please."

"He's not here. But I want to talk to you, Carl. Please. Could you come over for just a moment?"

"What good would it do?"

"Please, Carl."

He walked over to the back door. She held the screen door open for him. When she saw his face clearly her lips tightened and her eyes narrowed. She touched his left cheek very lightly with her fingertips. "How ugly," she whispered.

"In every possible way."

"He's very powerful. You shouldn't have kept getting up. I thought he would kill you. Won't you sit down? Would you like a drink?"

He shook his head. "When do you expect Bucky?"

"I don't. He's gone home to his mother."

He sat at the kitchen booth. It was getting dark. She turned on the lights and got out some powdered coffee.

"What happened after I—folded?"

"When he kept hitting you I kept screaming, and then somebody was hammering at the door. When you fell the last time and didn't move, Bucky picked up my suitcase and took me by the wrist and practically threw me into the car. On the way back when I'd try to say something he'd call me a foul name. I blubbered all the way home. He told me to go into the bedroom. I didn't know if he was going to kill me. I didn't care very much."

She brought the steaming cup over and put it in front of him. "I won't be able to sit down with you."

"What do you mean?"

"I went into the bedroom. He came in in a few minutes and he had a putter in his hands. He held it by the wrong end. I told him I certainly wasn't going to let him whip me. So he caught me and ripped my good skirt right off and began to whack me with the steel shaft of that damn putter. I was going to endure it all with superior dignity, but pretty soon I was howling and yelping and begging. I think I could have been heard for blocks. It took away from me every scrap and atom of dignity I've been able to acquire in my whole life. I'll never get it all back. Finally, when he had tired himself out, he let me go and I staggered to the bed. After he went out and shut the door, I began to cry in a different way." She smiled at him in a bitter way that turned the corners of her mouth down. "Isn't it a delightful touch? So T. S. Eliot. Errant wife beaten with putter. Instead of a buggy whip. So modern."

"I should say I'm sorry, I suppose. And maybe I ought to be indignant about being beaten up. But—we asked for it, Cindy."

"One of the calculated risks of the faithless. Yes. Bucky is not a mouse. I knew right from the beginning that if Bucky ever found out, things were going to get drastic."

"And they did."

"And for some crazy reason I feel a—a little better because he did what he did. Maybe it's one way to pay, Carl. One little way. Well, after the episode with the putter, after I stopped crying I could hear his voice. I thought somebody had dropped in. But I could hear only him so I picked up the bedside phone. He was talking to his mother, and it was all very sticky indeed. At the point where I started listening, they were both crying. Very emotional. I could tell that he'd told her about—us. And she was saying that she could have told him so; that she had tried to tell him something like this would happen. No normal mother would send her babies away for a whole summer unless she had something like this in mind. And on and on and on. I hung up, but he talked on for quite a while. Then he came to the bedroom and packed. I kept my face turned to the wall. It didn't take him long. He stood by the bed and said he was leaving. I didn't answer. He said he was leaving for good. I still didn't answer. So he slammed the door hard and a little while later I heard the car drive out."

"I'm so sorry, Cindy."

"Don't try to shoulder the blame, Carl. It has been at least equally my fault. This is my problem now. I'll work something out. I'm thinking more clearly now. If I have to crawl on my knees to him, I'll work it out. After all, there's more than a little guilt on his side too. Maybe—there's still time to make a marriage of this. Bucky has never been able to stay mad long, never. And how was your foul day, Carl?"

He told her of Kacharian and about the lie he had told Joan. He told her that he had wanted to plead with Bucky to keep up the pretense of friendship for a few weeks just for Joan's sake.

"I can help with that a little," she said. "I'll visit her tomorrow, and I'll help out when you bring her home. I'll have to wear slacks because he caught me a couple of beauts on the leg. See?" She half turned and pulled up the hem of her long yellow robe. There were two raised welts, dark red, with the adjacent area a bruised blue.

"We're a great pair," he said ruefully.

She walked with him out into the sultry night. He felt it odd there was so little strain or tension between them. They were like enemies who, after being wounded in the same battle, feel more of kinship than animosity.

"What are you going to do?" he asked her.

"I don't know. Just wait. Oh, Carl, I know what I *want* to do. I know what I want, and want so badly it makes me feel all empty and aching. I know what I want more than anything in the world. Just to be here in my house with my husband and my kids."

"But . . ."

"I know, I know. Don't try to spell it out. Now, when it's possibly gone for good, with my usual discernment I learn how good it was. I don't know why I put on such a big act. I don't know how I talked myself into—what we did. I got all petulant and discontented and restless and plowed up the pretty little pea patch and sowed it with salt. It isn't your fault. I fell into your lap. Now it seems like a sickness. I love him, Carl. I love him with all my heart. And I always did. Isn't that stupid?"

"Cindy, I . . ."

"Don't try to give me sympathy. You're off the hook. We'd make a pathetic pair. I suppose we're moral cripples, me more than you. Good night, Carl." She kissed him on the cheek. "We'll think of Joan. Since somebody has to be messed up, I hope it can be just the two of us."

On Monday morning after he had paid his portion of the hospital bill and received his insurance policy back, he went up and gave the release form to the floor nurse. Though his face looked more normal, he ached in every joint and muscle.

Joan was dressed and radiantly ready to be taken home. Her suitcase was packed and the nurse had made a package of the books and cards. Joan rode in the wheel chair with the package on her lap. The nurse pushed the chair and carried the suitcase. Carl carried two potted plants.

"I feel like I was graduating or something," Joan said. "You really do look less terrifying than you did yesterday, darling. Is the car right out in front? Have you paid the bill? Is Marie alerted to start working full time for us tomorrow?"

"Everything is under control."

She got up from the chair and clambered carefully and slowly into the car. They said good-by to the nurse. He drove toward home.

"Go real slow, darling, because I want to look at every single thing. I feel as if I'd been shut up for years. Are the plants where they won't tip over? Darn it, listen to me! Jabber, jabber, jabber. I'm excited, I guess."

When they turned into Barrow Lane she stopped talking and sat with her hands folded in her lap. He took the driveway hump very carefully and stopped short of the carport. "It's lovely," she said. "Perfectly lovely. You did the grass and the hedge."

"Yesterday."

He took her slowly to the front door, took on most of her weight when he helped her up the two steps. Cindy came from inside the house, beaming, and held the screen door open and said, "Welcome home, Joanie."

The two women kissed and Joan snuffled and said, "Darn it, I am not going to cry." She looked around the living room. "It's hardly messed up at all. You didn't even take the wrappers off the magazines, Carl!"

"Off to bed, you," Cindy said firmly. Her smile was

bright, but her eyes had a sunken look, and there were muddy patches under them.

Cindy had turned Joan's bed down and had put a vase of cut flowers on the dressing table in front of the mirror. Carl felt a sting of tears in his eyes and went out to the kitchen and opened himself a can of beer. When he wandered back in Joan was in bed, propped up on two pillows.

"Is Bucky home, Cindy?" she asked.

"He came and went. He sends his love, Joanie."

"Why don't you sit down and visit a while, Cindy? Carl is going to go out soon and bring us back some lunch. He could bring back lunch for three and we could have it right here."

"I'm sorry, Joan, but I've got a lunch date." Cindy said.

"But do sit down a minute. I want to tell you about that Eunice Stockland."

"And her vivid imagination?"

"Do sit down, Cindy. Please."

Cindy went to the dressing table bench and sat down. Carl saw her face turn yellowish under her tan and for a moment there was a clear agony in her eyes. Slowly her color returned to normal, but Carl could see how white her knuckles were where she clutched the edge of the bench.

Joan relayed Eunice's poison. Cindy said with apparent casualness that she had been driving up to the lake and sleeping in the Jessups' camp because it was so much cooler there than in the city. Cindy left a little while later, promising to stop back again in the afternoon. Later, Carl went out and bought lunch to bring back. When he drove into the carport he realized that the house had a different look to him. It had come alive. It moved and breathed again, because Joan was at home. He had gone through a sickness and had emerged, seemingly unscathed. But it was just for a little while. Joan would find out, and again the house would become cold and dead. But just for now, for this day, he could permit himself the luxury of the hope she might never learn about it.

Marie arrived on Tuesday before Carl left for the office. All day, in the office, he endured the dull gibes of the staff. How'd the other guy look, Carl? You run into a door, Mr. Garrett? Honest, fella, what happened?

It was a long day, and the very worst of it came right at the end when Jim Hardy called him to his office for a special conference. Ray Walsh and some other staff members were there. Ray had a look of heavy satisfaction.

Jim Hardy stared at Carl as he sat down. "Somebody said you were a little banged up, but I didn't know you were this bad. What happened?"

"Like a clumsy fool I fell off a footbridge onto a bunch of rocks. The hand rail was rotten."

Hardy stared at him with a certain skepticism for a few seconds and said, "Well, let's blow the opening whistle here. Ray has come up with a staff reorganization idea that looks as if it might clarify some lines of authority and responsibility. But first I want to check it through you people to find if we're off-sides anywhere. I had Ray's idea duplicated along with a simplified organization chart. Everybody directly affected by the proposal is right here, so take a couple of minutes and go over it."

Carl read the page and a half of explanation and looked at the chart. He managed to conceal his shock and chagrin at how boldly and cleverly Ray Walsh had moved against him. Many of the proposed changes were minor. The single major change involved Carl's section. Beneath the brisk sheen of such words as "efficiency," "logical flow," "focus of attention on critical factors," was the proposal to remove from Carl's section a full half of his designated and implied authority and responsibility, and leave him with only the function of precisely measuring and reporting on factory costs. This was a function so prosaic and so clerical that, were it accepted, it could not be long before New York would begin to wonder why a man should be paid so much for performing it. He would no longer be required to follow up on those situations where costs slipped out of line. He would merely turn his findings over to a new section called Factory Coordination, headed by Raymond Walsh. And it was suggested that Will Sherban be released from Cost and transferred to Walsh.

He realized that the others had all finished and were waiting politely for him to finish. He put the sheets down.

"What's the decision, men?" Hardy asked heartily.

Carl pushed his chair back and stood up, and sensed the surprise. He felt like a man in a play. He felt contrived. He walked to the windows and turned and said. "This takes a specific function from my section and turns it over to a new section. Which might make sense if we were not handling it smoothly and well. When costs jump we note it, find out why, recommend the necessary action. It seems like nonsense to take that function and put it over into a—what's the name of that new gadget again?"

"Factory Coordination Section." Ray Walsh said. "I see your point, Carl. But I look at it this way. No offense intended, but your boys have been handling this as routine. You find a hole and stick a plug in it. The F. C. Section would take a constructive view, keep the holes from appearing, work more closely with Production and, while doing so, find opportunities to shave costs on other items."

"Isn't it everybody's responsibility to keep a creative eye on factory costs, Ray?" Carl asked.

"Some of us take that responsibility more seriously than others."

"What does that mean?"

"Nothing personal. But here's an example. Yesterday I had to talk to your Will Sherban. In the course of the conversation he showed me a copy of a memo he had written to you over six months ago. I took the copy to Purchasing. They went for it big. If we'd put Sherban's idea to work six months ago, we could have shown by now a saving of nearly twelve thousand dollars. With a Factory Coordination Section, good ideas wouldn't die in the files."

Ray smiled and Carl saw how completely and thoroughly he had been defeated. But he also knew the proposed scheme was not valid. It would complicate staff relationships, increase paperwork and complicate coordination rather than improve it.

With faint hope and recklessness he turned to Jim Hardy and said. "This is personalities, not functions, Jim."

"I don't think I care for that attitude, Carl."

"I don't bear any special personal malice toward Ray Walsh. He's shrewd and ambitious. Too many people around here are a little scared of Ray because they suspect they might be working for him some day."

"I can't permit this to . . ."

Ray interrupted. "Let him hang himself, Jim."

Carl's hands felt sweaty. "Ray and I had a little tiff the other day. I said some things I regret, and I dare to hope that Ray has some regrets too. I think Ray has a strong streak of vindictiveness that he will have to outgrow before he reaches full operating efficiency. Now he'd like to cut my throat. Please don't interrupt, Jim. He did me a favor. He brought me up short. A man can get into a rut. He can organize his work so that it becomes too undemanding. Jim, I haven't been hauling my weight around here, have I?"

Hardy looked embarrassed. "Well—you haven't been catching any crabs, but you haven't had your back in the stroke all the time."

"Ray woke me up and after he left my office I made the first steps in setting up a definitive program so that ideas like Will Sherban's won't get lost in the shuffle." And suddenly he knew where he was going, and felt both confident and eloquent. Even, surprisingly, sincere.

"So I find myself without personal ammunition to oppose a plan I consider faulty and top-heavy. Ray, I think you're honest enough to admit that in your heart you know this plan will be awkward, organizationally speaking."

"You want me to answer? When you can't get something done one way, you try another, even if it is a little awkward."

"Thanks, Ray. So long as I have embarrassed you gentlemen by baring my soul, maybe I've earned the right to make a counteroffer. I would like to propose this. There are certain elements in Ray's plan that seem to be of value. Rather than create a new section, I would like to see that section set up as a subsection in my department. I feel that is where it logically belongs." Walsh tried to interrupt but he raised his voice. "That's where it belongs, and I would like Ray Walsh transferred over to me to run it. Will Sherban can be his assistant. Will is an able boy. I will give Ray as free a hand as I can while, at the same time, exerting the normal authority of the department head who must take the responsibility for all actions performed and contemplated by his department. Ray and I can devise the most sensible and logical setup and working methods. I don't think our little hassle will prevent our working together efficiently. And calmly. It can be a big job and I think it needs a man of Ray's talents. In that way we won't be unduly complicating our structure." He paused and smiled as broadly as his sewn mouth would permit. "Also, Jim, it certainly ought to keep me on my toes. If I goof, Ray will have my job before I can turn around. But I don't intend to goof."

He sat down heavily, knowing Ray had been outflanked. It took another half-hour of discussion before his plan was adopted. When he went back to his own office, Ray went with him. When the door was shut Ray looked bleakly at him and said, "How did you get to be so fast on your feet?"

"Necessity, maybe. The knife job woke me up."

"So where do we stand?"

"Sit down. I'll lay it out for you. You'll work for me. I'm not a nit picker. You'll have the elbow-room you need. I'll cover for you when you need it, and see you get credit when you deserve it. Maybe this is the time when you start to grow up, Ray. If I ever find you are trying to undercut me, I'll do everything in my power to get you booted out of the organization. I may not succeed, but I'll put some marks on your master record that won't come off. So let's drop the guard and see if we can make this thing run."

Ray had the look of a man who reaches into a familiar drawer and feels something close around his wrist. "Well, you suckered me into making a try at this thing." He looked down at his clenched fist, opened it, held his hand out. Carl took it. "So you're the boss man, Carl, and we go to work."

After Marie had cleaned up after dinner and left, Joan wanted to sit out on the terrace through what was left of the daylight. She sat in the lounge chair and he sat on the low wall. He tried to feel completely comfortable and at ease with her, but knew that it would never be the same again. He told her the Ray Walsh story, altering it to suit her previous conception of his job and his attitude toward his job, realizing as he told her of it that from now on his attitude would, indeed, be closer to what she had always believed. And he felt that perhaps this added dedication would be better—better for him than the Cindy's of the world, better than that restlessness which had come partly from the unused resources of his mind.

They were asleep at midnight when the bedroom phone awakened them. Joan picked up the phone as he was reaching for it. He turned on the bedlamp, and she handed the phone to him. "It's Cindy. She sounds upset. She wants to talk to you."

"Hello, Cindy."

"Carl. Oh, Carl, could you come over here, please. Right away. Please be quick." She hung up.

"What's the matter with her?" Joan asked, wide-eyed. "She sounds terribly upset."

"I don't know. I'm going right over."

"I don't think it would hurt me to walk over too."

"No, honey. You stay right where you are. I'll come back and let you know just as soon as I can."

He went over in robe and slippers, tapped on the screen door, pulled it open and walked into the empty kitchen. He heard her quick steps and she came quickly, silently to him, her face a severe mask that broke apart in her last two steps, and then was convulsively hidden in the angle of his throat and shoulder. He held her through her spasmed sobbing, and sorted out the shocking fragments of the words whereby she told him that Bucky was dead. Then he felt the overwhelming inevitability of it, as if he had known it from the instant he heard her voice on the phone. It was the irrevocable irony.

He felt pity and tenderness and awkwardness. He felt oddly detached, a bit apart from this woman who in tragic abandon articulated her great sobs against his chest, grinding her round forehead against the corner of his jaw. When the worst of it was over she turned away from him and walked into the dark living room. He followed her. She blew her nose and stretched out on her side on the couch. He sat on the floor beside the couch and took her hand.

"How did it happen?" he asked her.

"They called a little while ago. I didn't like him to fly at night. He hit power lines. They said—it was quick. I—I did it to him. My fault. All of it."

"Don't say that. Don't think that."

She sighed and her hand flexed in his and then was still. "We played a nasty little game, Carl. Compared to this, that's all it was. It wasn't even real. But this is real. This is so very damn real. I know him so. His hands and his grin and how noisy he was brushing his teeth. Carl, what is going to become of me? I'm so empty. I loved him so. I was just too shallow and silly to be a good guardian of—what was his."

"Cindy. Don't do that to yourself."

"But where do I go from here? Is there any place I *can* go, where this—didn't happen?"

"Joan is worried. I'll have to go back and tell her what happened."

"The phone call came from Wichita. It happened near there, in a thunderstorm."

"Who is your lawyer?"

"Lawyer? Bob Elden. Why?"

He went back and told Joan and she began to cry. He picked up the phone and called Bernie Madden. When he had explained what had happened, Bernie said he would be over in twenty minutes, and to line up somebody to stay with her. He talked that over with Joan. She suggested Molly. The phone rang a long time at the Raedeks', but Molly, when she answered, said she would come at once. When he returned, Cindy was still on the couch. Molly arrived a few moments later and took Cindy into the

bedroom. Cindy had become apathetic, spiritless, lost in gloom.

Bernie arrived and spent ten minutes in the bedroom. When he came out Carl put his magazine aside. Bernie sat on the low coffee table. "She's out now. I gave her a shot. Molly has some pills to feed her when she comes out of it. . . . Carl, do you know of any special trouble between Bucky and Cindy?"

"Why?"

"Molly spotted something when she helped Cindy into bed. After she was out. I took a look. That girl has had the living daylights beat out of her, and recently. Know anything?"

"Bucky did it, with a putter. And then left her—for good."

Bernie was frowning. "Maybe he didn't mean it to be forever. but it certainly is, now. The—customary provocation?"

"Yes."

"It's hard to believe. Carl, I don't like this one little bit. I've had her as a patient several times since they moved here. You are a good enough friend so I'm not betraying any confidences. Cindy is a sensitive, imaginative. high-strung girl. She's a little on the manic-depressive side. I've got her medical history. When she was nineteen she had to leave school for a while with what was termed a 'nervous breakdown.' Happens to a lot of sensitive people who race their motors. Chances are Cindy would never have had any sort of recurrence. But this is one hell of a big load of remorse and guilt for a girl like her to try to shoulder. And it just might turn out to be too much for her. It's so darned easy to escape into a cozy little make-believe world where none of this ever really happened. Hell, maybe I'm being too pessimistic. But I didn't like the way she was acting in there before I put her out. She'll have her kids to think about and worry about."

"Bernie, she may not even have that. Bucky told his parents about leaving her. The kids are with them. Under the circumstances, it might not be too easy to get them back."

Bernie whistled softly. took off his glasses and began to polish the lenses. "Got any idea who the man is?"

Carl could not answer. Bernie put his glasses back and and stared at him with realization and then contempt. "How can I be so stupid! Bucky marked up both of you, didn't he? Joan was in the hospital. And you two got caught. . . . Joan knows nothing of this, I hope?"

"No."

"With luck maybe you can keep it from her. As her doctor, I wouldn't want all this dumped on her for a while. Cindy is right in your lap and you know it. I think I'll move Cindy to a rest home tomorrow. a nice quiet country place where there's a good man to keep an eye on her until we know which way she's going to go. I'm not making moral judgments, Carl. You know that. But this is an ugly mess."

After Carl had told Joan as much as he could, and after she had gone to sleep he remained awake, unable to relax. It was impossible to avoid thinking of it all as a punishment for evil, impossible to avoid the feeling that fate had balanced the scales. Death and lost children and now even a threat of madness. The penalties seemed so cruel! Just as he was finally drifting into sleep he remembered his forgotten promise to phone the kids and tell them their mother was at home and doing well. And that kept him awake for another half-hour, thinking of the effect on the kids should Joan learn of his affair with Cindy. He did not suppose they would separate. But the warmth and the closeness and the trust would be gone. They could go through the motions, but the children would not be deceived. It would become a different sort of home, a different kind of family. Had it been a quick and careless thing involving an unknown woman in a far place. it might have made a flaw in the marriage that in time would have become diminished. But this was too close. And, from Joan's viewpoint, too humiliating. With that empathy which can be attained in darkness. he put himself into her mind—and found out how readily he could despise Carl Garrett. And he could not escape the sleazy hope that now, with Bucky dead, she might never have to know about it.

Dr. Madden moved Cindy to the Proctor Rest Home in the pleasant hilly country twelve miles west of Hillton on Wednesday afternoon. Molly Raedek closed the Cable house at 12 Barrow Lane and left the keys with Joan. On that Wednesday Carl was able to work with a concentration of attention he would not have thought possible. But he knew it was a way to avoid any thoughts about anything but the work at hand. and thus became a desirable type of oblivion. And he suspected that such intensity of effort might well become habitual with him from now on.

During the day he phoned Bob Elden at his downtown office in Hillton and made a five-thirty appointment. It was a large law firm and most of the offices had emptied out by the time he arrived. The receptionist was just leaving. She told him to go on back. the third door on the left. Mr. Elden was expecting him.

Bob Elden, the Elden of Conway. Bright, Carey and Elden. was a man who managed to look much closer to thirty than to his actual age of forty-four. He was lean and elegant and blond. with a small blond mustache and weak blue eyes, and a wispy offhand manner that was in sharp contrast to the quickness of his mind. He came around the desk and shook hands with Carl and seated him in a leather chair beside the desk. "Hell of a note." he said.

"I know. Can you tell me how well off he left Cindy—without violating professional ethics?"

"She won't be hurting. Bucky made good money and he was shrewd with a buck. His insurance program was sound. and he's covered for the kind of accident he had. He made a new will recently, and it is set up to minimize the tax hite. He recently set up educational policies for the kids. She should come out of it. all things considered. with about six thousand a year. which is exceptional for the estate of a man of thirty-two. She'll have to raise the kids and see them through school. And she'll likely marry again. Now, what is it you wanted to see me about?"

Carl hesitated. "It's—personal and unpleasant."

"And it's a privileged communication. So don't sweat."

Carl told the story. He told it stumblingly at first. trying to be utterly factual. making no attempt to color it in order to be easier on himself. When he stood up and walked to the window and talked as he looked at the traffic, three stories below, he found the words came easier. He repeated as accurately as possible what Cindy had told him about Bucky's conversation with his parents. He told him of Bernie Madden's fears. When he was quite through he sat in the chair again. He was glad it was over. He avoided Bob Elden's eyes. His face felt hot.

"A very gaudy little tale. Carl. You both seem a little miscast. somehow. What's the problem?"

"Can she get her kids away from Bucky's parents?"

"Some of that will depend on how shrewd their lawyers are. and how determined Cindy is to get them back. And also. how much Bucky told them and how well they remember it."

"How do you mean?"

"It sounds as if Bucky gave them all the gory details. Suppose he mentioned the name of the motel. If I were working for the grandparents I would employ a reliable investigation firm to get the facts, the motel registration.

a statement from the manager, a statement from those state cops, a statement from that doctor. I'd want a transcript of long-distance calls to show exactly when Bucky phoned his parents. Through witnesses, I'd get a positive identification of Cindy. Then, well armed, I'd call on Cindy. I'd tell her that if she wants to avoid a stink, just sign this harmless little paper relinquishing her children to their grandparents. If she doesn't sign, we petition the court for custody of the children, claiming it is their father's wish, and showing that the mother is unfit due to moral turpitude."

"Would they get the children?"

"Might. Might not. Depends on the judge. In such cases there are many who feel small children are better off with their natural mother, particularly if it can be shown, as Cindy can show, that she can support them adequately. Also, the attitude of the children is considered. But on the other hand the judge who conducts the informal hearing might justify a cruel decision on the basis of moral righteousness. If Bucky confirmed his phone call to them with a letter, stating that it was his intention, the court might be inclined to listen to the wishes of the dead father rather than to the wishes of the faithless wife. We can hope such a letter wasn't written."

"Do you think Cindy should have them?"

"Of course. Don't you?"

"Yes. They adore her. And she—she's a good person."

"Do you think it's possible they could dig up any other blemishes on Cindy's record?"

"I don't know. I hardly think so. In fact, I'd swear that since her marriage nothing like this had ever happened before."

"If, as Bernie Madden suspects, she might go off her rocker, it would blow up her chance of getting her kids back."

"Bob, will you see what you can do?"

"I've already started."

"Is there anything that—I could do?"

Elden stared at him for a few moments. "Nothing that you'd care to do, I'm afraid. Nothing you should be asked to do."

"What do you mean?"

"Suppose it came to the point of a hearing. Private hearing in the judge's chambers, though we can't count on that. It occurred to me I could pull something real wild. I might be able to use you as a sort of character witness for Cindy. When you told me your little story, Carl, you came through very strongly as a decent and troubled and penitent man. You are certainly no wolf. You might make exactly the right impression which could swing it her way. But you say Joan doesn't know, and it's possible she may never find out. Suppose it was an open hearing. She'd have to know. It would clobber her, and it might clobber you in your job. So I wouldn't ask you to do that. It's too much to ask of any man."

"What will you do next?"

"Talk to Cindy. Get her okay to go ahead. Then look up some law, get the actual machinery clear in my mind. Maybe we should attack by petitioning for the immediate return of the children to their rightful mother. I'll decide after I do the research. This custody of minor children is a poorly defined and unpleasant area of the law. It might even be that such an action on our part might result in the children's being turned over to a public institution until such time as the question of custody could be decided. And if it dragged on too long, it could put quite a mark on those kids."

Elden took his hat, closed the office door and walked to the elevators with Carl and went down with him. They paused a moment on the sidewalk. "I want to be the client in this thing, Bob," Carl said. "I mean I want to pay for it."

"You're not a party with a direct interest. She'll be my client. But I'll let you pay if you feel you need that sort of gesture."

That night, after dinner, Carl phoned Bernie and asked how Cindy was and when he could see her. Bernie said not yet. When Bernie was told Bob Elden had legal matters to discuss with her, he said, "It will have to wait. She's my patient and I'll decide whom she can see and when."

Bucky was buried in a family plot in Battle Creek on Friday morning. Joan found the small announcement in the Hilton paper, requesting that flowers be omitted.

Joan was gaining in strength each day. She had begun to talk about how soon she could let Marie go so they could have the house to themselves. She worried a great deal about Cindy, and she had written long and careful letters to Kip and Nancy telling them of Bucky's death.

On Saturday afternoon, while Carl was clipping the hedge, Bernie Madden parked in the drive and walked over to him. "Progress report on Cindy, Carl. I just got back from Proctor. Bill Suthern out there is a good man. He was getting limited responses from her, but he had the feeling she was slipping away from him. A state of deep apathy."

Carl stood with the clippers in his sweaty hand.

"How is she now?"

"We took a calculated risk. I don't know whether we did the right thing or not. Neither does Bill. We used a new miracle drug called mother love. We finally reached her with the message: Wake up and fight, girl, or Bucky's parents are going to keep your children forever. It was something to watch. When she came up out of her little dark hole of misery, she came all the way. She came out fighting. She wants the kids back, and quick. Suthern thinks he can let her come home Tuesday."

"Then why do you think it's—risky, Bernie?"

"Because she is completely and utterly confident that she can get her kids back. They're hers. Nobody else can keep them. Having the kids will turn her into a functioning human being again. It will make her whole. But suppose she *can't* get them back? Neither Bill nor I are at all optimistic about where she might go from there. It's damned difficult to treat the mental illness of someone who believes they have nothing to live for. The moment she learns that she can't have her own kids, she very well could turn catatonic."

"I—I hope she gets them back."

"You'd—better hope so, Carl. Now I've got to see Joan. Today we take out the stitches."

Cindy Cable came home on Tuesday. Carl had arranged to get the car back from the airport parking lot. On Wednesday, the last day of July, Joan felt well enough to cut Marie to two days a week. It was on Thursday evening, after dinner, that Joan said, "Please put the paper down for a minute, dear."

"Yes?"

She had put her book aside. "Cindy has put their house on the market. Bob Elden said it was all right, legally."

"She has?"

"She doesn't seem to have definite plans about where she'll go. All she can think of is getting the kids back. She can't seem to think beyond that point. You know, I certainly can't understand why Bucky's parents should try to keep those children. It's a terrible thing. Cindy is a little strange, sometimes, but she's been awfully good with those kids. Can you understand why they're making such an issue of keeping them?"

"No, dear."

"Cindy doesn't come over here at all during the day like she used to. And I'm beginning to feel uncomfortable about going over there. It isn't that she's unfriendly.

She's just sort of—polite to me, when I drop in. And I don't know why."

"I guess she's under a strain."

"It's as if she was keeping something from me. Something about the children or Bucky. I've tried to get her to tell me what's bothering her, but she pays no attention to any hints."

"I guess it's just that Bucky's people never really approved of her."

"They're very stuffy people. Cindy is a fine person."

"Yes, she is."

"Even though they're making all this fuss about the children, Cindy packed a box with a lot of things of Bucky's, things she thought they might like to have, and sent them off to his parents."

"That was nice of her."

"She's been going through everything, deciding what to keep. . . . Carl?"

"Yes, dear."

"Carl, what's wrong with you?"

"What do you mean?"

"You seem—so terribly far away. I can't seem to get anywhere near you. Ever since I came back from the hospital you've been—remote and polite and . . . sort of gloomy. It's almost as if you're being polite the way Cindy is."

"I guess I've been working pretty hard. Trying to make this new setup with Ray Walsh work smoothly."

"I know that, but it's almost like being—alone in the house." Her voice trembled slightly. "I kept thinking how—nice it would be when I came home. But . . ."

"I'll try to do better, Joan."

"But I don't want to be something you have to *do* something about. I'm not an object, or a problem in endurance or something, am I? I'm beginning to feel physically better than I've felt in years . . . and there isn't anybody to enjoy it with. I wish the kids were home."

"It won't be long now."

"Oh, please pick up your paper and start reading again. That would be so much better than having you sit there and look at me with all that dreadful patience. Please read your paper."

She left the room. He thought of going after her, but he did not know what he could say to her, so he picked the paper up and began to read again.

Bob Elden phoned him on Friday at the office and set up an appointment in Elden's office at five-thirty. Bob's manner was less languid than usual. He was intent, direct and concerned.

"We've got the hearing set up, Carl. For Wednesday next at ten in the morning, with a Judge Howard. In Battle Creek. A man named Quickling has been handling our side of the case from there. I'll drive Cindy over on Tuesday and we'll have a conference with Quickling and stay over for the hearing. The Cables will appear with their legal counsel and the kids."

"How does it look?"

"From what we can find out and what we can guess, not too good. They'll appear prepared to show proof that Cindy spent three consecutive nights in a motel with a man who was not her husband, and who had registered them as man and wife under an assumed name. All we've got to depend on is the attitude of the kids, our proof that Cindy can support them, and the impression Cindy will make."

"Will it be a private hearing?"

"Yes. Judge Howard feels these things should be handled as quietly as possible. If the Cables win, maybe nothing will hit the papers. But if Cindy wins, there's nothing to keep Cable from announcing his wish to appeal the decision to the press. Quickling has talked to him. There's no chance the man will listen to reason. At least Bucky did not write any letter to them. They will try to claim it was Bucky's wish they have the children. That statement is, of course, unsubstantiated and under more formal circumstances would not be admitted as evidence. But in an informal hearing such as this, the judge will listen to everything."

"You don't sound very optimistic."

"I'm not, Carl. The Cables have money, a nice home, a full-time servant. Cindy is a woman alone. If she had possession of the children I think the old people would have a tough time getting them away from her. But it will be considered that, in turning them over to them for the entire summer, she implied that she considered their home a suitable place for the kids."

"How can I help? I asked you that before."

"I've talked to Bernie Madden and a Dr. Suthern about Cindy. Apparently her mental stability is being sustained by her utter confidence that she will get the kids back. And if she gets them, there's no reason to suppose she won't be perfectly all right from here in. But if Judge Howard should decide against her, both Bernie and Dr. Suthern are afraid it might push her back over the edge, so far that this time they won't be able to reach her."

"Can I help?"

"I won't ask you to go over there. I can't ask a man to martyr himself for principle. I refuse to work on your sense of guilt. I talked to Bernie about all this, and he agreed with me. If we should be unlucky and a wire service should pick this up, the whole situation could easily become notorious. You have responsibilities to your wife and your own kids. Also, my little device might fall flat and do Cindy more harm than good."

"But it looks bad enough so you'd like to take that chance."

"I should like to think that Judge Howard is human enough to look at you and at Cindy and listen to your story of how it all happened and see that this was not fun and games for cheap people, but a very human lapse based on accident and proximity and mutual tensions."

"Does Cindy know about your idea?"

"No. I am perfectly certain she would refuse to permit it. And she wouldn't consider it necessary. Whoever heard of taking children away from their own mother?"

"Bob, I . . ."

"Don't say anything. Right now you're under pressure. Don't give me any kind of an answer. If you feel you have to do it to—to get right with yourself, phone me Monday. If I don't hear from you, I will understand perfectly, and believe me, nobody will condemn you. It would be one of the most difficult things a man could be asked to do. You would be questioned by Cable's attorneys, and they wouldn't be gentle with you. Think it over this weekend, Carl. Try to be impartial with yourself. Think of where your real duties lie."

He slept very badly Saturday night. Elden had made it so easy for him. Just don't phone. Cindy would be moving away. He could put it all out of his mind. Bobby and Bitsy would probably have a very good home with their loving grandparents. And if Cindy was in danger of losing her mind, could she be a reliable mother to the kids? Anyway, think of the stink that could occur:

Lover of adulterous wife appears as character witness for her in child custody case. Husband thrashes lover and is killed in plane crash. Deluxe motel scene of infidelities. Wife of executive who today gave testimony was in hospital at time of three-night affair. Unfaithful wife beaten with putter by husky sales executive.

Wouldn't a man be a fool to risk everything in such a situation? And hadn't Elden been maneuvering him most cleverly?

Joan sighed in her sleep. Carl went quietly out of the bedroom to sit in the dark living room with a cigarette.

Somewhere a puppy was yapping mournfully to be remembered and let in. There was a faraway hum of a high airliner. A quick wind rattled the maple leaves and died away.

My house, my wife, my kingdom. It might be a stupid and unnecessary sacrifice.

By Sunday afternoon he was no nearer a decision. He suspected his own quixotic impulses. He did not know what he would do.

Joan interrupted his brooding. "I think I would like to be taken for a ride on this lovely day, honey."

"Okay. Where would you like to go?"

"I'd like to go see the kids at camp, but Bernie says that's too far for me as yet. I'd like to go somewhere, just so I wouldn't have to watch you pace around here looking bored. Why don't you take me out to Aldermon and show me where you fell and hurt yourself?"

He stood very still for a few moments and then said, "Sure. My favorite little bridge."

He did not want to talk on the way out. He did not know what to say to her. He could not imagine ever having anything in particular to say to her. He found a ball game on the car radio. She seemed content to sit and look at the countryside.

He drove through Aldermon and, with some hesitation, found the shabby little park he remembered, turned in and turned off the motor. A family with three small children had apparently just finished a picnic and were getting ready to leave. They smiled in casual friendliness at Carl and Joan.

"The bridge is down this way," he said.

She walked down the path at his side and he stopped when he reached the footbridge he remembered. She moved closer to it, looking down at the stream. "Where did you fall, honey, exactly?"

This would do it, he knew. Make it all visual to her, and he would be forever safe. "Well, I walked out to where . . ." And he stopped.

She turned and looked at him. "What, darling? How far? What's the matter with you? You look sick. Are you sick?"

"No. Joan. Joan, I—*can't*. God help me, I can't do this."

"You're as pale as wax! I don't understand."

"Come back where we can sit down."

The picnicking family was gone. They were alone in the raggedy little park with its three defeated picnic tables, the smoking fireplace with rusted grill. They sat at one table, on the attached benches facing each other. He held her hands and looked at her and did not realize how tightly he was holding her until he saw the pain change the shape of her mouth. He loosened his hold. He saw a changed expression in her eyes, the beginning of comprehension.

"It's about time, isn't it?" she said quietly.

"What do you mean?"

"I can't think things the way you do. I can only feel them. I don't know what you want to tell me. But I know it's going to hurt. It's time you told me. I'm so tired of being shut out, of being alone."

"It will hurt. I hope I can keep from begging."

"I might not mind that."

"I love you. I hope that's the right way to start. Try to keep hanging onto that, if it will do any good."

"Now you're really talking to me, aren't you? To me. To Joan."

"There's something I have to do. Something difficult and unpleasant—and possibly disastrous. I didn't know I had to do it, that there was no way to get out of it, until I tried to keep telling you the lie about the bridge, and I couldn't. The words stuck. I have to go away for a day or two and do this thing I brought on myself and then come back to you if you want me to. But before I go away I have to tell you how it all was and try to explain what really can never be explained."

And he began to tell her, starting at the very beginning, restraining her when she tried to pull her hands away from his. And it was not long before she had lowered her head so that he was talking directly at the crown of her head, at the crisp brown curls, touched red by the sun. He hoped she would keep her head that way because it made it just a little bit easier. His voice was quiet in the park, under the trees. He saw her first tear fall and soak into the silvery-gray wood of the table, next to a carved heart enclosing two sets of initials. He paused when the tear fell and took a deep breath and went on and did not pause when the others fell.

And after an endless time it was over and he had told her everything, and why he had to go away. "And—I do love you," he said and listened to the long silence. He knew that soon she would raise her head and look at him. He did not know what he would read in her eyes. It could be complete rejection. Or he might see something that would give him frail cause for hope. Though he knew that this was one of the most important moments of his life, he waited without tension. He felt almost at peace with himself. And very soon he would know.

Carl Garrett sat in the small unkempt park and held his wife's two hands in his. And after a little while she raised her head slowly and looked into his eyes.

. . . THE END

NEXT MONTH:
IN JUNE REDBOOK

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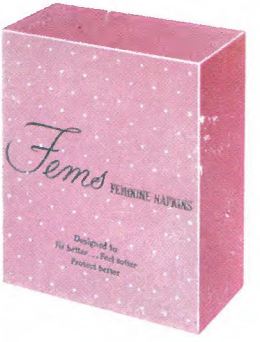

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